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The Trip To the West Indies

By E. W. HOWE

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Crane & Company
1910

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The Trip To the West Indies

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THE TRIP TO THE WEST INDIES

TUESDAY, January 18, 1910.

I am on my way to the West Indies, for my stomach's sake. Nothing does me so much good as a sea voyage, so next Saturday, at 8 A. M., I shall embark on the Hamburg-American ship "Moltke," for a month of seasickness. When I am seasick, I can't eat, but sleep a good deal. At home, my trouble is eating too fast, and sleeping too little, so a sea voyage does me good. Last night I went to bed at twelve o'clock (my usual time of retiring is 9 P. M.), and I doubt if I slept twenty minutes. I hate a sleeping-car berth, anyway, and am always assigned one next to a man who snores. Governor Stubbs, of Kansas, who loves the people and who is always doing things for them, should fight for a law providing that a snoring man must either buy a stateroom in a sleeper, or sit up all night in the chair car. I feel certain that Judge C. D. Walker, who accompanies me on this trip, and who slept

in the berth next to mine last night, would oppose such a law, but every great reform meets with opposition from the guilty. But if it hadn't been snoring, it would have been something else: I am always disturbed at night by something, except when I am at sea. Up in my neighborhood at home, there is a rooster which always begins crowing every morning at 1:30. If I am restless at night, I begin thinking: "That rooster will begin crowing before I get to sleep, and keep me awake until morning." And he seldom disappoints me.

That's what you get for eating too rapidly when you are young. I have nervous dyspepsia. I often go to bed feeling as well as anyone can feel, but my mind is active, and I think of the events of the day. Finally I get up and exercise, and bathe in hot water; but nothing I can do has the slightest effect. So I am going to sea, to be miserable. But I know I shall return feeling very much better. The motion of a ship quiets me—rocks me to sleep. I not only sleep at night while at sea, but I sleep two or three times during the day.

Some people will say:

"For pity's sake, why doesn't the man quit eating so much, and sleep at home?"

I have thought of that, and tried it, but it won't work. At meal-time I often say to myself,

"I will eat as Horace Fletcher directs."

So I chew each bite a hundred times; I believe Mr. Fletcher advises that each bite be chewed thirty times, but, when I am good, I am very good, and chew each bite a hundred times. Then some one at the table makes a remark that causes me to forget my good resolution about eating, and I bolt my food again. I don't eat too much; I eat too fast and I can't help it. I forget. I regret that I am not a man of iron will, but I am not.

I eat too rapidly as naturally as I talk too much. Always remember that when you talk to me I am anxious for you to stop in order that I may begin. This is always the case, except when I am asked to speak in public. When I have an opportunity to talk as much as I please, and have a number of people in front of me who cannot interrupt without being rude, I forget the wise things I have been so anxious to say.

Nature is the great master, after all. Abe Lincoln had it in him, and it came out. When he went to New York, as a young country lawyer, to deliver an address, the first-nighters gathered at Cooper Institute to make fun of him. But his oratory captivated the smart New-Yorkers, and Lincoln was nominated for President. Every time I hear a man raving about the greatness of W. J. Bryan, I regret that admirers of Bryan could not have heard Abe Lincoln make a speech.

Abe Lincoln's talk made him famous as naturally as my eating too fast ruined my stomach. He couldn't help it, nor can I. Abe Lincoln was not nearly as good a President as he was a talker. Some day the fact will be admitted that Lincoln was almost a poor President; some day it will be admitted that his conduct of the war was almost weak. He was always weeping about the poor soldier boys, but, as an executive, he often neglected them. In fifty years, it will be generally admitted that the Rebellion was badly managed for the North. Lincoln did the best he could, but his great strength was not as an executive. It was fortunate for Lincoln's fame that he died when and as he did. Had he lived a long time after re-

tiring as President, he might have become as tiresome at his old home in Springfield as Hon. Lysander John Appleton is in Atchison. Had Mr. Appleton died while in the height of his popularity as Kin Commissioner General—had he been shot down by some shiftless kin who resented Mr. Appleton's noted reforms in visiting—Atchison might have been famous now as having produced one great man. For there is no denying that there can be a great difference in the same man: when he is in power at Washington, he seems wonderful to behold, but when he loses his power, and returns to his old home to remain, the people soon discover that he is very much like the rest of us.

Abe Lincoln's talk at Gettysburg gave him world-wide fame. My talk at Gallatin, Mo., greatly humiliated me, although my intentions at Gallatin were as good as Lincoln's at Gettysburg. . . . My brother Jim, being older, went away to work before I did, and was employed at Gallatin. In course of time I was employed to assist him, as a printer. Jim boarded in the family of the editor and owner of the paper, as was the custom in that day,

and the same arrangement was made for me. When I went into that editor's family to board I resolved to do my best to be agreeable. But within a week, they sent me to a boarding-house; they said I talked too much. I was old enough to do better—I was twelve at the time—but I was sent away in disgrace, and almost died of homesickness. I tried my best while in that editor's family, hoping my mother would hear I was a good boy, and that they liked me so well that they wanted to adopt me; but what my mother really heard was that I was so noisy and talked so much, that the editor and his wife found it necessary to send me to a boarding-house. So I have concluded that the way you are born makes a difference. If you were born to eat too fast, I don't believe you can ever overcome it, except when you go to sea, and are seasick.

For hours to-day, the train ran through Indiana. I was born in that State, and, when three years old, accompanied my folks to Northern Missouri, in a covered wagon. My first recollection is connected with the letters my folks received from Indiana. Nearly all

our neighbors in Northern Missouri also came from Indiana, and talked a good deal about that State, which caused me to mock them when among the children. My father heard about it and whipped me. When I wasn't eating too fast, I was talking too much. . . . My brother Bruce, who now lives at Potato Hill, says that when I was a boy, on the farm in Northern Missouri, I had a habit of mocking all the neighbors, particularly one man known as Indiana Irving, who was always talking about Indiana, and who rather regretted he hadn't remained there, although our other neighbors liked Missouri better. Indiana Irving was very active in the prayer-meetings held in the church, and had a number of mannerisms, which I mocked. When I didn't feel like mocking Indiana Irving, the other children would hire me to perform, by agreeing to do my chores next day. Indiana Irving caught me one day, while in the midst of one of my best specialties depicting his mannerisms in the church services; and, my father not being convenient to attend to it, Indiana Irving gave me what he called "a whaling," in the presence of a number of girl sweethearts, three of whom I had resolved to

marry when I grew up. This greatly humiliated me, but the incident became noised about, and some of the older people became curious to know what I had done to offend Indiana Irving. I could deliver his class-meeting speech; I could ask a blessing through my nose as he did; I could sing hymns in a quavering voice as he did, and had a pretty good vaudeville show until my father heard of it, and broke it up with another whipping. My father said Indiana Irving was a very earnest man in spite of his eccentricities. My mother never whipped me, but she often warned me that I ate too fast. And it is wonderful how much good advice I have had on the subject; I think I never dined with anyone who didn't remark it. Had I profited by the good advice given me, I wouldn't now be on my way to the West Indies, with a view of becoming so seasick that I can't eat too fast.

WEDNESDAY, January 19.

I arrived in New York this morning, and, being a stranger, the city seems admirable to me. The New York newspapers tell how in-

efficient the police and street railways are, but I have no occasion to find fault with either. At the station, four of us entered an automobile, which found its way to the Waldorf without difficulty, although there was a terrific crush on the streets. Occasionally our driver was held up by a policeman standing in the middle of the street, who seemed to have charge of the street traffic. When our turn came, we were permitted to proceed. The Waldorf is twelve or fifteen blocks from the station. One dollar for four passengers was the charge. That seems reasonable enough; I have often paid a hackman as much to carry me home from the union station in Atchison.

A big city scares me and I never feel at ease until I am located in a room at a hotel. Then I can look out of the window, and feel more at home. After awhile I venture downstairs, and become familiar with the hotel lobby, and maybe I venture a block away, knowing I have a room to return to. By degrees I become bolder, and finally venture into the Roar, and go downtown, or uptown.

This morning while I was in my room at the Waldorf looking down on the busy scene in the street below I saw a man who interested me. Evidently he had just arrived from the country and was bewildered, although he was trying to look careless and unconcerned. He carried a little grip he had probably borrowed from his wife and was smoking a cigar, but I could see the Roar of New York was too much for him, as it always is for me. I noted that his sack coat was too short, a trouble I often have, although when I try to get my coat made long enough, the tailor usually makes it too long. The man amused me so much, and I felt so much at home in my room, that I determined to go down and become acquainted with him. So I went out to the elevator—I had learned how to get up and down—passed through the crowded lobby of the hotel, crossed the street with some difficulty, and over to where the man from the West was still standing. He saw me coming, and watched me with a good deal of interest.

"Good-morning," I said, conscious that I wasn't doing very well; "are you from the West? I am from Kansas."

The man backed away from me, and regarded me with suspicion.

"Never mind where I'm from," he replied, in answer to my friendly overtures. "I've heard of you New York fellows who claim to be from Kansas, and if you don't go on away and let me alone, I'll call a policeman."

I was tremendously embarrassed, and no doubt I acted like the confidence man the stranger believed me to be.

"O, I'm all right," I said; "I'm a stranger myself in New York. I can show you letters to prove I'm all right."

"I don't want to see your letters," he said, starting toward a street car which was approaching, but looking back as though he expected me to grab him. He swung onto the platform of the car and disappeared, while I still looked foolish. No doubt, when a real Hungry Joe found him, he told of being accosted on the street by a dangerous-looking man; and no doubt the real Hungry Joe told him his caution was greatly to his credit.

I don't seem to be a good mixer, although my intentions are good. When I advance a good political idea in THE ATCHISON GLOBE, the real Hungry Joes of Kansas make the

people believe I am trying to deceive them, although I am only pleading for common-sense and the best interests of all. I am convinced that I lack all the qualities necessary in a leader. Old Bill White can utter a clarion note in the Emporia *Gazette*, and, by the time it has appeared in the Kansas City *Star*, the State is aroused, but I can't do it.

This morning I enjoyed the novelty of being shaved on a railroad train running eighty miles an hour. There is a difference: the barber takes short, quick strokes, and lifts the razor away from your face after every stroke. Trainmen who passed through the shop called the barber "Joe," and Joe was easily the autocrat of the train employés. I was shaved while running down the Hudson river, and Joe pointed out objects of interest. The train stenographer came in while I was being shaved, and Joe spoke quite sharply to him, I thought. Joe also bossed the ladies' maid, and the Pullman conductor. Joe says it is quite difficult to learn to become a train barber; that some men are never able to learn the art, and quit in disgrace.

The New York Central has four tracks between Buffalo and Albany; two between Albany and New York City, and they are almost perfect. Joe says the rails weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds per (whatever the standard is for telling about the weight of rails). Faithful as I am to our own Central Branch, I am compelled to acknowledge that it has no such track as the New York Central has. Joe says that the ocean tide reaches a point a hundred miles above New York City; that at a point fifty miles above the city, the tide rises and falls six feet in the Hudson river. Ice-cutters were at work along the upper part of the river; thousands of them, and the view is almost ruined by ice-houses, which are always ugly. At places the Hudson river is no more picturesque than the Missouri, but at others, mountains are seen in the distance. Joe says these ice-houses got Banker Morse into the Atlanta penitentiary for fifteen years. Banker Morse was connected with the New York ice trust. Joe is of the opinion that the judge hit Banker Morse pretty hard, and I think so too, since his offense was only a technical one. Warriner, treasurer of the Big Four railroad, robbed the

company of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and admitted it. He was a plain thief, but Joe's recollection is that Warriner got only three years. Being asked why Warriner was let off so easily, while Banker Morse was punished with so much greater severity, Joe said:

"The newspapers took after Morse, that's why."

There are a great many fine residences along the Hudson, but they are not labeled. Travelers up and down the river do not know the owners of these fine houses. The yellow newspapers should insist upon labels, for the benefit of the plain people who travel. I say let a huge board be put up on the river-front bearing a description of each house, thus:

"The owner of the residence on this property is Reginald de Haven; one of the Four Hundred in New York; estimated value of his estate, ninety millions; has two daughters married to foreign noblemen," etc.

I suggested the idea to Joe, and he didn't see why it wouldn't work. The rich are in full retreat before the people and the newspapers, and the New York Legislature would readily adopt such a law, if some of the more prom-

inent Muck Rakers should demand it in the New York newspapers and magazines simultaneously. I saw any number of castles along the Hudson this morning, but cannot name their owners.

I soon discovered that I needed a guide, and employed one: a newspaper man who once visited Atchison as advance agent of a show, and who gave me a good deal of extra advertising. I dislike to spend time in a strange place in inquiring my way about. The guide knows the city thoroughly, and took me to the Metropolitan Opera House, where I desired to engage tickets for to-night's performance of "Lohengrin." Although the hour was 11 A. M., I was compelled to get in line, and take my turn at the ticket office. I had telegraphed for seats on Monday, from Atchison, but the best the man could do for me was seats so far from the stage that I didn't care for them. And "Lohengrin" is not a particularly popular opera.

I sat in the lobby of the Waldorf this afternoon, watching the crowds. The hotel occupies an entire block, and on the street floor

there are all sorts of restaurants, dining-rooms, palm rooms, Turkish rooms, etc. All sorts of men and women were in the crowded lobby, some going one way and some another, much as people do on Broadway, and as I looked upon the scene with amusement and interest, a uniformed boy attracted my attention by going about bawling my name. Joe Kathrens, formerly of Atchison, had called to see me, and adopted this plan of finding me. All guests at the hotel are found in this way. Joe Kathrens used to work for me on THE GLOBE. For fifteen years he was advertising manager for the Pabst Brewing Co., of Milwaukee. During that time he expended six million dollars for advertising. But he concluded to invest in a business of his own, and lost what he had saved up. He is now connected with an advertising company in New York, and making another start.

From reading the New York newspapers I had gathered the impression that the stree railway was an atrocious robber. Still you ca take the underground railway at the uppe end of Manhattan island and travel to Brook lyn, a distance of sixteen miles, for five cent

On the way you pass under the Hudson river, through a tunnel built at enormous expense. The trains run rapidly and the cars are clean, well warmed and well lighted. After reaching Brooklyn and looking about for a time, we took another train for New York, passing over the Brooklyn bridge on the way. Fare, five cents. It seemed wonderfully cheap to me.

Among other places, we visited the *World* office, which has a tower nearly four hundred feet high, and from which we could see objects forty-five miles away. The *World* has sixty-eight linotypes; a pretty good daily paper can be got out with three. The *World* occupies 150 of the rooms in the building, and 265 are rented as offices. While in the *World* office we remembered that Horace N. Cranmer, of the *World* art department, married Bessie Fletcher, an Atchison girl. So the guide took us to see him. He was at work with twelve or fifteen others, in a large room, and was probably a good deal surprised when five Atchison people marched in to see him. He had his coat off, and was at work on a page illustration for the Sunday *World*. We sent

our regards to his wife, and didn't remain long, although he was very polite and cordial.

While sitting in my room awhile ago, the telephone rang. It was Jake Wallenstein, of the Boston store in Atchison. He came up, and two friends from Wichita came with him. When I came back to my room at the hotel this afternoon I found nine notices under my door that nine people had called for me over the telephone, and found me out. Probably Atchison people, or people formerly from Atchison.

Riding on the underground railway in New York is very amusing to me. You go down a stairway into the earth, and find a brilliantly lighted station. Presently a train rushes in and you enter a brilliantly lighted car. The train starts in a hurry, and runs very rapidly through the darkness. Other trains pass on parallel tracks; there are four tracks, and some of the trains are express trains, running great distances without stopping. When the train on which you are a passenger stops, it is in another brilliantly lighted station and a number of those in your car hurry out. Then a number of

others on the outside hurry into the car, and away the train goes again, to repeat the performance at the next stop. All the people who hurry out of your car, and all those who hurry in, are sober and quiet. No one speaks to anyone here; on the street the people do not seem to meet acquaintances. Where I have lived the people always speak, and know each other. The street railways here are very numerous; at one place today I saw four on top of each other: one underground, one on the surface, and two elevated. In New York, the people begin reading the evening newspapers by ten o'clock in the morning, and keep it up until ten at night. If you find fifty passengers in a New York street car at ten o'clock in the morning, at least forty of them are reading an evening newspaper. And nearly every passenger seems to be reading a different paper; so many papers are printed here that no two citizens need buy the same newspaper.

THURSDAY, January 20.

To-day I went through the subtreasury of the United States. The newspaper man who is showing me about is very genteel, and made

his request to see the subtreasury to the assistant treasurer in charge; he didn't drop a hint to the porter or janitor that he would like to see the place. And the assistant treasurer was a very polite gentleman, and sent his assistant, another very polite gentleman, to show us about. In the vaults below the building we saw two hundred million dollars in money; gold and silver stacked up as we of the West store corn. No man is permitted to enter these vaults alone; when an employé or official enters the vaults, another employé or official goes with him, and remains with him until he comes out. The official who piloted us about showed us two packages of bills: one package contained five thousand dollars, and the other contained five million dollars, in $5,000 bills. The packages were of about the same size. The gold is kept in steel boxes in the rooms of the basement. There are great rooms of these steel boxes placed on top of each other. A box holds $500,000 in gold, and most of the boxes are full, and labeled with the amounts they contain. When one of these boxes is full of gold, it is locked and sealed, three men assisting in the operation. Everywhere in the basement were trucks containing

money in sacks, each sack carrying a label giving the amount. Some of these truck-loads were going in, and some going out, and at the street door we saw wagon-loads of money. The basement under the subtreasury is an elaborate steel vault, reached by means of three doors. Only two men know the combination, and both of these men, or their assistants, are present every time the doors are opened. Although so much money is handled, there has been only one robbery in forty years. The thief was an employé, and he was caught and the money recovered. You may recall that, two years ago, the subtreasury at Chicago was robbed of $175,000, in large bills. The robbery is still a mystery, but whoever the thief is, he has never been able to spend any of the money, and he will finally be caught; a network has been drawn around him that renders escape impossible.

From the subtreasury we went to the East Side, a district containing more people per acre than any other district in the world. The street swarmed with men, women and children; mostly children. The houses were many stories high, and nearly all the rooms con-

tained one family or more. This is the sweat-shop district, where poor people do piece-work on clothing, on cigars, and many other articles of commerce. Some of the streets were exclusively Italian, and a walk through the district was equal to a walk through the poorer portion of a great Italian city: every store an Italian store, all of the thousands of people Italians. There were many banks, and most of the railroad and steamboat companies had offices in charge of Italians. There are several Italian newspapers, issuing frequent editions. In this district there is an opera house where Italian grand opera is presented, and only Italians attend. Many of the noted Italian cities contain no more people than the Italian district of New York. Nor are they more typically Italian.

Turning into the Bowery we walked a few blocks, and then turned into the Yiddish district of the East Side. Here all the people are Jews. One of the principal markets in the Yiddish district is known as the Pig Market, for the reason that everything to eat except pig-meat is sold there. Dozens of Yiddish newspapers are issued in this district, and Hebrew boys run about offering the news-

papers for sale. At the news-stands, only Yiddish books and newspapers are sold. Some of the best stores are in the basements, with stores above them on the street-level. All the cellars and basements were occupied, and in the streets were thousands of poorer merchants selling their wares from carts. The displays of fruits and vegetables seemed particularly fine; three potatoes were sold for a nickel, and apples the same price. The streets were always sloppy and dirty. Blockades of wagons in the street were common, and the drivers raved and swore. And everywhere were the children, thousands of them, playing games, and paying no attention to the noise and confusion.

Around the corner, we entered the Chinese quarter, which greatly resembles the Chinese quarter in San Francisco. All the stores here are Chinese stores, and except an occasional visitor, you see only Chinese. Here it was that Elsie Sigel came to convert the Chinese to Christianity: here it was her body was cut to pieces, and hidden in a trunk. There are Chinese restaurants here that have a great reputation uptown, and they are patronized largely by whites. Here, also, are Chinese

Joss-houses, and Chinese markets, stores and factories of nearly every kind.

In walking down to the East Side, we saw hundreds of names with which I have been familiar all my life, from reading newspapers: J. P. Morgan, Henry Clews, and "26 Broadway," where John D. Rockefeller has his offices. For years I have received a circular letter every day from Henry Clews & Co., but have never opened one of them; I know without investigation that Henry Clews and I have nothing in common. Below "26 Broadway" are old Bowling Green, and old Castle Garden, and the Battery, and the water-front.

Somewhere in that vicinity, we found the curb market. Certain of the small financiers of New York cannot operate on the stock exchange, so they operate on the curb, or on the street. In the middle of Broad street, we found hundreds of these curb brokers, yelling like madmen. In the offices above them, on either side of the street, were their confederates, and they have a sign language by which they communicate with one another. The men in the offices above have telephones and tele-

graph instruments, and the quotations wig-wagged from the street are sent out by wire. I don't understand the curb market, but it is very interesting to watch for half an hour. There does not seem to be any vehicle traffic in that part of Broad street. In this district are many restaurants and drinking-places patronized by curb brokers only. The district seems to have once been devoted to residences, and most of the buildings are very old.

Possibly you have heard of the Mills hotels in New York. A rich man named Mills—he died quite recently—determined to do something for the poor people, so he built four huge hotels devoted to low prices. I visited one of these hotels that occupies an entire block, and, at the time of my visit, it was entertaining fifteen hundred guests. Single rooms cost twenty and twenty-five cents per day, and meals may be had in the hotel at any hour of the day or night, at prices ranging from five cents up to twenty cents. I speak of a meal to be had for five cents: you can get two rolls, with coffee, tea or milk, for five cents. For twenty cents you can get a dinner composed of soup, (two to choose from); one meat, (four

to choose from); one vegetable, (five to choose from), and pudding, pie and coffee. Tables are reserved for ladies, and the dinner is served from 11:30 A. M. to 8 P. M. After those hours, you can dine at the café. Here are some of the prices: Coffee, tea or milk, 3 cents; fried ham sandwich, 8 cents; pork and beans with coffee, 10 cents; corn-beef hash and two fried eggs, 15 cents; beefsteak and potatoes, 15 cents; two poached eggs on toast, 15 cents; ham and eggs, 15 cents; liver and bacon, 15 cents; mutton chops, 12 cents; potatoes, boiled, French or German fried, 3 cents; extra bread, roll or butter, 1 cent; oatmeal and milk, 5 cents; shredded wheat biscuit and milk, 5 cents; pie per cut, 5 cents; milk toast, 7 cents. The food is said to be excellent, and many people from outside patronize the restaurant. One thousand of the fifteen hundred guests at the Mills hotel I visited are men who work every day; many of the others are old men who have pensions, and who live at the hotel year in and year out. Many of the others are tough and undesirable, but no questions are asked. Baths are free, and, while taking a bath, a guest is permitted to wash his clothing, and dry it on a special apparatus.

The lounging-rooms are large, light and airy, and much better than you find in the average cheap dollar-a-day boarding-house. A man may live pretty well at this Mills hotel for sixty cents a day. He will have a room to himself, heated, and a clean bed. The rooms are small, but there are elevators to the upper floors, and electric lights in every room. There is a library of three thousand volumes, free to the guests. I saw hundreds of the guests at about 4 P. M., and they seemed a rather respectable lot. Most of them were either very old men, or very young men. The very young men, the attendant told us, make the most trouble. Some people contend that these Mills hotels encourage shiftlessness, but the idea seemed an excellent one to me. And it is said that the venture pays five per cent. net income on the money invested; it is not a charity. There are news and cigar stands in the hotel I visited, but no liquor is sold.

Only a few years ago, if a visitor to New York desired to go to Brooklyn, he was compelled to cross the East river on a ferry. Now, there are several bridges and tunnels, and passengers are carried over these bridges, or

through the tunnels, in street cars, at five cents. Although the transportation facilities of New York have grown with marvelous rapidity, the growth of population has been still greater, and the crush in the street cars between five and six P. M. is a thing to avoid. I encountered it at 5:30 this afternoon, and do not care to repeat the experience. I had a seat, and every time the subway train stopped at a station I would see the fighting, jostling crowd of people trying to enter the cars, already crowded. And when I reached my station I left the train with the greatest difficulty. During ordinary hours, the cars are not crowded, and the subway affords an excellent means of getting about quickly. The express trains run at the rate of thirty miles an hour and stop only at stations two miles apart. I never tire of the subway; so far I have found nothing more interesting. The passengers who do not buy newspapers, read the newspapers the other passengers buy. For in the New York newspapers, the news is printed in such large type it may be read across the car, and almost across the street. I haven't bought any newspapers myself, but the papers bought by the other passengers in street cars have not yet

Passengers on the "Moltke."

Twin Screw S. S. "Moltke." 1. Office. 2. Dining Saloon. 3. Smoking Room. 4. Grill Room.

announced an arrest in the murder mystery I am interested in now.

I met a man to-day who does business in New York, but who lives in Westchester county, fifty miles away. He has a boy six years old who has never been in New York City.

"I don't know a prominent man in the city," the man said, "who was born in it. Nearly all our big men were born on farms or in small towns. Prize-fighters are born in the big cities, but not men who distinguish themselves in more polite callings."

The man was speaking of the farm on which he lives in Westchester county.

"It is pretty good land for the East," he said, "but no such land as you have in Kansas."

While they have the biggest towns here, they do not claim the best land.

During my gadding to-day, I saw an enormous crowd of men in front of a house in a residence district. I supposed a murder had been committed in the house, but in-

vestigation revealed that the men were answering an advertisement of a man wanted.

I am informed that John Wanamaker is not the merchant prince of New York, as we in the country have been led to believe. This distinction, I am told, belongs to R. H. Macy. Oscar and Nathan Straus are partners in the Macy store. Their father was a pack peddler of the kind you now see down on the East Side. Oscar Straus is minister to Turkey, and his brother Nathan is the noted milk philanthropist. Thousands of the ragged children I saw on the East Side to-day will become noted, and not in the way Harry Thaw, the son of rich parents, became noted.

In one of the dining-rooms of the Waldorf-Astoria this morning, at breakfast, I met Wm. R. Nelson, owner of the Kansas City *Star*. He makes from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars a day, and is only fairly getting started, but he didn't look any happier than the other guests; in fact, I thought he looked rather glum, considering that all of the other newspaper men of the West have tried to down

him and failed. But this may explain why he isn't looking happy; he told me he was sixty-nine years old.

FRIDAY, January 21.

There is some rudeness in New York, but probably the city contains more really polite people than any other city in the country. I was riding downtown to-day, when the gentleman who was with me recognized a friend across the aisle of the elevated car and stepped over to speak to him. An entire stranger who was sitting on that side of the car gave up his seat, that my friend might sit with his acquaintance. Then my friend desired to introduce me to his friend, and I went over. Another stranger, in order that I might be seated in the party, gave up his seat to me. The incident impressed me as unusual. This was politeness among gentlemen, and I see much of it here. Geo. S. Terry, Assistant Treasurer of the United States, and in charge of the New York subtreasury, is a very polite gentleman. I met him during the rush hours of the day, simply as a citizen of the country who desired to see the subtreasury, and Mr. Terry's man-

ners were so genteel as to impress me. I will think of Geo. S. Terry for years, because of the ease and grace of his manners. Mr. Terry spoke only a few words to me, but managed to impress me; I shall try to be politer myself because of my chance meeting with him, his manners so properly fit a gentleman. I am always wondering that there are not more gentlemen; they invariably attract so much favorable attention and get along so much better than those who are impudent, impatient, or cross.

E. W. Sells called on me twice at the hotel, and found me out on each visit. Finding myself in his vicinity to-day, I called on him. He occupied a suite of fifteen rooms on the tenth story of a sky-scraper, and I was compelled to send in my name. This man also impressed me because of his unusual politeness. I didn't remain long, but he followed me out to the elevator, and dismissed me in such a way that I shall long admire him. How delightful a gentleman is! How can men justify themselves in being rude, coarse and impolite?

In the downtown district of New York, some of the streets are very narrow. I meas-

ured one street to-day, and found the distance to be twenty-four feet from wall to wall. And the buildings were from fifteen to thirty stories high. In this vicinity, I noticed a curious thing: a certain street for two blocks was crowded with people, who left the narrow sidewalks and walked in the street. A block away in the same street, the crowd ceased, and only a few people were seen. I spent twenty minutes trying to solve the puzzle, but couldn't. Why was there a great crowd in one portion of a street, and very few people along the same street at other places? I couldn't make it out.

If I lived in New York, all my time would be required in getting to and from my work, getting about is such a puzzle to me. I made this remark to a New-Yorker, and he replied: "About all we New-Yorkers know is the routes to and from our work. We know very little of the other parts of the city." I have noticed that several New-Yorkers have acpanied the Atchison party about, and seem interested.

I called at the steamship offices this afternoon, and was told that the "Moltke" would positively sail at 8 o'clock to-morrow morn-

ing. So we are going on board to-night. I know as well as I know anything that the ship will not sail at 8 A. M.; I never knew a ship to sail at the time advertised, but I can't afford to run the risk of being left, so we are going on board to-night; our first meal on the ship will be breakfast to-morrow morning. But I would like to bet that we do not get away before 10 A. M.

I wonder that everyone living in the West does not take a New York newspaper; there is a certain impudence about them that is refreshing. You know what we whisper about as gossip in the West; well, the papers print it here. Richard Harding Davis is a noted man. An evening paper I picked up last evening said that Mr. Davis was paying a good deal of attention to Bessie McCoy, an actress. Mr. Davis is a married man, but the paper says Mrs. Davis may secure a divorce because of her husband's attentions to the actress. We might talk about that sort of thing at home, but we wouldn't print it in the newspapers.

This morning I again met Colonel W. R. Nelson, of the Kansas City *Star*, in the lobby

of the Waldorf, and talked to him awhile. You may think he is here looking for newspaper talent, but he isn't. His men were trained in the little towns of the West, or in the *Star* office. "I'd rather have a young man from the Leavenworth *Times* than from the New York *Herald*," Colonel Nelson said. "As a matter of fact, the Leavenworth *Times* is too big; the kind of newspaper men we want would be more apt to come from Beloit than from Leavenworth." One of the great men of the *Star* is the business manager, Mr. Sisted. Sisted was a German boy with a good head and good habits, and a willingness to learn. In his department, Sisted is one of the noted newspaper men of the country.

I introduced a New York newspaper man to Colonel Nelson, and he said to me later:

"Colonel Nelson's talk was the best lecture on the newspaper business I ever heard."

Some noted general once said that the Lord is always on the side of the army that has the biggest guns—or something to that effect. That is Colonel Nelson's theory: luck is always on the side of the best newspaper. The New

York newspaper man said to me, when we were riding down town:

"I suppose the *Star* is in the market for the best newspaper men."

"No," I replied: "it has them."

One of the magazines lately printed a long article referring to the Kansas City *Star* as the best newspaper in America. Which is evidence enough that you can do well outside of New York, if you really care to get along. There are a few Goulds, Vanderbilts, Morgans, etc., in New York, and millions of men and women who have made lamentable failures. You couldn't hire me to live in New York, (although I may say in passing that no one has tried.)

Some people say the New York *Sun* is the best paper published here. The *Sun* was recently the subject of a magazine article, also. I visited the *Sun* office this morning. In front, a bust of Chas. A. Dana, who made the paper famous; upstairs, about the dirtiest and worst arranged newspaper office I have ever seen. Some of these days there will be a fire in the *Sun* office, and fifty or sixty of the brightest newspaper men in America will do

well if they get out with their lives. The reporters and printers work side by side, and the country printing-office towel joke would apply to the entire establishment, it is so dirty. Every man on the *Sun* is smart, but a crank. I imagine that the reporters use caligraph typewriters, instead of the modern makes. I am not certain as to this, but it is a fact that the printers use monotypes instead of linotypes. Every other newspaper office in the country uses linotypes, so of course the *Sun* uses monotypes, book machines.

Some of the New York newspapers of widest circulation are not newspapers: they print a few screams in large type, and usually in red ink, and that is about all. But the New York *Sun* is a newspaper, and is well written. Therefore it is not very popular in this queer community, where the majority of the people seem to want Screams in red, and Protests in blue. Last night I bought a certain newspaper, the editor of which is said to receive $75,000 a year. It prints a daily scream on the editorial page as well as on the first page, and its editorial scream of yesterday was about snow-shovelers starving to death with city warrants

in their pockets. In other words, the city does not pay its employés as promptly as it should; it seems that if you work for the City of New York, and are discharged at 2 P. M., you do not get your money until an hour or two later. Still, this newspaper was filled with the best dry-goods advertising, although it didn't print the general news. New-Yorkers do not seem to want the general news; what do they care for news fifty miles from the city? The real New-Yorker is known as a "cit" (citizen), and New York and its suburbs comprise his world. No doubt the New-Yorkers laugh at me. All right; I laugh at them. The visit of a big circus to Atchison doesn't attract more odd characters to town than you may see in New York in a half-hour's walk in any part of the city. While walking on lower Broadway yesterday afternoon, I saw a fakir selling jewelry. A crowd surrounded him, and the fakir talked exactly as street fakirs talk in Atchison. He said he intended swallowing an army musket presently, after which he would give away a twenty-dollar gold-piece. I didn't remain in the crowd to see how it came out, but I know he didn't swallow the army musket, and he didn't give away a twenty-dollar gold-piece.

He talked, and talked, until the people forgot his promises, precisely as a Muck Raker does when he promises to produce his proofs. Seven out of ten people in New York believe that the way to get rich is to fool somebody, whereas men of real sense know that the way to get along is *not* to fool anybody; that if you hope to get along in this world, you must be reliable and deliver the goods. The reliable, capable man makes progress, whereas the unreliable man is forever being compelled to go back and make a fresh start.

This has been a wet, disagreeable day, with a drizzling rain falling; and to-day the New-Yorkers remind me of a lot of hens walking around in a chicken-yard with the door of the hen-house closed against them. I haven't had much to do to-day except to send my baggage to the steamship. If I had the courage of my convictions, I wouldn't send my baggage to the "Moltke" until nine o'clock to-morrow, but the man says the ship will sail at 8 A. M., and I shall go aboard to-night, although I know we won't get away until 10 A. M. to-morrow. The Educational Bureau, who accompanies me, is bolder than I am, and is go-

ing to the theatre to-night with Ruby Fullerton and her husband. I expect her on board tomorrow morning a little before ten o'clock, in ample time. I wish I could see the barber of the "Moltke"; I could then find out the real facts, which have been denied me at the general offices of the company on lower Broadway. If the Educational Bureau finds the ship gone when she arrives at the dock, this is what she will probably do: send a wireless to the captain to stop the ship, and then she will go on board by means of a tug. This was actually done yesterday, according to the New York *Journal*. A man from Seattle was booked for a trip on the "Arabic," which sailed without him. Reaching the dock while the "Arabic" was in the lower bay, he sent a Big Kick by wireless, and the captain cast anchor until the Seattle man reached the ship by means of a tug. The New-Yorkers are bluffers, and a bluffer is always afraid of a bluff. The Seattle man made such a row in his wireless telegram to the captain that the captain was bluffed, and held the ship, thus giving rise to a report that there had been an accident on the "Arabic."

I am finding a good many polite men in New York. One of them is chief porter at the Waldorf. He was so polite in fixing me up that I went away from his desk resolving to be more polite myself in future. That is the sort of missionary I admire; that baggage-master does a whole lot of good in the world by teaching other men the value of politeness. His name is Dan Coleman; when you come to the Waldorf, look at him; you will hear of him some day in connection with a more important and profitable job. You can't keep a man of that kind down.

Don't forget that people will hate you if you are grouchy, and they will admire you if you are a gentleman. Last night I went into a drug store near the hotel to buy a little article. The clerk was almost insulting; he didn't intend to be, probably, but he was, having unconsciously acquired the Big Town way. This morning, I wanted to make another purchase and walked two blocks out of my way to avoid the Smart Aleck drug clerk. I'll bet that the proprietor of that drug store is quietly looking around for another man; in the course of a day a grouch disturbs a whole lot of people who do a whole lot of talking, and finally, the grouch

gets both barrels from the proprietor's shotgun. Some hotel clerks and some clerks in ticket offices give information in a tone of voice that is insulting. If a bewildered traveler asks for information at a ticket office he is entitled to it; the traveler is getting no more than he has paid for, and if the ticket agent snaps at him the general passenger agent should be there to slap the ticket agent in the face. And the general passenger agent of a railroad is always a gentleman; he always regrets the rudeness of employés. The general passenger agent of a railroad is always a gentleman, for only gentlemen are promoted. You never knew an exception to this rule in your life.

(Having settled New York in such a thorough and painstaking manner that the subject will never again be discussed, I now proceed to settle the problem at Panama, the problem at Havana, etc. In case I have overlooked anything in New York—although I don't think I have—write me at my home address, and I shall take pleasure in giving you personal information by letter. . . . I shall have excellent facilities for settling all the problems connected with the Panama canal,

as I sail for Panama to-morrow at 10 A. M., although the ship is advertised to leave at 8. I shall remain at Panama twelve hours, and goodness knows that is enough time to settle the canal question. I shall remain at Havana a day, I believe, and devote an hour or two to the Cuban question. The remainder of my long stay there I shall, I suppose, devote to the cigar factories, as most male travelers do.)

SATURDAY, January 22.

We came aboard the "Moltke" last night at nine o'clock. In the old days passengers for the steamships were robbed by hackmen as hackmen rob brides and grooms, but since the tunnels have been built in New York you can reach a ship in Hoboken for five cents. Our party of five left the Waldorf at 8:30, followed by two porters carrying packages. A half-block away we took a surface car, transferring presently to the tube running under the Hudson river. The first man who utters a scream that the fare on the tunnel line between New York and Hoboken, New Jersey, should be reduced to four cents, should be smashed over the head with a club. Capital,

which is always being abused, does many good things like the tunnel between New York and Hoboken, New Jersey, and reduces prices.

Arrived in Hoboken, we walked a block through a drizzling rain to the immense Hamburg-American dock. Entering this, we walked another block, and finally found a gangway leading to the ship "Moltke." Directly opposite was a gangway leading to the ship "Blucher," which sailed the same day on a cruise to South America. Once on board, we began inspecting the various rooms engaged by members of the party, and found them satisfactory. The passengers were arriving, and dozens of stewards were out on the dock to receive them. Close by was lying the "Berlin," of the North German Lloyd line, and there was a great noise in the river from passing tugs. No one counted on much sleep that night, and no one was disappointed. At midnight the Educational Bureau came on board with her friends, and I made another tour of the ship with them. . . . Next morning at 7:30, while in my room, I heard the ship band playing, and hurried out. Not many were present to see us off, owing to the early hour, and greatly to my surprise, at

exactly 8:05 A. M. we pulled the gang-plank, and slipped gently into the stream. Then the entire Atchison party went down to breakfast. I found myself assigned to a seat at the head of a table. At my right, my daughter Mateel, and Miss Eleanor Havens, of Leavenworth. At my left, Miss Isabel Walker, her mother and her father. A good many flowers, sent by admiring friends, were on the various tables. The passengers were a fine-looking lot, we all agreed. The ship also suited us; it is a fine one in all respects. . . . By the time the pilot went off, at 10 A. M., the women of the Atchison party were in bed, and only the Atchison men heard the band concert which began at that hour. There is a band of ten men on board and it plays an hour every morning, from ten to eleven. At dinner, which begins at 7 P. M., the band changes to an orchestra, and plays during dinner.

There are three hundred and forty passengers on board, and only two rooms are vacant. There are two dining-rooms; the passengers who paid the highest price for tickets dining in the first cabin dining-saloon, while those passengers who paid the lowest price for

tickets dine in the second cabin dining-saloon. There is, however, no other distinction. I believe the highest price paid per passenger is $850. This means accommodations in the finest cabin on the ship. From this, the price ranges down to $180. If you take all the shore excursions, there is a charge of $76 per passenger extra, but you may remain on the ship, if you choose, and meals will be provided for you. Duration of the cruise, twenty-eight days.

On the ship, there is a grill-room, where meals may be ordered at any time, but you must pay extra for meals ordered there. On the ship there is also a gymnasium, where the passengers may ride mechanical horses, and do other physical exercises, if they care to.

Every passenger has a steamer-chair, which is furnished free by the company, and these steamer-chairs are arranged about the decks. Those who walk about are criticised by those in the steamer-chairs, most of whom are wrapped up in warm rugs, as the weather is cold. One woman who walks about a good deal is at least forty years old and wears a

Peter Thompson suit, intended for a girl of eighteen or nineteen. This woman is picked at a good deal. I don't expect much from the men in the way of taste and beauty, but I do expect a good deal of the women. And how many different ways there are for women to be conspicuous in dress! It is almost a comfort to see a woman in mourning; then she can't make a mistake.

Miserable as I feel, I can't help feeling admiration for the Germans of the ship's crew. They are all so capable and polite. Germans are nearly always good people, and I like their patriotism and their love for the fatherland. Formerly, a great many Germans immigrated to America, but the leading Germans made Germany so prosperous and attractive that the immigration fell off to almost nothing. I always admired that in the head men of the German empire. Germany, which is noted everywhere for its prosperity, has a tariff. England, which is experiencing hard times and discontent among the people, is a free-trade country. The regular Republicans who follow President Taft should find comfort in this fact. There seems to be something about

a tariff that brings prosperity, and something about free trade that brings hard times and discontent. I am compelled to admit this, although I sometimes pose as a free-trader.

At 1 o'clock, the lunch hour, nearly every woman on board was in bed, as the sea was somewhat rough. I went down to lunch, having nothing else to do, and there were only five women in the dining-room. Women seem to suffer more than men from seasickness. For one reason, the men seem to fight it harder. In the smoking-room, I amused myself watching the men get sick and reel off to their rooms. One man was so sick that he talked to himself; he didn't seem to know what he was about. Finally, there being nothing else to do, I crawled into bed, with my clothes on, and was sound asleep in a few minutes. And I didn't awake until after dark. I turned on my light and looked at my watch. It was dinner-time: seven o'clock. But I concluded I didn't want any dinner and was soon asleep again. This time I slept until ten o'clock, and then got up and wandered around the decks awhile. Occasionally I met Judge Walker, who is doing better than any other member of the party,

but his wife and daughter are wrecks. Mateel and Miss Havens are also wrecked. I slipped in and whispered to Mateel awhile, and then went on deck again. Feeling hungry, I went into the grill-room, where a bowl of hot milk with crackers was all I could stand. At midnight I went to bed again and slept peacefully until morning. . . . I don't know why I can't sleep in a comfortable bed at home, and am able to sleep like a log at sea, in a cramped bed, and while half sick. I suppose it is another one of my eccentricities.

SUNDAY, January 23.

The weather is a little warmer this morning. At the breakfast table, seven men and no women. The men include Judge Walker and myself. The judge ate what I thought was an enormous breakfast, but he didn't consider it very much, for he said to me: "To-morrow morning I intend to eat all I want." I hear in a roundabout way that after eating his meals in the dining-room he goes downstairs, and eats the dainties provided by the stewardess for his wife and daughter. He says he has a little headache, but otherwise is not seasick.

I feel tough, but am able to be on my feet. The sea continues quite rough, although the sun is shining.

A fat man who spends most of his time in the smoking-room seems determined to drink himself to death. There is gossip to the effect that he was drunk when he came on board, and he certainly has been drunk ever since. His wife is a fine-looking woman, and frequently comes in the smoking-room to coax her husband to go to bed. But he won't do it; he prefers to sleep in the smoking-room, where all the men can see how drunk he is. He has a dissipated friend who comes in occasionally. I have never seen a more disgusted-looking woman than the drunkard's wife.

It seems I missed a disagreeable experience by not going to dinner last night. Judge Walker says one of the stewards had a fit, and, had I been there, he would have fallen on me. Nothing would displease me more than for a steward to have a fit and fall on me at dinner.

This ship is fitted with a wireless telegraph apparatus, and every morning a sheet of

"news" is posted. The "news" is in very brief form, and doesn't amount to much. One of the items posted to-day concerns the indignation of the mayor of New York because the policemen use their clubs on offenders. What do passengers at sea care for news of that character? Notice is also posted that we are in communication with the ship "Blucher."

MONDAY, January 24.

The weather is much milder this morning, as we have been sailing due south since 8 A. M. Saturday, and most of the sick passengers appeared on deck before noon, although none of the women at our table appeared for breakfast. Mrs. Walker was the last to appear, and she said she was late because she had two of the biggest babies on board to look after. I suppose she referred to her husband and daughter. Practically all the passengers are out, and many acquaintances are being made. The passengers seem to come from every State in the Union. In looking over the passenger list, I note that on the first page we have representatives from California, Pennsylvania,

New Jersey, Michigan, Massachusetts, Illinois, Maryland, Ohio, New York, and Minnesota.

The first indignation broke out to-day. A good many of the shore excursions were full before all the passengers were accommodated. A big hotel at one place burned since the boat started from New York, and it was necessary to abandon this particular excursion. A carnival is in progress at another place, and carriages cannot be provided by the steamship company for the advertised excursion. There is muttering on every hand, and one little Spin who put on a white suit a day or two early, skinned the excursion agent in a manner I have never heard equaled anywhere.

This may not be important, but it is true: When Mrs. C. D. Walker appeared on deck to-day, after two days of seasickness, I expressed sympathy, as her husband had reported her very miserable. Much to my surprise, she said she had enjoyed the two days in bed. Think of a woman enjoying seasickness! Mrs. Walker's daughter, Isabel, also said she didn't mind it. "I just lay there and laughed,"

she said. Seasickness is no laughing matter with me.

The "Moltke" is five hundred and thirty feet long. Step that distance off some day, and the size of the boat will surprise you. Still, there are much larger ships. The "Lusitania," the greyhound of the seas, is six hundred and eighty feet long. But that isn't a very big story, either; the Cunard company is now building a ship that is nearly a thousand feet long and has eighty thousand horse-power. The "Lusitania" has sixty-eight thousand horse-power and is the fastest ship afloat. A passenger on this cruise lately crossed the Atlantic on the "Lusitania" and says it was a very uncomfortable experience, owing to the great speed.

This afternoon, the weather became almost too warm for comfort, when out in the sun, and the shady side of the ship became popular. It will be warmer to-morrow, and very much warmer when we arrive at St. Thomas, on Wednesday. The passengers are talking of buying duck suits at St. Thomas, at $3 per

suit. A few have put on white clothing, and others are discussing it.

The sailors down on the forward deck seem to have two guests; two men dressed in citizens' clothes, who loaf about and have no duties. When I have nothing else to do, I watch these two men, and wonder how they managed to get on the ship. One of them seems fond of music, and comes forward every morning to hear the band play.

All the members of the Atchison party were reunited this evening at 7 o'clock, at dinner, the sea having become very calm. When we came up from dinner, a full moon was shining on the water, and the passengers were very gay about the decks. To add to it all, the band gave a concert on the after-deck, lasting from 9 to 10 P. M.

There was something unusual about the sea yesterday; it seemed calm and decent enough, but a good many were sick, including an excursion agent who has crossed the Atlantic sixty-seven times. We seemed to run out of

the bad cross-current soon after noon to-day, and the sick recovered rapidly. Possibly being off Cape Hatteras had something to do with it; ever since we started, I have been hearing predictions that when we were "off the Cape," there would be trouble.

When a German is good-looking, he is very good-looking, and likewise when a German is ugly, he is very ugly. I have been remarking this about members of the crew.

When a man is bald, it is an affront to be shaved by a man with a fine head of hair. When I went to the barber shop this afternoon, I was pleased to find a bald, fat barber, and he was tremendously good-natured. Later I concluded that he had devoted too much of his time to good-nature, and not enough to learning to keep his razors sharp, for he gave me a wretched shave; he cut me, and put caustic on the cut. That's against the law in Kansas. It is a pity the jurisdiction of Hon. Stubbs does not extend to the high seas.

The drunkard's wife eats in the grill-room; she is so humiliated that she won't go into the

main dining-room. She imagines the people are "talking" about her, and they are. Of course it isn't her fault, but the other women say: "If I had that man, I'd straighten him out." She is the only woman on board who is neglected by her husband, and I can point out a hundred husbands who are kind and thoughtful, and thoroughly under control. It is expected that the drunkard will have jim-jams before the cruise is finished.

The passengers talk a great deal of the places they have visited, and usually in a loud voice, so that all may hear. My room is on the main deck, and when I go in to take a snooze, before going off into dreamland I can hear men passing say: "The last time I met him was in Cairo," or "When I was in Naples." The Americans are very prosperous, and travel a great deal. Until you go on a trip, you do not realize how much traveling is done. And the transportation companies are making preparations to take care of larger crowds than ever. Formerly many of the Atlantic ships were idle except during the summer season. Now they are running excursions in winter to

the West Indies, to the Bermudas, to South America, to Naples, to the Orient, etc.

How much men dress alike! All the men on the "Moltke" dress exactly alike, except that one man wears a cap without a brim. But how many different things women wear! I sat on deck an hour this morning, watching the women go by, and noting their clothing. They wore all the possible fabrics and all the possible colors. And how many different styles there are for women!

There are two brothers on board who attract my attention. One is married, and the other single. They are business partners, and have lived together all their lives. Members of our party like the married one better than the bachelor. Marrying seems to have a refining and broadening influence on a man. There never was a bachelor, probably, who was as broad-minded as a married man. To a man, getting married is an education.

Last night, I found a very large crowd in the smoking-room. A third of those present

were women, engaged in playing cards. The grill-room above, practically a part of the same apartment, was also crowded. Three waiters were very busy, and a good many drinks were being purchased. Possibly you have heard that some women drink intoxicants, although it is a crime to sell to men in Kansas.

There is more dressing on this ship than I have ever before seen on shipboard. The women put on two and three different costumes every day. Practically all the passengers are Americans, and Americans are noted for having money. And I have never seen a more genteel lot of people together. Outside of the drunkard and one young fellow who tries to flirt in a foolish way, I have seen no cheap people. Now that the sea is calm, the passengers ramble all over the ship. Many of them have their chairs on the after-deck, where the second-cabin accommodations are, and the crowd is not so great on the main decks.

A favorite place of amusement is the gymnasium, where you may ride mechanical horses and camels. There are dozens of other appli-

ances for exercise. This place is crowded during the hours it is open, and causes much amusement.

There are very few children on board; no boys, and I recall only two girls. Most of the passengers are young; only a few are elderly.

TUESDAY, January 25.

The sea is as smooth to-day as I have ever seen it, and the weather is quite warm. Indeed there is as much complaint about warm weather to-day as there was on Saturday about cold weather.

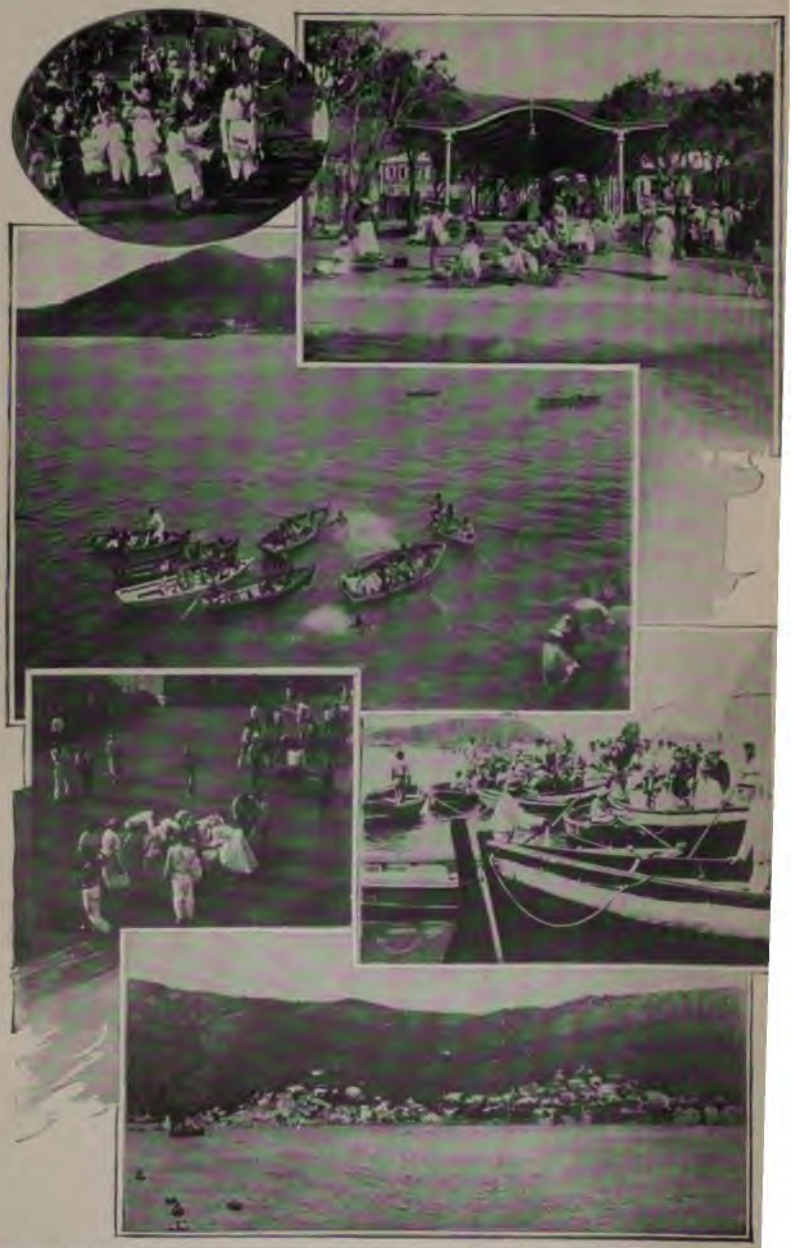
Last night, after I had gone to bed, a young man and a young woman sat down in chairs near my door, which I had left open. They were flirting, and I could hear every word they said. They amused me for an hour with their talk, which I imagine is of the kind indulged in between young people at summer resorts. I did not know who the young people were, and have a curiosity to pick them out. The girl was so coy, and the young man was such a

devil; he told the girl how tough he had been, but always intimated that he was so fascinating that he could not possibly keep out of the scrapes he had engaged in. The talk was unnatural and foolish. I'll bet the girl has warts on her hands, from the boys holding them.

Judge Walker sleeps on deck a good deal; he is afraid to go to his room to sleep, fearing he will miss seeing a whale. So far he has seen nothing more remarkable than flying-fish, porpoises, and what the sailors say was a shark. He said the porpoises looked as though the ship had scared up a lot of jack-rabbits. While he was asleep last night, I took the ladies of the Atchison-Leavenworth party up to see the grill-room, and they astonished the stewards by drinking a lemonade each. The stewards are not accustomed to making lemonades.

Dinner to-night at 7 was a very elaborate function. Most of the passengers wore clothing appropriate to the occasion, and an orchestra of eleven men played a programme. We were an hour and twenty minutes at the tables. One of the stewards at my table fasci-

ASTOR, LENOX



ST. THOMAS. 1. Coaling-Women. 2. Market Place. 3. Diving for Coins, Charlotte Am
4. Scrabbling for Pennies. 5. Landing. 6. Charlotte Amalia.

nates me, he is so good-natured, and so disposed to break into a smile. His name is Anton, and he has just come to this ship from the big "Deutschland," which is lying up at Hamburg until the summer travel on the Atlantic begins. Anton wears a blue uniform, with brass buttons. The coat is a sort of jacket; anyway, it is very short. The cooking is about as good as I can imagine. The head cook is a noted man, whose name is given on the passenger list. His name is A. Meyer.

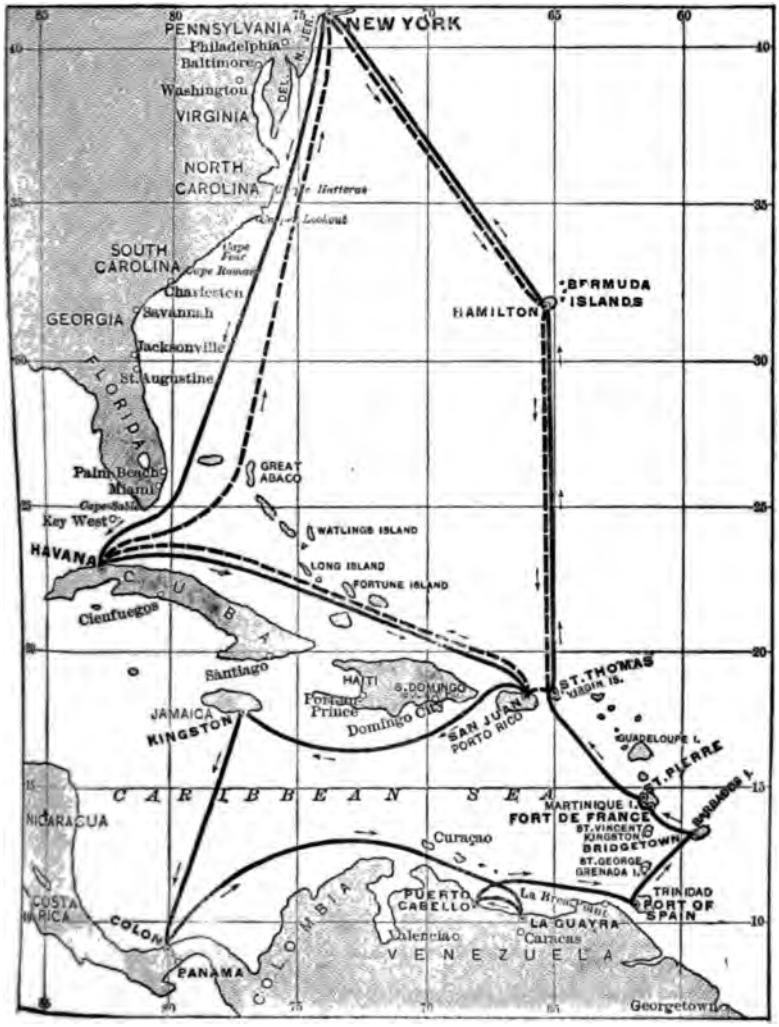
There is a man on board who overdoes politeness and good-nature. He came into the smoking-room the other night, while wandering around, and was so shocked, and hurried out with so much speed, owing to the liquor, that I have decided he is a preacher. I hear him raving over the beautiful mornings, and the manner in which he drinks in the sea breezes annoys me. The Elder is also learned; every time I pass him on deck, I hear him telling historical facts about the Island of St. Thomas, where we are to land at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning. There are times when a man should sit down, and be quiet; no one should Scatter Sunshine all the time.

When we came up from dinner to-night we found a ballroom had been arranged and decorated on the lower deck, and as I write this the dance is in progress, a big crowd taking part. The moon is shining brightly, and the ship is running along quietly. The weather is as warm as in June at home, and the scene is a very pleasing one.

WEDNESDAY, January 26.

When I awoke this morning at 6 o'clock, the "Moltke" was entering the harbor at Charlotte Amelia, Island of St. Thomas, one of the Virgin group, so called by Columbus in 1493, as he swept past on his journey to Santo Domingo. The group comprises about one hundred islands and rocks, and is tropical in character. St. Thomas island is thirteen miles long, and three miles in width. Charlotte Amelia, capital of the island, has twelve thousand people, and its harbor is said to be one of the best in the world, as it is deep and landlocked. (NOTE.—That's from the guide book.)

After an early breakfast, the passengers were taken ashore by two launches from the



THE BLACK LINE SHOWS THE ROUTE OF THE CRUISE.

ship, each launch pulling two of the big life-boats. I have been around a good deal, and have never seen a prettier place than the Island of St. Thomas, and its capital, Charlotte Amelia. Hundreds of people met us at the landing, as the arrival of the ship was made a holiday, and the schools let out. Charlotte Amelia is an important coaling station, and a good many tramp steamers come in for coal, as many as five in one day, at times. But the arrival of a steamer with a big load of passengers is an event, and as two came in to-day, the schools were let out, and the occasion made a holiday. St. Thomas is controlled by the Danes, but the inhabitants are mostly negroes; their ancestors were brought here from Africa when our own country afforded a good market for slaves. A majority of these negroes talk English, and I talked with several old negro "aunties" who reminded me of the same class at home.

The streets of Charlotte Amelia reminded me of nothing so much as the queer streets of towns you see on the stage. The town is located at the foot of a mountain, and many of the best houses are located above the main

street, and are reached by the most picturesque stairways imaginable. Tropical fruits grow in the house yards along the streets. I met a twelve-year-old boy at the dock, and paid him fifty cents to walk around with me, and point out objects of interest. "My mother," he said, "washes and irons, and I go to the school."

From a high place, where we walked to look over the town, we could see our ship lying in the harbor. And as we looked, the "Blucher," the sister ship of the "Moltke," came in. The "Blucher" sailed from New York the same day we did, but two hours later, for South America. While we looked, still another steamer, a small freighter, turned the point, and entered the harbor.

To the left of the harbor was a valley in the mountains that attracted our attention; after leaving the view, we walked back to look at it again, it was so beautiful. In the distance we could see St. Cruz, another of the Virgin islands belonging to Denmark, where sugar cane is grown. St. Martin, also in sight, is divided between the Danes and French. St.

Bart, still another island, covers an area of only eight square miles, with a population of 3,000, and belongs to France. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, this island rolled in wealth, and its port swarmed with vessels of the buccaneers. One of these, Montbars, made his headquarters at St. Bart, and there is a story that his ill-gotten treasure is still buried about the island. Wherever you go you can't get away from the buried-treasure story.

We visited the public market, and found all sorts of vegetables, but inferior in size. The peas were of a variety I have never seen before. The tomatoes were very small, looking like warts; I have seen exactly similar tomatoes in Ceylon, in the Philippines, and in other shiftless countries. The ponies here are also small, as is the case in the Philippines. Dozens of cabmen met us at the landing, and there wasn't a respectable horse in the lot; all were small ponies, and thin. The supply of cabs gave out, and a dozen of the men and women of the ship's company hired a one-horse dray, in which they drove about.

Charlotte Amelia is a good place for boys to live in; the most marvelous fish are caught out of the sea here, with hook and line. One boy I met had four or five different varieties of fish, all of them beautiful. One variety was of the shape of our bass, but red in color.

Everywhere on the streets and in the stores, we saw handsome Creole mulatto girls. We saw no white men about, but they have evidently been here.

In all the tropical or shiftless countries, chickens are small. Where chickens are small, eggs are also small. The price of eggs in Charlotte Amelia, the boy guide told us, is thirty cents a dozen, although travelers are asked sixty cents. A chicken costs twenty-five cents.

Flowers bloom in the open air in Charlotte Amelia the year 'round. In summer, the weather becomes very hot. "Plenty warm sometimes," said the boy guide. "When you walk, water runs out of your face." One of the pleasing sights here is a flowering tree, with

bright red flowers. This tree is seen in all tropical countries.

Duck suits sell here at $3 per suit of coat and pantaloons, but not many of the travelers invested, so far as I observed. A good many, however, bought Panama hats, at $5 each. There are all sorts of stores in Charlotte Amelia, which is the only town on the island. It is supported by the coal-handlers, and by the manufacture of bay rum. Why do people buy bay rum? It is stated as one of the advantages of this trip that an excellent quality of bay rum may be purchased at a very low price. We were offered bay rum at every turn in Charlotte Amelia, but didn't buy any. I never bought a bottle of bay rum in my life, and never expect to.

One old woman offered to sell us a queer-looking plant, "To wash dishes with," the boy guide said. It was a variety of soap-weed, and the poor people here use it instead of soap in washing dishes. The boy guide pointed out a store kept by Smith Bros., and smiled. The Smith joke seems to be known here.

Americans are not the only people who know how to clean up tropical towns. Charlotte Amelia is very clean, or seemed so to me, and in every way delightful. From the bay, the town looks like a German post-card picture, printed in bright colors. And the green mountains make an attractive setting for the bright colors of the houses.

Before we left the ship, and after we returned to it, the "Moltke" was surrounded with negro divers. They coaxed the passengers to throw coins into the water, and then the negroes would dive for them. In nearly every case, the divers secured the coins. A coin sinks slowly in water, and the divers get under it, and look up.

One of the divers looked exactly like Corbett Collier, of Atchison, and called himself "Johnson"; he was always posing as a prize-fighter, but would instantly quit posing and dive, when a coin was thrown. Some of the divers were boys only twelve or fourteen years old. Some of them talked fairly good English.

"Give your country a good name, master," one diver said.

When our boats started for shore, the divers followed us quite a distance, bantering us to throw coins into the water. Once I counted nineteen of these boats on one side of the ship. Each boat contained four or five divers, and a rower; probably the men in each boat pooled their earnings, and divided.

In one boat, sat a lazy negro who held out his hat, and tried to induce the passengers to throw coins into it. He amused me so much, and looked up at the passengers in such a winning way, that I determined to invest in his scheme. So I tried to drop a nickel in his hat, but the negro who looked like Corbett Collier pushed the cute schemer into the water, and caught the nickel himself. After that, I tried to drop other nickels to the schemer, who was fully dressed, but every time I did it, the divers would push him overboard, and grab the nickel. The divers wore nothing but duck pants.

The boy guide regretted that we could not remain to hear the band play in the public square at night.

"Big band," he said; "twenty-eight."

But I didn't worry about missing the con-

cert; usually the larger a negro band is, the worse it is. The boy guide's name was Orville George, and he had a plaintive, pleasing way about him that attracted us all. He could not tell us much about his school, except that it was free, and was conducted by Moravians. He took us to a very pretty Catholic church, but said he wasn't a Catholic.

All the shops in the town accept American currency without discount. There is a cable office, and the rate to the United States is ninety-six cents a word.

A celebrated character in the history of Charlotte Amelia was Black Beard, a pirate, whose residence may still be seen. In the early part of the eighteenth century, Black Beard was the terror of the Caribbean sea. His real name was Edward Teach, and he is represented as a huge man with luxurious coal-black beard growing to his very eyes, and so long that he twisted it into small tails, tied with ribbons, and turned the ends over his ears. Teach had so harried the American main that in 1718 the lieutenant-governor of

Virginia offered $500 for the capture of the renowned pirate, dead or alive. A certain Captain Maynard, knowing Teach's pride in his fighting ability, dared him to meet him. Teach accepted, simply to enjoy the fight, as he thought he could whip any man alive. In a terrible hand-to-hand encounter, Maynard killed Teach, who received in this singular duel twenty-five wounds, five of which were from bullets. Captain Maynard seems to have been a good deal of a bully boy himself. But in reading this story, you are reminded that you need not believe it, unless you want to. It is from the guide book, and guide books print as many unreliable romances as the yellow newspapers of New York.

We spent three hours on shore, leaving for the ship in the last boat, at 10:30 A. M. On the way, we passed the "Blucher," which was at anchor, and coaling. Its band was playing as we passed, and when we arrived at the "Moltke," our band was playing. Lunch was being served when we arrived; sandwiches, fruit and bouillon, from a table on deck. These lunches are served three times a day:

in the morning, in the afternoon, and at night. In addition we have three elaborate meals in the dining-room. You can get a meal any time you ask for it, by applying to your steward, and he will serve it on deck, if you prefer.

Soon after our arrival on the ship, the two steam launches and the four big long-boats were lifted out of the water, put away on the decks, and in half an hour we were off for Porto Rico. Islands were in sight all afternoon; some of them not much larger than school-houses.

I have never been on a ship which pays so much attention to passengers as this one. Everywhere I hear passengers saying, "I have the best dining-room steward on the ship," or "My stateroom steward is particularly polite." Yesterday evening, after dinner, the chief steward held a school of instruction in the dining-room, in which he gave the servants instructions and advice about pleasing people. Politeness is being boomed more and more all the time.

The cruise of the "Blucher" to South

America is not very successful, according to gossip on board. It has only one hundred and sixty-two passengers, although it made arrangements to accommodate four hundred. A few days before the ship sailed from New York, accommodations for the South-American trip were offered at half price (according to gossip on board; I know nothing about it myself). The South-American trip lasts three months, whereas the "Moltke's" trip lasts only twenty-eight days.

I see very little wine in the dining-room. Liquor-drinking is doomed; it is a fool habit the people will get rid of. But while little wine is ordered on board the "Moltke" the guests use seven hundred bottles of aerated water every day.

You probably object to hearing people talk who have returned from sea trips. According to an old traveler I met on deck to-day, that is the best part of a trip; telling about it, and thinking about it, after you return home.

There is a rumor going about this afternoon that a passenger paid fifty dollars for a

Panama hat at Charlotte Amelia this morning. But I also hear that some Panama hats cost seventy-five dollars. I bought one to-day, warranted a genuine Panama, for $5. What did I get, if a really good Panama hat costs $75? By-the-way, Panama hats are not made in Panama, but in Equador.

A big company you hear a great deal about in this section is the United Fruit Co. This company lately ordered ten additional steamships, which are being built at Belfast, in Ireland, at an expense of six million dollars. All this is American money. When will Americans realize the importance of building and operating ships? That brings up the ship subsidy question. Some of the really big men of the country contend that we should subsidize ships; that we could afford it. Anyway, it makes an American nervous to realize how other nations are engaging in ship-building and in traffic on the sea. But all America is doing in that line is to build enormously expensive warships we have no use for, and which become obsolete in ten years. Some of the wisest people seem to be fools.

One passenger says that while in Charlotte Amelia, St. Thomas Island, this afternoon, a merchant tried to sell him a number of articles, and, failing, asked the traveler to give him ten cents.

At 5 o'clock this afternoon we came in sight of San Juan, Porto Rico, seventy miles from the Island of St. Thomas. We are to spend a night and a day here, and will make several excursions from the town. The town looks quite important from the deck of the ship, and it is easy to distinguish the old Spanish buildings from those built since American occupation.

THURSDAY, January 27.

Last night we went ashore at San Juan, Island of Porto Rico, and heard a band concert in the Plaza. When we left the ship in the two long-boats, pulled by a ship launch, the full moon was shining, and the scene was one never to be forgotten. Landing, the old Spanish streets looked strange to our American eyes, and we marveled at the courts extending into the buildings. The streets are very nar-

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

San Juan—Porto Rico.

PORTO RICO. 1. Morro Castle. 2. Native Cart.

row, which seems to be the old style in old cities everywhere; I remarked the narrowness of the streets of the old part of New York only the other day. We found the Plaza without assistance, and heard a very good concert by a military band of twenty-two Porto-Ricans. The Plaza is in the heart of the town, surrounded by old Spanish buildings. For ten cents each, we secured rocking-chairs in which to sit. The concert was free, unless you cared to pay ten cents for a rocking-chair. Thousands of people walked about, many of them Porto-Rican girls daintily dressed. Most of them were very good-looking, and all of them well behaved. We met a few American soldiers on the streets, but they were not numerous, as at Manila; during all my running around at San Juan, I didn't see a dozen American soldiers, and no sailors. . . . The full moon came up over the houses as the concert progressed, and we were all very content with the brilliant scene. The first four days out of New York were tiresome, including two or three uncomfortable days from seasickness, but yesterday was delightful, as we made two stops; one at St. Thomas, the other at San Juan. Very few people speak English at San

Juan, and I am informed that there are not more than a thousand Americans on the island. San Juan, with its suburbs, has 35,000 people. Around the Plaza, we saw many flowering trees; the roble, a species of the oak, which flowers nearly all the year.

This morning we went ashore again. Judge Walker joined an excursion we did not care to take, so I escorted the Atchison-Leavenworth party of ladies on a sight-seeing tour. San Juan has an excellent street railway system, and we rode many miles from 9 A.M. to 2 P.M., when the last boat left for the ship. Porto Rico seems much more prosperous than the Philippines, and San Juan pleased me much more than Manila did. In Manila, you see hundreds of poor huts occupied by very poor people; here we saw very few of these. The Porto-Ricans seem more intelligent than the Filipinos, and more energetic. I wouldn't mind living at San Juan, but I couldn't be hired to live at Manila, or in the Philippine Islands. The Philippines are tropical; the islands of the West Indies are semi-tropical. The weather here is almost cool; in December,

I found the weather in the Philippines very warm. This difference in climate probably accounts for the superior energy and intelligence of the Porto-Ricans, who look very much like Filipinos; all the brown men look a good deal alike.

Some of we men will not stand the way you women treat us: while walking on the streets of San Juan today, in the old Spanish section, we encountered an excited crowd. A Porto-Rican had cut a woman's throat, and then tried to kill himself. The lover was led past us by an officer.

The incident gave a negro occasion to rave to us about the government of the town, which he said was outrageous. The negro spoke good English and seemed to be an unusual character. But San Juan is entirely governed by the natives; the Americans have nothing to do with it. The Porto-Ricans have always been more sensible than other of our brown brothers, and have devoted their time to improving the island rather than to fighting. The Porto-Ricans have certain advantages over the Filipinos, possibly because of their good conduct; anyway, they are said to be well satisfied with

American occupation. They would be dull indeed could they not appreciate the difference between Spanish and American rule. The Americans have made Porto Rico very prosperous, and its prosperity seems to be only beginning.

When we came aboard the ship this afternoon, we found a committee of fruit-growers there, and they gave away great quantities of pineapples, grape-fruit, oranges, etc., to advertise the country. As I write, my room is full of pineapples, oranges and grape-fruit, given me by members of the horticultural society. And all the other passengers not only stuffed themselves, but carried fruit to their rooms.

By-the-way, when we came down to the dock, on our way to the ship, the long-boats were not ready to go. But a ship's launch was lying at the dock, and an officer sent us out. I never saw so much politeness from officers of a ship. And when we went on deck, not only were members of the horticultural society begging all comers to accept several varieties of fruit, but the ship's servants were serving lunch on deck.

A good many of the freight carts here are drawn by oxen. And the oxen are always of the same color and kind; the Porto-Ricans have not yet learned the value of stock-breeding. In our trip to the country we passed a sugar plantation, where sugar cane was being loaded on cars, for transportation to the grinding-mill. There we saw four oxen attached to two-wheeled carts. The railroad cars we saw are very primitive; the locomotives were small, and very foreign in appearance. The freight cars were also small, and equipped with only four wheels. But the electric cars were as fine as may be seen anywhere.

Wherever we went in the country, the ground was covered with bright red flowers. We investigated, and found them to be wild morning glories. For there is plenty of rain in this country; no irrigation is necessary, which is one of the advantages, the San Juan boomers say, over the Hawaiian islands. In Hawaii, irrigation is necessary, and water is pumped by great pumping plants, at tremendous expense.

In passing through the country, we saw fields of growing corn. We also passed through an American suburb, and saw many American women and children sitting on the porches. Of course the Americans have provided schools, and we saw many children at their studies; on our return to town, we met the swarms of children returning home at the noon recess, and enjoyed looking at them. Most of them were Porto-Ricans, but many were pure negroes. Others were almost white: a mixture of Porto-Rican and white blood. In color, the Porto-Ricans resemble our Indians, but they are generally quite small, quick and nervous. The Porto-Rican women are generally of the Spanish type, and have gentle, dainty ways, and olive complexions.

As we walked about the old portion of the city, we were much interested in the fact that in San Juan, Thursday seems to be wash-day. Every other door opens into a court, providing entrance to dozens of houses. Looking into these, we saw hundreds of women doing the family washing; every court looked like a huge hand laundry. Little brown children played about, and, if we stopped to admire

the scene, mothers brought their babies to the door, that we might admire them. This was in the old part of the town, on a hill overlooking the sea and Morro castle. People marry very young here, and many of the mothers we saw did not seem to be twenty years old.

I talked with a Wisconsin man to-day who came to the island six years ago, and engaged in pineapple-growing. He says pineapples begin paying the second year, and that his average net income from ten acres is $100 per acre. The Wisconsin man is a boomer, and certainly he didn't underestimate the returns from pineapple-growing. I was told that sugarcane-growing pays a net profit of $60 an acre, and probably you should reduce that estimate a little, too. The grower of pineapples told me he paid $20 an acre for his land six years ago; now wild land in his neighborhood is worth $50 an acre. When land is in pineapples, and producing, it is said to be worth $250 an acre. Grape-fruit pays about as well as pineapples, and oranges are also profitable. Bananas are not much grown here, except for home consumption;

the weather is not hot enough. In summer, the people say, the thermometer never registers above a hundred, and never below sixty in winter.

In the near future, thousands of people will probably come to Porto Rico to engage in fruit-growing, sugarcane-growing, tobacco-growing, or stock-raising. The products of the island are delivered in New York in four days, and that is a big advantage. Land is selling at low prices, and living here is pleasant. Life and property are as secure in this American Territory as in any American State, and I see no reason why Porto Rico should not have a boom.

Coffee is grown here. The members of the horticultural society who were on board the ship this afternoon also gave away many packages of Porto-Rican coffee, and it was served on deck later by the ship's servants. One member of the horticultural society told me that seven years ago, he bought good coffee land at $2 an acre. This land, he says, is now worth $8 an acre. Land of this variety is being bought up by speculators.

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Ladies' Room—Steamship "Moltke."

The Plaza—San Juan, Porto Rico.

The Island of Porto Rico is eighty miles long, and forty broad. San Juan is situated on a sightly hill, and back of it may be seen two ranges of mountains. The scene from San Juan harbor is very attractive. I am informed that the good land of the island amounts to a strip forty miles long and eight miles wide, but that many of the mountain-sides will successfully grow coffee. Many of the largest buildings in San Juan are cigar factories, and members of the horticultural society say that much of the tobacco sold at Havana is really tobacco grown in Porto Rico. The mountains in Porto Rico are valuable windbreaks, a boomer informed me, and the "natural advantages" story told here by the boomers is a very interesting one.

I saw a good many copies of a paper called *The Times* around San Juan. It is two-thirds Spanish and one-third English, and contains no telegraph news. I bought a copy, and exhausted it in a minute's examination.

There are more than a thousand miles of macadam road on the island, the military road

from San Juan to Ponce, eighty miles, being famous. Most points of the island are reached by railroad, and extensions are being built. The highlands grow coffee ("even to the hilltops," the boomers say), and the valleys produce the other crops. Cocoanuts grow everywhere on the island, and it is estimated that a cocoanut tree will pay a profit of $1 a year, without attention. More than a hundred thousand acres are now planted to sugar cane in Porto Rico. I quote here the statement of a boomer: "Twenty acres in grape-fruit trees six years old will support a family, and enable it to sport an automobile, and have butter on its bread." Nearly a hundred thousand children are housed in modern school buildings on the island, which has a population of about one million, making it the most densely populated of the West Indies.

The houses of San Juan are of Moorish style, with grilled windows, and open on a patio in the centre. (CHART: Patio means a court.) With its gayly colored houses and battlements, San Juan suggests Algiers. On the Atlantic shore, a massive wall connects Morro castle with Castle Cristobal, which

faces the ocean. These fortifications were planned in the seventeenth century. Some of the stone walls enclosing the city, and which are as prominent as Morro and Cristobal forts from the harbor, are one hundred feet high, and gray with age, contrasting strangely with the more modern edifices. I had rather a contemptible opinion of San Juan until I visited it. It is a much finer place in every way than I expected.

It is said the negroes are in political control of Porto Rico, as they are more active in politics than the natives.

This afternoon at 3 : 30, we sailed from San Juan for Kingston, in Jamaica, which we should reach early Saturday morning. Until dark we were in sight of land, and towns could be seen alongshore, with the aid of glasses.

When the Elder came on board from San Juan, he talked about nothing but the flowers he had seen. All lovely characters adore flowers. How I do dislike that man!

FRIDAY, January 28.

We are spending this day at sea, although land has been in sight all morning. The sea is calm, and the weather bright. For a long time we were in sight of Haiti, the negro republic, and one of the interesting places in this vicinity, although we do not stop there. Haiti is a very rich country, but the people are lazy, and the towns so filthy that a visit to them is dangerous. Haiti has a ruler in rags, and his soldiers beg from visitors. Its ragged ruler lives in what he calls a palace, and it has officials with high-sounding titles who have no more authority than the officials of a negro lodge. During the long years of its history, Haiti has been the scene of many tragedies. The native blacks rebelled against their French masters, and terrible scenes were enacted. The insurgents were led by the famous Touissaint l'Ouverture, under whose leadership the slaves became free men. The planters and their families were massacred with every species of ferocity; white infants and small children were impaled and borne aloft on pikes at heads of companies of shouting black demons. Napoleon the Great sent sixty thousand soldiers, under command of his

brother-in-law, Leclere. The natives could not oppose Napoleon's veterans, and retired to the mountains. Touissaint was captured by strategy, and sent to France, where he died in prison. But the black mountaineers descended to the coast, and committed terrible ravages, being assisted by yellow fever. In a short time, Leclere lost thousands of his soldiers and himself fell a victim to the plague. Leclere's successor was as savage as the savages he opposed, and his captives were shot, drowned and hung by the hundreds. Finally the French surrendered to a British force which arrived just in time to save them from the enraged blacks, who would have massacred every man. Later followed another massacre of whites, and it is said blood actually ran in the gutters; a story often told, but probably never true. In addition to these horrors, there were earthquakes, pestilence, and hurricanes. All this section is subject to earthquakes, hurricanes and pestilence, and years ago pirates were added. It is said of one town that hell can be no worse, since it has had earthquakes, pestilence, fires, pirates, massacres, hurricanes, and everything else terrible.

One of the remarkable things in the West Indies is the "Vigilant," a schooner making bi-weekly trips between St. Thomas and St. Cruz. The "Vigilant" is more than a hundred years old, and in its time has been a privateer, pirate, slaver, man-of-war, and merchantman. If you want to see the real West Indies, you should take a trip in the "Vigilant," instead of in the "Moltke." By-the-way, Columbus discovered the West Indies in a ship sixty feet long. The vessel in which I discovered the islands is five hundred and thirty feet long. And ships almost twice as long as the "Moltke" are being built.

The drunkard's wife appeared at breakfast this morning. She thinks the passengers have forgotten, but they haven't. The question is being asked around the decks: "Where is the drunkard?" We haven't seen him for days. Possibly he is in jail. The Elder has heard of the distress of the drunkard's wife, and is trying to be good to her. But she will have nothing to do with him.

The three hundred and forty passengers on the "Moltke" are probably representative

Americans, as they come from all quarters of the country. And they are so well behaved that I am proud of them. So far, the trip has been fine in every way, except that we are a little crowded; there is attention for everyone, but the decks are crowded at times.

There are two waiters at our table: Anton and Louie. When we started out, Louie had charge of the table, and bossed Anton. But one day Louie spilt a plate of soup on Mrs. Walker's dress, and he was reduced in rank; after that, Anton had charge of the table, and Louie became Anton's menial. Anton was formerly very meek, but you should see him now! When I miss him from the table for a moment, I wonder if he has not gone forward to take command of the ship. And poor Louie looks so unhappy and crestfallen. When a Dutchman is big feeling, he rather overdoes it; anyway Anton does, and I am thinking of tripping him some evening at dinner, in order that he may spill something on Judge Walker, and have his pride humbled.

I was conscious all day yesterday that my pantaloons were too long. I regulated my sus-

penders this morning, and now my pantaloons are too short. Women's skirts are usually just right, but a man's pants are always too long or too short.

Some of these days, you will hear of a big fight on the United Fruit Co. This company is becoming almost as prosperous as old Rockefeller's corporation, and the Muck Rakers will not long neglect the opportunity. The United Fruit Co. owns thirty steamships, which it runs to the West Indies from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, etc. In addition to these thirty ships, it has ten new ones building, at Belfast, in Ireland, at an expense of six million dollars. The United Fruit Co. got its start from Captain L. D. Baker, a shrewd Yankee, who, in 1868, noted that bananas were rotting on the ground on the island of Jamaica. Knowing that his neighbors were fond of bananas, he took a cargo to Boston, and the fruit sold well. His friends assisted him, and the United Fruit Co. is the result. It employs thousands of negroes, six hundred coolies, and owns thousands of mules and oxen, for it operates fifty banana plantations in Jamaica alone, and is rapidly

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JAMAICA. 1. Fruit Venders. 2. Native Home. 3 and 4. Typical Jamaica Scenes. 5. Road Through Banana Plantation.

extending its operations. The United Fruit Co. is really a blessing, since it has rendered fruit cheap and abundant, and given employment to thousands who would have otherwise been idle: it has been a great civilizer in a country where civilization is particularly needed, but the Muck Rakers will get after it just the same, and charge that its employés are slaves. I can buy bananas at home at ten and fifteen cents a dozen, thanks to the United Fruit Co., but the Muck Rakers will charge that this price is extortion. On the horizon I can plainly see trouble for the United Fruit Co.

On the ship is a handsome young man named Alfred. He is about twenty-two years old, and very large. He is accompanied by his mother, a large and bossy woman. Yesterday morning at breakfast, Alfred attempted to give his mother correct information about the ship's time. He had been forward, and seen the ship clock, whereas his mother had not. Alfred was very respectful, but his mother was mad about something and scolded him roundly. "Don't dispute your mother, Alfred," she said to him angrily. I afterwards

looked it up, and found that Alfred was right, and his mother wrong. I wonder if we parents do that sort of thing a good deal with our children?

Yesterday morning I changed my clothing, from the skin out, owing to the warmer weather. In order to make the change, I was compelled to unpack my trunk. I arose at 6, and it was 7:30 before I emerged from my room, ready for breakfast. An hour and a half in dressing! I felt quite like a woman. Usually I can throw on my clothing in a minute and a half.

The West-Indian archipelago contains an immense number of islands, with a total area of 92,000 square miles. They present every variety of scenery, from that of the coral island lying almost awash with the waves, to great mountains. The total population is something more than six millions, of which number about two-thirds are blacks, or with African blood in their veins. The nationalities represented are English, Spanish, French, Dutch, Danish, African, and East and West Indian; the East Indies being represented by

imported coolies, and the West Indies by a few hundred Caribs, descendants from the aboriginal inhabitants. No descendant survives of the Indians who once occupied the Greater Antilles, to the number, when the Spaniards first came here, of several millions; for they were exterminated by the conquerors within a century after their arrival. The West Indies are interesting because American history began here. On one of the islands in the mid-Bahamas, probably Watling's, Columbus first landed October 12, 1492. On his second voyage he founded a town, Isabella, on Santo Domingo. This was the first settlement by white men in America. In Santo Domingo we have the oldest settlement in existence since its foundation in 1496, and here may be found many relics of the long-distant past, including the remains of Columbus himself. Here he was imprisoned, and from its harbor sailed to Spain in chains. . . . In Porto Rico may be seen the castle built by Ponce de Leon before he set sail in quest of the Fountain of Youth. Succeeding Columbus came several Spaniards whose names have come down to us through the centuries: Cortez sailed from Santo Domingo for Mexico; Pizarro lived

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awhile in Santo Domingo. Scenes identified with the famous buccaneers who committed such havoc with the Spanish treasure-ships in the seventeenth century, are to be found at St. Kitts, Haiti, on the island of Tortuga, and in Port Royal, once known as the wickedest town in the world, because of its connection with the pirates. All of the West-Indian islands were once in the possession of the Spanish.

I do not eat lunch, and at 1 P. M. to-day I was the sole occupant of the upper deck of the "Moltke"; even the stewards had disappeared. The sea was as quiet as a mill-pond. This statement is literally true; there was no pitch, and no roll. Although I eat less than the other passengers, I have resolved to eat still less when I return home. When I return home I have resolved to eat only seven bites at each meal, and chew every bite one hundred times. This will cause me to live to be one hundred and thirty years old, Horace Fletcher says. Since I cannot possibly become famous with these letters, which I know are very dull, possibly when I die at the age of 130 I will be given quite a space by the Associated Press.

Last night at 8 o'clock, I became sleepy and went to bed. I slept soundly until 11, when I walked around the decks for a time. Then I turned in again, and slept until 7 this morning. Why I can sleep in a narrow ship bed, in spite of noise and confusion on deck, and am unable to sleep in a comfortable bed at home, I don't know. Every day I go to my room two or three times, and "take a nap."

At breakfast, Mrs. Walker says every morning: "I never closed my eyes last night." Do we sleepless people sleep a good deal when we do not know it?

Women are more careful of appearances than men. Women never sleep in their chairs on deck: they are afraid they will leave their mouths open. Every time I walk on deck, I see men asleep in their steamer-chairs, with their mouths wide open. But they don't seem to care.

To-night at dinner, we had guinea-hen. One woman said: "I didn't know guinea-hens were good to eat; I thought people kept them

for their voices." I say that's worthy of a place in a joke-book.

The women are repeating their dresses at dinner, and we have been out only a week. I once traveled with a woman who had twenty-seven trunks and a maid, and although I was with her eight weeks, I never knew her to wear the same dress twice at dinner.

There was another dance on deck last night, and the women danced with each other. Men never did care much for dancing, and they care less for it every year.

SATURDAY, January 29.

Early this morning, while on deck, I saw the captain and his officers looking anxiously for Jamaica Island, in a fog. The officers were on the bridge, and I stood on the deck below. They were peering through the fog, with glasses, and seemed very anxious. Finally one of them located the lighthouse. A pilot had been taken on during the night, and he looked like a farmer. A few minutes later, we passed

two wrecks: both Hamburg-American ships, which went ashore during a great storm three years ago. The storm destroyed the lighthouse, and the ships went ashore within a quarter of a mile of each other. The "Waldemar," one of the wrecks, was worth two million dollars, and the captain was so humiliated that he committed suicide. The other ship was the "Princess Louise."

We were due in Kingston at seven o'clock this morning, but owing to the fog, we did not go ashore until 9 o'clock. Here the ship tied up at a dock, and there has not been the usual boating to and from shore. Only two per cent. of the population of Jamaica is white, and the usual colored divers appeared as soon as we were fairly in Kingston harbor. But the passengers were tired of divers, and did not pay much attention to them.

Soon after arriving at Kingston, I bought a morning newspaper of this date: "*The Gleaner*." As this island is controlled by the English, *The Gleaner* is printed in English, and the issue of this date consisted of

twenty pages. Nearly all of its news was under London dates, and a good deal of attention was paid to the recent English elections. It is also stated that very cold weather prevails throughout Europe, but here it is summer-time. A typical summer rain is falling, and those passengers who went ashore soon returned soaked.

The Gleaner does not seem to change its advertisements very often. I note that in its issue for January 29, it is still running Christmas and New Year announcements. Reo and Buick automobiles are advertised liberally; also, a good many American patent medicines. A dealer calls attention to a complete line of cricket-bats. Victor and Edison phonographs are also advertised liberally. In a big dry-goods advertisement, I note that a white muslin costume (described as follows: skirt with two large tucks on hem, blouse trimmed tucked of embroidery insertion straps, long sleeves with high tucked cuffs) may be had for 9*s.* 11*d.* ($2.47). Swift's picnic hams are advertised at 10*d.* (20 cents) a pound. Isn't that a little cheaper than the price at home? Great

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Going to Market—Jamaica

Street Scene—Kingston, Jamaica.

attention is paid here to cures for malaria. Butter is sold in tin cans and glass jars here. One variety of butter is known as "Bluenose," and is sold in eleven-pound tin cans. Canned milk is also extensively advertised, an indication that real milk is scarce. Premium stamps are given away here, as in Atchison. In the want columns of *The Gleaner*, I find this advertisement: "Wanted—A working housekeeper, also to act as companion to invalid lady. Wages, twelve pounds [$60] per annum, with board and washing." Think of a housekeeper and companion to invalid lady working for a little more than a dollar a week! In Atchison, the poorest servant girl gets $4 a week. In the want advertisements, I find that a hired girl is referred to as a "butleress." An advertiser declares that "Phosferine" is the remedy of kings for all diseases, and that it is used by the Empress of Russia, the King of Greece, the English royal family, and the principal aristocracy and royalty throughout the world. Twelve different royal houses are named as using the remedy, by royal command. All British newspapers make much of this sort of advertising. Another advertiser says that by royal command, his infant-

powder has been supplied to eight royal houses: that all royal babies are dusted with his powder. . . . The reporters of *The Gleaner* are a lazy lot. One of them devotes two columns to a crazy woman who drowned herself, although the item is not worth twenty lines. The reporter tells what the different witnesses before the coroner said, and prints a lot of details that are unimportant and uninteresting. All the local news is handled in the same way. This being the Saturday issue of *The Gleaner*, it contains the usual church notices, headed: "Preachers for To-morrow." I gather that there are nineteen Episcopal churches in and about Kingston. The English are great on Episcopal churches. There are also several other Protestant churches in Kingston, including Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, etc. *The Gleaner* prints a full list of the "Moltke's" passengers, which it claims to have received by wireless.

I regret to say that flies began appearing a few days ago, and are now quite numerous. At home, with winter raging, you may be longing for warm weather. But we have it here, and are disposed to grumble about it. The

unnatural warm weather has given most of us colds.

While sitting on deck to-day I picked up a magazine containing an illustrated advertisement of the delights of Kingston, Jamaica. The advertisement didn't seem very attractive in Kingston, with a miserable rain falling, although I can imagine it would attract much attention and comment in a cold climate.

Jamaica means "land of springs and streams," and lies fifteen hundred miles almost due south of New York. Colon (Panama), our next stop, is 540 miles away. Jamaica is surrounded by the Caribbean sea, and is 144 miles long, and 50 to 20 miles broad. The island has nearly three million acres of land, but only 413,430 acres are level. In 1906, 50,000 acres were in bananas, 28,000 in coffee, 27,000 in sugar cane, 10,000 in cocoanuts, and 6,000 in cacao. Sugar-cane cultivation is being largely superseded by fruits, especially bananas and oranges, the bulk of which are marketed in the United States. It is said Crown land may still be had at one pound ($5) per acre, but you know what public land in

Kansas and the West generally is like; it is inferior. Jamaica is mountainous; Blue Mountain peak is 7,423 feet high. There is a warm salt spring which attracts much attention.

Jamacia has the best system of railways in the West Indies, next to Cuba. First-class fares are four cents a mile, or double the Kansas rate. The island has two thousand miles of macadam roads, built on a plan for reaching most of the important points. Kingston has fifty thousand population. You will remember that in 1907 it was visited by a terrible earthquake, in which hundreds of lives were lost, and hundreds of houses destroyed.

During the last quarter of the seventeenth century, Jamaica, and especially the town of Port Royal, at the entrance of what is now the harbor at Kingston, where this is written, became the headquarters of the buccaneers who preyed upon Spanish commerce, and brought here such vast treasure that it was called the richest place in the world. Here the buccaneers reveled after every voyage. Among them was the famous Morgan, who sacked several cities on the Spanish Main. Morgan was not content to capture ships,

but captured cities as well. He became a man of so much importance and power that he was afterwards knighted by the king, and became governor of Jamaica. A powerful rogue is often forgiven in the present day, and hired to be respectable, but that sort of thing was more common in the old days.

The career of the pirates at Port Royal, the wickedest city in the world, was rudely interrupted on June 7, 1692, when an earthquake sent the town sliding into the sea, where remains of it may now be seen under water. Of 3,000 houses, all but a few slid into the sea. Port Royal never recovered, and a new town, now known as Kingston, was built on the mainland.

Earthquakes at intervals have disturbed the island ever since, the last being in 1907. You will recall that terrible affair; also, the unusual conduct of Alexander Swethenham, the English governor. Rear Admiral Davis, of the United States Navy, hurried to Kingston on hearing of the earthquake, and landed supplies, but the English governor treated Davis with scant courtesy, and Davis soon withdrew. This action on the part of Swethenham caused much indignation, and he soon sent in his

resignation. Kingston has been destroyed several times by earthquakes and hurricanes, and it is predicted that the fate of Port Royal will finally overtake it—that it will slip into the sea—but tradesmen insist upon maintaining a city here. The slaves in Jamaica were emancipated in 1838, their ancestors having been brought here at the time when our Southern States dealt largely in slaves. The negroes of Jamaica are now independent and lazy, so, in 1842, the English brought in coolies from India. It was said these coolies were virtually slaves, and the Reform party in England made much of it. This resulted, in 1868, in the present system of indentured service, by which the coolies soon become free, and as lazy as the negroes, as very little labor is required here to make a living. One of the sights in Kingston is the Hindu section, where there are stores to appeal to the coolies and to visitors.

The "Moltke's" orchestra played in the ladies' saloon this afternoon, to an audience of three people. Rain was falling outside, and those passengers who were not sleeping were ashore. The 'cello player in the orchestra, a

very young man, greatly interested me. He seemed to know every note of his music, for he never looked at it, though he played well. He was always looking around, and acted like a good-natured boy. In the dining-room below a waiter dropped some dishes. The young 'cello player stood up, and looked down into the dining-room; but all the time he continued to play his part in a difficult selection.

The decks are almost deserted this afternoon; the weather makes a great difference everywhere. . . . A ship is lying near ours, and I note that its steward announces meals as they are announced on the "Moltke": by a man going about playing bugle-calls. First bugle-call for dinner at 6:45; final one at 7. The ship is lying so close to ours that I notice that one of the sailors has a large picture of a woman tattooed on his breast.

The American is naturally the best barber in the world, in addition to his superior qualities as a citizen, husband, father, patriot, believer in free schools, etc. I have just returned from the ship's barber shop, and a fat barber down there skinned me. He has skinned me

several times. I like this ship in every respect except that it does not carry American barbers.

A woman who was ashore to-day says that bananas sell at retail in Kingston at 6 cents a dozen, and oranges at a cent each.

Among the negro divers who have surrounded the ship to-day is a boy of 15 who climbed to the upper deck and dived from the rail, a distance of probably forty feet from the water. Before every dive he would take up a collection, amounting sometimes to 50 cents. He must have taken in several dollars. He seemed to be the only one in the lot who could do it, for none of the others offered to make the leap, which really seemed a perilous one. The boy talked good English.

When a woman sits around, and works with a needle, how much does it amount to? On deck to-day, I talked with a woman who was hemstitching handkerchiefs. She had a little bag in which she carried needles, thread, scissors and handkerchiefs. She confessed to

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TWIN SCREW S. S. "MOLTKE."

ALONG THE ROAD TO NEW CASTLE, JAMAICA.

me that she had been working at odd times for four years on the half-dozen handkerchiefs the bag contained. Heretofore the women have made me feel shiftless, because they take their sewing with them when they go visiting, but it seems their sewing does not amount to much if this woman has been working on six handkerchiefs four years.

A negro policeman came on board to-night, to "look around." He had no more business on board than a policeman has at a theatre, and was so good-naturedly officious that the passengers began laughing at him. Much to their surprise, he talked as good English as they did, and seemed to greatly enjoy his visit.

The Atchison women are trying hard to remember the new things they meet with at the table, and expect to introduce them sometime in future at Atchison "parties." They decided that the head cook was a Frenchman, but I looked it up, and found he was a German named Meyer. The dinners are particularly fine, and everything is daintily served.

There is a very pretty young married woman among the passengers. She is devoted to her husband, and does not seem to see any other man on board. Are the men trying to flirt with her? On the contrary, they greatly admire her, and I hear them complimenting her wherever I go. Men always intensely admire a woman who is satisfied with a man; so many women are dissatisfied with men and are forever abusing them.

The last resting-place of Christopher Columbus has been a matter of dispute for several years, but Frederick A. Ober, who was at one time specially commissioned by the Columbian Exposition to investigate the subject, says it is in Santo Domingo. Wherever you go, over here, you see statues and other reminders of Columbus.

SUNDAY, January 30.

Kingston was hit hard by the earthquake of 1907. Everywhere in its streets visitors see ruins of large brick buildings. Fire started after the earthquake, and raged for days.

Wooden houses stood the shock best; brick houses, poorest of all. Most of the new buildings are of concrete. Kingston is located in a valley; back of it mountains that remind you of the Rocky Mountains. Clouds usually hover about the peaks, and look like patches of snow.

Early this morning I started out for a trolley-ride in Kingston. Mrs. Walker and her daughter accompanied me; Judge Walker and Mateel and Miss Havens had accompanied an excursion to a mountain resort, and would not return until noon. The day was bright and warm following the heavy rain of yesterday. We resolved to visit Hope Gardens, six miles away, a botanical garden maintained by the English government. On the way we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Johnson, of Kansas City. . . . Sitting in front of us on the trolley car, was a young girl who interested us all, because of her brightness; evidently a resident of Kingston, and English. A young gentleman accompanied the girl, and we all regretted it when the young people left the car.

Everywhere in the tropics you find these

botanical gardens, where everything in trees, flowers, fruits, plants, etc., is grown. For an hour or more we were escorted about by a young negro, who seemed familiar with the place, and who pointed out nutmeg trees, coffee plants, cinnamon trees, orchids, etc., and showed us how sugar cane, oranges, bananas, and the different tropical products, were grown. On leaving the garden, near the entrance we encountered the Kingston young people again, and they were so well informed that we loitered still longer. The girl pointed out the akee tree, seen everywhere here. Eaten at certain times, the akee is wholesome; at other times, it is poisonous. Four relatives of the girl have been killed by eating the akee, but she was fond of it, and ate it regularly, always under the direction of her mother, who knew when the fruit was safe. We became infatuated with the girl's brightness and intelligence, and finally I invited her and her companion to visit our ship, and be our guests at luncheon. She expressed her regret that she was unable to accept the invitation, and soon after we separated.

We went to a famous hotel and spring near the foot of the mountain. The hotel is a very

pretty one, situated in a vast tropical garden. Many of the Kingston people seem to live at the hotel, which also attracts many travelers. On our way home, somewhere along the line we saw our young friends waiting. The girl said she had been waiting to tell us that her mother had agreed to her accepting our invitation to luncheon, and she had also invited us to call on her. We left the car, and walked a few blocks, when we entered the grounds of "Stonyhurst," her mother's home. We met not only the mother, Mrs. J. W. Branday, but two other daughters, and their aunt. The young girl we admired so much was Miss Mona Branday, and the young gentleman who accompanied her was V. L. George, her cousin. Mr. George is a member of the Kingston firm of George & Branday. Both the original members of the firm are dead, and the business is being conducted by Mr. George and Mrs. Branday's representative. While sitting on the veranda of Mrs. Branday's house, the name of the place, "Stonyhurst," reminded me of Potato Hill, my country place at home, but I could not quite make them understand why I had so named it. I gave my place an ugly name because other people give their

places such pretty names; I did it to be contrary, but they could not quite understand why anyone should be contrary to the point of calling a place "Potato Hill."

The Branday family passed through the terrible earthquake of 1907, and their house, a large two-story structure of brick, was destroyed. Since then, the material of the house has been used to build a safer house of one story, which seems to cover a good deal of ground.

Two thousand people were killed in the earthquake of 1907, and five hundred more were never accounted for. Hundreds of the bodies were burned in the streets. Members of the Branday family gave us a wonderfully graphic description of the earthquake, but I recall most vividly a ridiculous incident told by Miss Mona Branday, the young girl we had met at Hope Garden. One of the Misses Branday was quite seriously injured by the first shock, and was lying by the front door, that she might be taken out quickly in case of a second shock. The second shock came, and all the other members of the family jumped over the wounded one, and ran for safety.

At my table in the ship's dining-saloon there are two vacant places, and I had as my guests Miss Isabel Branday and Miss Mona Branday. Mr. Johnson took the other three to his table. Miss Isabel Branday spent five years in a school in London, but was born in Jamaica, as were her father and mother. Miss Mona Branday was called home from a London school last September by the death of her father, and will return to London in June, to complete her education. The last named young lady is fifteen years old, and wears short dresses, and her vivacity and intelligence delighted us. The ancestors of the young ladies were French, on both sides. They were driven out of France by the revolution, and went to the island of Haiti. The massacre of whites there drove them to Jamaica, where the family has been ever since. Although French, the family has associated with the English so long that it is typically English. But this is not so surprising: a young German, fresh from the old country, once went to live with an Irish family south of Atchison, and the German now talks a perfect Irish brogue; so much so that he is generally known as "Irish Hans."

While at luncheon, I learned a good many interesting things from the Misses Branday: Mateel and Miss Havens had returned from the mountains, and were delighted with my guests. In Jamaica, a chicken costs fifteen cents a pound, live weight. In winter, eggs cost sixty-nine cents a dozen, and twenty cents in summer. Imported butter sells at forty-four cents a pound; butter made at home, fifty cents a pound. Milk sells at twelve cents a quart. The best beef may be had at twelve cents a pound in Kingston; all parts of a beef carcass sell at the same price, twelve cents a pound, except that fifteen cents a pound is asked for tenderloin. The beef is native; little of it comes from American packing-houses. Three dozen mangoes may be had for three cents; a dozen bananas, three cents; a dozen oranges, three cents. Peas are very difficult to grow on the island, and are seldom used. The Misses Branday say they use a great many red peas, imported from the States, and which are very cheap. A curious thing was that three Americans at the table had never heard of the red peas, which are so cheap in America that they are imported here in great quantities. In the Branday

household, the cook receives $1.25 per week; a housemaid, the same; a man butler, $2.50 a week, although a woman will do the same work for $1 a week. The coachman receives $2.50 per week, and boards himself.

The Misses Branday would not drink ice-water at luncheon; they are not accustomed to it, and do not like it.

Jamaica is a paradise, but during the past three years it has had an earthquake, a hurricane, a drouth, and a flood. Last November, rain fell six days in succession.

As a rule, the Jamaican negroes are honest. They will take food to carry home to their kin, but will not take jewelry, or money, or clothing. The negroes here are much like the negroes of the South. They believe in voodooism, and, for a half-dollar, a voodoo doctor will agree to make your enemy spit blood, and finally die. Voodooism is an offense against the laws of Jamaica, and several voodoo doctors are in the penitentiary. No very serious crimes are committed by the negroes, who are better treated here than in our country. Everywhere you remark the politeness of the negroes, and they seem prosperous. To-day we saw a ship sail for Panama,

loaded with negroes, who will work on the canal. Thousands of their friends gathered at the dock to see them off.

The Misses Branday say the negroes perform many wonderful cures with herbs; that many whites go to them, instead of to doctors. One white doctor at Kingston has taken up the study of herbs, and his teachers are the old negro women. One negro woman is reputed to know a positive specific for rheumatism, but nothing will induce her to give it up. This remedy is known as "John Charles."

Last year Jamaica had eighty-six inches of rain. I believe we had thirty-three inches at home.

The public market here is a wonderful place, particularly on Saturday. It is said that some of the negro women walk in from the country, a distance of forty miles, carrying a load of fruit and vegetables on their heads. Nearly all the negro women in Jamaica are good cooks.

The row here is over the price of oranges. One Muck Raker says that in a certain orange district, the United Fruit Co. pays but six cents a box for oranges. The freight on a box of oranges to New York is twenty-five cents,

and fifty cents to London. No wonder the United Fruit Co. is prosperous. You may do as you please, but I do not believe oranges sell anywhere as low as six cents a box. I have found that many of the statements made by Muck Rakers are unreliable.

Fire started soon after (or just before) the Kingston earthquake of 1907, and destroyed hundreds of valuable buildings and stocks of merchandise. The insurance companies contended that the fire started as a result of the earthquake: the people claimed that the fire started five or ten minutes before the earthquake. The row over this question went on for two years, and I believe the people finally won, and compelled the insurance companies to pay. This section being subject to earthquake, the insurance companies have a provision in their policies saying that they shall not be liable for fires started by earthquake. The same controversy raged in San Francisco, and the people won, with a claim that the San Francisco fire started a few minutes before the earthquake shock was felt. I shall express no opinion myself, as my friends, the Brandays, say the fire in Kingston began five or ten

minutes *before* the earthquake; had not the fire started before the earthquake, the insurance policies carried by the Brandays would have been worthless, and they would have been ruined.

The controversy has spread to the ship, and I am not saying a word, owing to my admiration for the Brandays. But an old Philadelphia lawyer who sits at our table said to-night at dinner:

"It is a well-attested fact that a few minutes prior to every earthquake, a fire starts, if the earthquake occurs in a city where the business men carry fire-insurance policies. This was proven at Kingston and San Francisco by the sworn testimony of hundreds of men. On one hand, we have the fire-insurance companies, with great stores of money. On the other hand, we have the people of the stricken town, who have been ruined. The claim is made that the fire preceded the earthquake. The newspapers take it up, and they are always on the side of the people. Men who will be ruined if the fire-insurance policies are not paid, swear positively that the fire preceded the earthquake, and practically no one in the stricken town will swear that it did not. Finally the

insurance companies are compelled to pay. After the San Francisco fire, I was attorney for a fire-insurance company which was interested to the extent of many hundred thousand dollars. I was asked for an opinion, and I said: 'The fire was a result of the earthquake, of course; everyone knows that, but we must pay. The judges will hold against us, although we are right. The newspapers will clamor against us, knowing we are right. We are being wronged, but we can't help it. We are in the situation of an innocent man who is about to be executed by an excited mob. We must pay.' And we did."

Mob law is very common, much more common than any of us realize. If you have not been the victim of mob law, in some of its forms, you are very lucky.

There is a tree here known as the "red tree." It is covered nearly all the year 'round with a bright red flower. For miles to-day we traveled through tropical gardens surrounding houses, and the red tree was very noticeable.

We encountered a Yankee-notion store today. "Nothing over sixpence," a sign read. A sixpence is twelve cents, so this store is about the same thing as our ten-cent stores.

Street-car fares here are four cents, but if the distance is great, two fares are collected. The motormen and conductors are all negroes. The motorman sold us tickets, and we put them in a small iron box he carried; an entirely new idea, so far as I am concerned.

Whites and blacks may intermarry here, if they wish, though the custom is not very common. Negroes seem to be much better off here than with us.

There is no Jamaican language; the negroes all talk English, changed so much in many instances as to be unrecognizable by an American. The negroes have invented many words of their own, and these have spread to the whites. . . . The negroes seem to be exactly like those we have at home. On the dock this afternoon, a negro man engaged in a war of words with a negro woman.

The man claimed the woman had insulted him. The man said frequently to the woman: "You're a nigger; you're a nigger." Two black policemen, gorgeously uniformed, tried to stop the row, but couldn't. A good many of the ship passengers stood about, and laughed at the wit of the two parties to the quarrel. The man had trinkets for sale, but the woman seemed to be an idler. . . . There are several regiments of Jamaican soldiers, and their uniform is the most gorgeous I have ever seen. The officers are Englishmen, and one regiment has an excellent band of seventy men, which gives frequent concerts in a beautiful garden.

The Misses Branday say there was a slight earthquake shock last night, but we did not notice it. They have experienced hundreds of slight shocks in addition to the big earthquakes. When they feel a shock, they say: "God protect us," and pay no further attention to it.

A cactus hedge is very common here, and rather attractive. This hedge is used instead of fencing around probably half the houses.

When we had the guests from Kingston at luncheon to-day, the Atchison women said: "This is the poorest lunch we have had since leaving New York." After luncheon, we all went up town, where the Kingston people pointed out points of interest in connection with the earthquake. At one place, their uncle was killed, and his body lay under the débris three days before it could be recovered.

There is no race problem in Jamaica. The 30,000 whites get along well with the 800,000 blacks, and it is a wonder that intelligent negroes in the United States do not emigrate to Jamaica; the blacks seem to get along so well here. There is plenty of wild land in the island, which may be had on favorable terms.

At 4:30 in the afternoon, we departed for Colon. Every steward on the ship checked up his passengers, and when all were on board, the ship steamed away for the south, with the band playing. We found the sea a little rough, after getting outside, and a good many did not appear at dinner.

MONDAY, January 31.

The Atchison people who went to the mountain yesterday spent the night at a summer resort known as Mandeville, at a hotel called the King Edward. The proprietor of the hotel is A. E. Dick, who formerly lived at Atchison. He saw that Judge Walker and Mateel registered from Atchison, and looked them up.

Mr. Dick owns twenty-five acres of oranges near Mandeville, and is the man who says that the United Fruit Co., in certain parts of the island, pays but six cents *a box* for oranges, a statement I have elsewhere taken the liberty of doubting. Mr. Dick was very attentive and agreeable to the Atchison people. The oranges grown in this section are wild; cultivation of the trees ruins the flavor of the fruit. The oranges are small, but are said to be particularly fine flavored. I am always glad to hear of anything wild that is as good as a cultivated article.

Mandeville is seventy miles from Kingston, and there is much wild land in its vicinity. Large banana and sugar plantations are seen during the first half of the journey, in the

lowlands. In the foothills, seven-tenths of the land seems to be vacant. In the country, the negroes seem to be pure-blooded; a mulatto is very rare. Those who went on the mountain excursion were delighted with it, although it lasted from 10:30 A. M. of one day until noon of the next. . . . The negroes vote here, but there is a property and educational requirement which applies to whites and blacks alike. This property and educational requirement is almost identical with that so generally adopted in our Southern States. In summer, citizens of Kingston patronize the Mandeville hotels; in winter, they are patronized by tourists.

We are spending this day at sea: we are due at Colon early to-morrow morning, when practically all the passengers will go to Panama by rail. The day has been bright and very warm, but the "Moltke" is pitching and rolling a good deal, owing to a storm which seems to have passed this way a few days ago.

Last night after dinner, a pretty woman walked the decks smoking a cigarette. One

of the most modest women on board shocked me by saying: "If I were as good-looking as she is, I believe I would dare call attention to myself in that way."

I have often wondered that women with whiskers do not shave. A woman passenger shaves, but it is very noticeable. I didn't think it would be. Another passenger, a man, wears a wig, and of course everyone knows it.

One passenger appears on the passenger list as "J. K. Smith and valet." Why should a man advertise in that manner? And is it good advertising? Why should a man advertise the fact that he travels with a servant? If I traveled with a valet, I am sure I should not announce the fact on the passenger list.

A good deal of gossip is developing among the passengers. They are getting to know each other better, and are noisier. When they are all at dinner, they make as much noise as a woman's reception. The drunkard is still in hiding, and has appeared at the

table only once since sailing. His wife looks very unhappy, and seldom speaks to anyone. The other women say:

"O, if that man belonged to me, I'd regulate him!"

But regulating a drunkard is a pretty big job, as millions of unhappy people can attest.

When I landed at Kingston, a negro tried to sell me a dog. I never bought a dog in my life, and wouldn't accept one as a gift, but for a man to expect me to buy a dog in Kingston, and go to the trouble and expense of getting it home, struck me as very absurd. Still, I suppose that during my time I have been that foolish in other ways.

In my pocket, I have some sort of a green nut. I accumulated it somewhere on this trip, as a relic, but have forgotten what it is. It is a nutmeg in the green state, or some other unusual thing, but I cannot recall now what it is. I shall throw it overboard. At home, I have hundreds of things I have put away carefully, and forgotten the reason for keeping them, and I do not care to add to the collection.

There does not seem to be a great deal of poverty in the West Indies. In New York, the other day, while walking along a street on the East Side, I threw away a cigar, and two men fought for it. I have not seen that much poverty in the West Indies. And if Uncle Sam continues to pour money into the Panama Canal, and into San Juan and Havana, there will be still greater poverty in the United States, and still greater prosperity in the West Indies.

There is a perfect husband on board: his wife has worked at him and regulated him until he is now perfect; he is exactly her idea of what a husband should be. Every wife is trying the same thing, and I take a good deal of interest in the perfect husband. Harker is his name; I hear his wife calling him that on deck. Mrs. Harker is a tall, stout woman, with a loud voice, and I rarely go on deck that I do not hear Harker receiving his orders. Harker is tall, but slim, and none of the men know him. He is never seen in the smoking-room; his place, Mrs. Harker has decided, is at his wife's side, and there Harker remains. Every wife seems to

believe that when she walks with her husband, she should take hold of his arm. Every husband dislikes to walk with his wife in this manner, but Harker has been properly trained, and every time Mr. and Mrs. Harker walk on deck, Mrs. Harker is hanging on Mr. Harker's arm. When they enter the dining-room, Mrs. Harker is hanging on Mr. Harker's arm, and in like manner they depart. Every day they sit together in exactly the same place on deck, and Harker wraps his big wife in her steamer-rug precisely as a husband should. Mrs. Harker no doubts thinks that all the other passengers are admiring her perfect husband, but, as a matter of fact, they are laughing at him. Mrs. Harker not only has the middle-age spread, but is positively fat; however, Harker is affectionate just the same; he has been trained to it, by a woman with an iron will. Harker puts on his dinner clothes every evening, which very few of the untrained husbands do. We have tried to get some of the other women to talk to Mrs. Harker, in the hope that she will tell them about her wonderful man, and how she accomplished it, but Mrs. Harker makes few acquaintances, and says very little to the few

she does make. Probably she is kept so busy keeping Harker perfect that she has no time to frivol.

At Panama, a passenger named Thomas paid $200 for two Panama hats; one for himself and one for his wife. Thomas is a carpet manufacturer at Worcester, Massachusetts.

I have spoken elsewhere of the many opportunities to eat on the "Moltke." In addition to the three regular meals, there is a lunch on deck at 10:30 A. M., consisting of bouillon, sandwiches, lemonade, etc. In the afternoon, ice cream is served on deck, with tea, sandwiches, pretzels, etc., and there is still another free lunch at 10 P. M. And I discovered this morning that coffee, butter and rolls and marmalade are served on deck at 6 A. M.

Many of the passengers are now getting up every morning at 4 o'clock to see the Southern Cross, a constellation that may be seen in the heavens only in the far South.

I heard a passenger say to-day that during

a trip two years ago, he sent three thousand post-cards to friends at home.

Every passenger seems to take a salt-water bath every morning, taking his turn at the tub when called by the steward. In going to and from the bath-room, the passengers wear ugly bath-robes of various kinds, and it is a rule among the women not to look at a man when he is dressed in a bath-robe. My room is on the upper deck, and although I bathe quite early, I always meet women when returning to my room. But they do not see me; they look by me as they look by a woman they have determined not to speak to. If I should meet my own daughter when wrapped in a bath-robe, I don't believe she would see me, or speak to me. And I'm glad the women have this rule, for I don't look anywhere near my average when dressed in a bath-robe. And my average as to looks is not high, when at my best.

A passenger was telling in the smoking-room this afternoon that he will leave the ship at La Guayra, and embark on a steam-

ship which will travel sixty days without stopping. There is no such journey as this on the face of the earth; it is a traveler's tale. And travelers delight in telling whoppers.

Four of our passengers will leave the ship at Panama, having received a wireless message announcing the death of a relative. At Panama they will be able to take a ship sailing direct for home the evening of our arrival.

TUESDAY, February 1.

It is pleasant for a traveler from a country town to receive a telegram on a railroad train, from the hands of the conductor; it is also pleasant to have one's name called out in the lobby of the Waldorf Hotel in New York. But it is most pleasant of all to a traveler from a country town to be sought out by two strange gentlemen on the deck of a steamship in a foreign port.

I had this agreeable experience this morning, at Colon, in Panama. Mateel and I were standing on the deck of the "Moltke," ready to go ashore to accompany the rail-

road excursion along the route of the Panama Canal. Two strange gentlemen appeared on deck, the ship having docked. They met a steward, and inquired for me. The steward pointed me out, and one of the strange gentlemen introduced himself as the representative of the Hamburg-American steamship line in Colon. He then introduced the other gentleman, J. A. Smith, superintendent of the Panama Railroad. Mr. Smith said his private car was attached to the rear of the excursion train, and would be at my disposal during the day. I stammered my thanks, and began collecting my party. Mr. Smith departed after saying he could not accompany us, but would send F. W. Fitch, the trainmaster. The train was run across the isthmus to Panama, stopping at several points along the canal, including Gatun (pronounced "Gatoon"), the site of the big dam and locks, and at Culebra, the site of the big cut.

At Gätun, Colonel Geo. W. Goethals, chairman of the Canal Commission, joined us. At Panama, after luncheon, we left on a regular train for Culebra, where we were taken through the bottom of the cut, a distance of nine miles, on Colonel Goethals'

motor car. Then we were brought back to Culebra station, where the excursion train stopped for us, at 4:40 in the afternoon. I think we were thus specially honored because we were accompanied by Miss Eleanor Havens, of Leavenworth, sister-in-law of Congressman Dan Anthony, a member of the military committee of Congress. And the Panama Canal is being built by army engineers. But however it happened, we saw all it was possible to see of the canal in twelve hours.

Colonel Goethals has been prominent among army engineers for thirty years, and looks to be between fifty and sixty years old. His hair is perfectly white, as is his moustache. He is the most perfectly tanned man I have ever seen, from exposure to the tropical sun, as he walks over the work a great deal, in addition to riding from place to place on the Panama Railroad in an open motor car.

You probably know that Colonel Goethals is Czar of the isthmus; he is not only at the head of the canal work, but president of the Panama Railroad and Steamship Company, and it is said of him that he has more power

in the Republic of Panama than the President of the republic. Colonel Goethals impressed me not only as a very polite and intelligent man, but as a very tired one. I remember his saying, as we sat in the observation end of Superintendent Smith's private car, that he had the most disagreeable job in the world. I have always thought I had that job; probably you think you have it. But after looking over the Panama Canal for twelve hours, I waive my claims in honor of Colonel Goethals.

I regret to say that Colonel Goethals does not seem to like newspapers. He says he never reads them, and intimated several times during the day that they are unfriendly and unfair to the canal enterprise.

"So you are to spend twelve hours here," he said to me several times, "and then write about it!"

"Yes," I replied on one occasion, "but isn't it possible to tell in a newspaper of what may be seen of the canal in twelve hours?"

So let it be understood that I was at Panama only from 6 A. M. to 7 P. M., and that I am only attempting to give an idea of how the canal looks to a hurried traveler.

No writer has ever made me see Panama with my mind's eye as I actually saw it with my two physical eyes. Somehow I imagined that the Panama Railroad ran through a great deal of tropical swamp. On the contrary, it winds around through mountain valleys, and a railroad ride across the isthmus would be worth while for the scenery, even if the trip did not afford a view of the great canal at two or three points.

Here is another thing I did not understand: the railroad, completed in 1855, follows the route which was afterwards adopted for the canal, and it will be necessary to rebuild thirty-five miles of the forty-eight miles of railroad across the isthmus. This work is being carried forward, in connection with the canal work, and the new roadbed is being used at several points.

The Panama Canal is the biggest undertaking in the history of man, with the possible exception of the Chinese wall. Thirty-nine thousand men are employed. Thirty thousand of these are negroes, four thousand Spaniards, and five thousand Americans. To properly feed and house this army of

men is another great problem, and along the forty-eight miles of the canal may be seen many populous towns, mostly built by the Americans. Indeed, in making the railroad trip across the isthmus, you are almost never out of sight of towns or villages, most of the houses being of the modern tropical construction, with verandas all around them. And in and about these houses, which are mostly of two and three stories, you see swarms of women and children: families of the employés. The route of the canal and railroad is not only different from what I expected (winding, as it does, through mountains), but the houses along the line are of better construction than I expected. When you see Panama, you will say as I did:

"It is better in every way than I expected."

The laborers are better dressed than I expected to see them; it is no hardship to work at Panama—probably no laborers in the world are as well cared for as the laborers at Panama. And during our stay of twelve hours, all of us were constantly saying:

"How delightful the climate! How bracing the air!"

The day was a delight as to weather. True,

this is the most pleasant season of the year, but the summers here are probably not so terrible as we have been led to believe. I visited the Philippines in December, and remained eight days, but the weather was much warmer there in winter than it is here. San Juan was much better than I expected to find it; so is Panama. . . . Along the canal, there are twenty-six hotels, twenty-four messes for European laborers, and twenty-four kitchens for West-Indian negro laborers. The hotels include the big Tivoli, at Panama, which cost $100,000, and has two hundred or more rooms; we ate luncheon at this hotel, and the three hundred and forty passengers from the ship were well served, the negro hotel waiters being assisted by a large number of German waiters from the ship, who accompanied the excursion train. The Washington Hotel in Colon is also operated by the government, but is not so large as the Tivoli, where all the social affairs of the zone occur. Travelers may obtain meals at any of the government hotels along the line, but the rooms are reserved for white employés of the canal. By-the-way, the color line is strictly observed by Uncle Sam; at railroad waiting-rooms, I noticed

these signs: "For whites," "For blacks." The blacks also travel in cars patronized by blacks only.

The building of the Suez Canal was regarded as a great undertaking; the building of a canal at Suez was talked about for many centuries before it was actually accomplished. The ancients dug part of a canal to connect the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, but the undertaking was regarded with so much awe that it was actually accomplished only a few years ago. . . . But the building of the Suez Canal was a small affair compared with the building of the Panama Canal, as the construction there was through a level desert of sand. Here, great rivers are encountered, and a mountain must be crossed. In crossing this mountain, we get Culebra cut. More dirt has already been taken out of Culebra cut at Panama than was taken out in completing the Suez Canal. From the top of Culebra cut to the bottom of the completed canal will be a depth of six hundred and ten feet. This cut is nine miles long. So far, at the summit, we have excavated five hundred and thirty feet, counting what the French did, and

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In Culebra Cut—Government Motor Car.

Culebra Cut—Panama Canal.

we have eighty feet yet to excavate. It was into this cut we went in the motor car. On the way from Colon to Panama, we had passed ten train-loads of dirt in as many minutes; this dirt was being hauled along the main line of the railroad to various dumping-places. While at the bottom of the cut, we saw the dirt trains being loaded by the great steam shovels. Four shovelfuls of dirt fill an ordinary railroad car, and I timed an outfit, and found that it emptied three shovelfuls of dirt into a car in a minute. The day I was at the bottom of Culebra, five thousand men were working in the cut. There is a network of tracks at the bottom of the cut, on four or five levels. Fifty of the enormous steam shovels mentioned above were at work in the cut the day I was there; there are one hundred and fifty of these shovels on the job at various places. Before the dirt is shoveled, it is blown up with dynamite, and at the bottom of the cut there are hundreds of drillers at work; men drilling holes for blasts. Ordinary well drills are used; compressed air, supplied through pipes from central power-houses, furnishes the power. The network of railroad tracks extends from the upper to the

lower end of Culebra cut, a distance of nine miles. We entered at the upper end, and went out at the lower, being delayed at many places by the dirt trains.

I wonder how many locomotives are used by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, extending from Chicago to San Francisco? The Panama Canal has thirteen hundred locomotives. The Panama Railroad is the busiest railroad in the world; count was kept for twenty-four hours, and three hundred trains passed a certain point in the time named.

In thinking of the Panama Canal, it should be remembered that everywhere along the line may be seen great quantities of machinery we acquired from the French. Abandoned boats and dredges may also be seen in the rivers. This French machinery is now useless, and is pointed out to travelers as "French junk." At one place I am certain I saw twenty or thirty abandoned French locomotives. Much of this junk is now being sent to America, as ship ballast, and sold as old iron. In the ride from Colon to Panama, the visitor is rarely out of sight of "French junk," much of which, long covered up, is being un-

earthed, fifty dump carts having been found lately, in excavating; but I believe we acquired two thousand houses from the French, we are now using.

Speaking of houses, thousands of houses along the line of the canal must be moved when the canal is used; if left in their present locations, many of the towns would be flooded.

One hundred and five miles of construction track are used in the canal work. This is standard-gauge railroad track, and it was track of this character that we passed over while in the Culebra cut. Every day, a mile of track is shifted by the canal laborers, to accommodate the necessities of the work.

Speaking of the problem of feeding the thirty-nine thousand employés of Uncle Sam at Panama, fourteen thousand loaves of bread are sent out every morning from the government bakery, and every five days a ship-load of refrigerated beef arrives at Colon for the use of government employés only. At the twenty-six government hotels along the line, an American can get a fairly good meal for thirty cents, whereas Uncle Sam feeds a Spanish laborer at forty cents a day, and a negro

laborer at thirty cents a day. A negro can't get a meal at Uncle Sam's hotels unless he works, and as soon as a negro quits work he must leave the zone. . . . Formerly the locomotives here were marked "I. C. C." (Isthmian Canal Commission), or "P. R. R." (Panama Railroad), but now they are marked "U. S."

At the U. S. hotels, the laborers are given the food they are accustomed to at home. Although Uncle Sam is taking a good deal of interest in prohibition at home, in Panama he serves free wine to his Spanish workmen. The Spanish are said to be excellent workers, but the Spanish government will not permit any more of its subjects to come here. There is no labor problem in Panama, and never has been since Uncle Sam took possession in 1904.

The United States controls a five-mile strip on either side of the canal, by the terms of a sort of lease which does not seem very satisfactory to the leading canal specialists. Neither do we satisfactorily control either the entrance to the canal at Panama, on the Pacific, or the entrance to the canal at Colon, on the Atlantic.

How much will the Panama Canal finally cost? Colonel Goethals is probably the best living authority. He told me it would cost complete, three hundred and seventy-five million dollars. Of this amount, he says we have already expended one hundred and eighty million dollars. But this does not take into account the money spent by the French, which Colonel Goethals stated as between two and three hundred million dollars. You will recall that we paid the French forty million dollars for the canal, and Colonel Goethals says we got a great bargain.

When will the canal be completed? Colonel Goethals says in 1915, without any doubt. He is sure that the canal can be completed before that time, but certainly by 1915.

We are spending a million and a half dollars a month at Panama, in wages, and this must be kept up for certainly five years. And this million and a half a month does not represent all we are spending on the Panama Canal, by any means.

The French, who failed to complete the canal, paid no attention to its workmen.

Uncle Sam makes a specialty of taking good care of his workers on the isthmus, and, it is often said, has made Panama as healthy as New York, although there were a few cases of yellow fever the day I was there, the first in three years. The streets of Panama and Colon are paved with vitrified brick from America, and sanitary conditions generally are carefully looked after. Wherever you go along the canal you find workmen cutting grass and oiling the pools of water, to drive out the mosquitoes and flies, which spread disease. During my day on the isthmus, I particularly remarked the absence of flies and mosquitoes. In the days when the French were trying to dig a canal at Panama, thousands of laborers died of disease, as they did at Suez. Between Colon and Panama, there is a railroad station known as Matachun. The word means "Kill a Chinaman." It is said that during the French days forty Chinese laborers joined hands and walked into the Chagres river, where they were drowned; they committed suicide rather than face yellow fever.

Speaking of the Chagres river reminds me that it is one of the great problems in con-

nection with the canal. An insignificant river at most times, it is subject to great floods. Colon had 160 inches of rain last year, as compared with thirty-three at Atchison, and the reader can easily understand that the floods in the Chagres river are a problem in building the canal. The route of the canal crosses the Chagres river seventeen times between Colon and Panama, and when the canal is completed, the valley of the Chagres will become a vast lake; and a very important one, since it will be a part of the Panama Canal. The Chagres river was the enemy of the French, but Uncle Sam is trying to make it his friend. At Gatun, when the canal is complete, there will be a great dam, which will hold the Chagres river; in time of great rains, the flood-water will pour off over a spillway. The water from the Chagres river will form a lake extending twenty-seven miles, from one great lock to another, and this lake, eighty feet deep, will not only form part of the canal, but form an inland harbor for ships, after they pass through the Gatun locks.

A fresh-water harbor for ships is important and valuable, since fresh water destroys the barnacles that form on sea-going vessels. The

water from Chagres lake will fill Culebra cut. Beyond Culebra cut, another lock will let ships down to the level of the Pacific. There is a difference in the tides of the Pacific at Panama, and of the Atlantic at Colon, so locks become a necessity. The French at first talked of a sea-level canal, but changed to a lock plan before they finally gave up the entire project in disgust.

At Gatun lock, on the Atlantic side, within seven miles of Colon, all records in mixing concrete have been broken. And it may be stated that all other records in big construction work have been broken at Panama. I remember seeing, in passing into the Mediterranean, at Port Said, a huge statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, who build the Suez Canal, but failed at Panama. It is not at all improbable that a similar statue of Col. Geo. W. Goethals will be seen at Colon by future travelers. Four big men failed where he seems to be succeeding.

In the United States the fear is often expressed that an earthquake may wreck the locks of the Panama Canal. Colonel Goethals says accurate records have been kept, and

that, for a period covering many years, there have been more disturbances of an earthquake character at Washington, D. C., than at Colon; that there is no more danger of the Gatun locks being destroyed by earthquake than there is danger of the capitol at Washington being destroyed by earthquake. In short, there is no danger at all of earthquakes affecting the Panama Canal.

"The only earthquakes we have to fear," said Colonel Goethals, "are the earthquakes in the American newspapers."

An amusing thing happened while we were seated in the observation end of Superintendent Smith's private car. Someone said:

"It is possible to place fifteen sheep in four pens, an odd number to be in each pen."

And we all forgot about the wonders of the canal, and discussed the foolish sheep question, Colonel Goethals taking part.

A million pounds of dynamite a month are used on the Panama Canal. Eight hundred machines are used in drilling the holes. These are the ordinary churn drills, used in well-bor-

ing; diamond drills are not much liked. The ideal lift for one of the big steam shovels is twenty feet, so holes twenty feet deep are drilled, filled with dynamite, and fired. One of the big shovels lifts five cubic yards of dirt at every load, and, when everything is working smoothly, one shovel will load an ordinary flat car in a minute. I heard the statement made, though not by Colonel Goethals, that, counting everything, it costs $1.25 per cubic yard to handle dirt in digging the Panama Canal. It cost the French $4 per cubic yard for handling dirt. The big steam shovels handle rock as easily as they handle earth. . . . While we were at the bottom of Culebra cut, a place was pointed out where fifty men were killed by a premature explosion of dynamite.

Twelve railroad trains are required to transport to and from their work the men who are employed on the Panama Canal. The eight-hour law is enforced as far as possible, although some of the men work only six hours, while some of them claim that they work nine and ten hours. The men receive better pay here than similar workers receive in

the United States. Men with families pay no house rent, and are able to buy supplies from the government at cost. As a result, canal workers live for considerably less than they could live in New York. White men occupy all the responsible positions, and are known as "gold employés," while negroes are known as "silver employés." Every "gold employé" is given an annual vacation of forty days on pay. There are unions in Panama, but the big canal is really an open shop. There is some friction, but not as much as on much smaller jobs at home. Colonel Goethals knows every white employé, and when out on the work, bows to all workers of his own color.

All varieties of preacher men are found along the canal. If workmen require a certain variety of preacher men, they are supplied; likewise, if they desire a certain variety of beans, they are supplied. Many varieties of men are employed, and they represent many different religions, and eat many different kinds of food.

The social problem in the Canal Zone—which is ten miles wide, and extends from

Colon to Panama, a distance of fifty miles—is serious; also amusing. The social standing of the white families is regulated by the pay of the head of the house. The wife of a man receiving $200 a month stands higher socially than the wife of a man receiving only $150, and the women insist on these rights. Every Sunday and every holiday, Colonel Goethals hears complaints from anyone who cares to apply to him. One Sunday a woman appeared before him to complain because a woman, $25 a month below her in the social scale, had more electric light bulbs in her house than she had. Colonel Goethals cannot do much toward remedying the complaints made to him, since they are usually trifling, but people are always better satisfied after they have "made a fuss."

Colonel Goethals said several times while I was with him:

"There are three kinds of lies."

Finally, I asked him to complete the joke, as I hadn't heard it, and he enumerated the different kinds of lies:

"Lies, d— lies, and statistics."

No man over 45 years old is brought to

Panama to work on the canal and every man must stand a rigorous physical examination, and, as soon as a worker is taken ill, he is sent home. So that the statistical tables showing that Panama is healthier than Kansas, or New York, or Iowa, or Illinois, are probably misleading.

"Panama is not a white man's country," I frequently heard American residents say.

Exercise, it is said, is the secret of health in the tropics. The death rate from accidents on the canal is greater than from any other cause. (According to statistics—but note what Colonel Goethals said about statistics.) During my day's visit to the canal, I heard an official say:

"The toughest proposition we have to deal with is the American citizen standing up for his rights."

Someone in the party remarked:

"A man on the ship says he will never live to see the completion of the Panama Canal."

"He'll die young," Colonel Goethals said. "The canal will be completed without a doubt,

by January 1, 1915, and I'll bet that it will be completed before that date."

Colon now has a population of 12,000; before the Americans took hold of the canal it had about 1,200. The town of Panama has 20,000, and the Panama Republic 200,000. I heard Colonel Goethals say the Panama Republic has a standing army of twelve men, but a book I picked up somewhere says the republic has 1,200 soldiers, who act as policemen. Uncle Sam keeps only a small force on the isthmus; mainly marines (a variety of soldiers connected with warships).

As I have stated elsewhere, the skilled workers employed on the canal are mainly Americans, with a scattering of Englishmen. A magazine article I read lately says these workers receive from 40 to 80 per cent more than similar workers receive in America. Common laborers receive from 16 cents an hour up, and as nearly all these laborers are negroes from the West Indies, the pay is much greater than they have been accustomed to.

The commissary, which is operated by the government, includes wholesale dry-goods and grocery stores, twenty retail stores, twenty-six hotels, an ice plant, several bakeries, many kitchens for workers, a mail-order department, a newspaper, printing plant, etc.

I cannot recall from memory when the first talk of a canal across the isthmus at Panama was heard; but it was certainly hundreds of years ago. Get a map, and hunt up the isthmus connecting North and South America. This will give you the best possible idea of why the canal is being built. Colonel Goethals says that to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by means of a canal across the isthmus of Panama, will double the efficiency of the American navy. There has been a railroad across the isthmus since 1855, and long before that time passengers walked across the isthmus, or were carried in stages. During the gold rush in 1849, several Atchison men now living went to California by way of the isthmus, going to Colon by ship, and thence to Panama by stage, to a California ship in waiting on the Pacific. It is possible

to stand on a high place near Culebra cut, and see both oceans. Freight was hauled across the isthmus in early days by bull teams; a good macadam road having been constructed long before the railroad. The Panama Railroad made a profit of a million and a half dollars last year, which indicates that there is still a great amount of business across the isthmus. The Suez Canal pays enormously; there is every reason to believe that the Panama Canal will also pay, when it is finally completed.

I have no desire to be profane, but the canal workers here say there are two seasons in Panama: the wet season, and the d— wet season.

Colonel Goethals has a French servant who, he says, owns his house. This old servant has worked in the official residence for six Frenchmen and for three Americans; "and he hopes there will be others," Colonel Goethals says.

Colonel Goethals thinks the Americans are more cordially detested than any other race. You are so proud you might think this over

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S.S "MOLTKE." 1. Fancy Dress Ball. 2. Deck Scene. 3. Swimming Pool. 4. Ship
5. Band.

awhile. He looks for a war with Japan about 1915. The Japanese probably love us less than any other race. So far as I am personally concerned, I hope we shall never be compelled to go to the trouble of whipping the Japanese. We can do it, but it would be an awful lot of trouble.

WEDNESDAY, February 2.

We are at sea again, enroute to La Guayra, in South America, where we should arrive next Friday morning. . . . Yesterday's railway excursion in the Panama Republic was impressive, and I am thinking a good deal about it to-day. On the way up, the ship servants served the usual morning luncheon; on the way back in the afternoon, they served the luncheon usually served on the ship at about 4 P. M. I have never seen such a determination on the part of all of a ship's company to please passengers. Immediately after arriving in Colon, we hurried on board, and the crowds on the dock, and climbing the gangway, surprised me; I didn't realize before that three hundred and forty people could make so much of a crowd. In the ship, they are

scattered, but yesterday afternoon they were collected in an impressive crowd. The size of the "Moltke," in the background, was also impressive.

But most of all, I am thinking to-day of the canal; it is so big that you can't think of it all in one day. We said good-bye to Colonel Goethals late yesterday at Culebra, but he is still in my mind, with the canal. He said to me yesterday: "I don't know anything about the tariff: I can't understand it." That is the way I feel about the canal: I can't understand it. The passengers are all talking about it to-day. The visit of three hundred and forty representative Americans to the canal yesterday had this result, so far as I am able to judge to-day: Ninety per cent are friendly and enthusiastic. But I don't know; the enterprise is so big that I can't form an intelligent opinion. It is a question so big that only years—possibly many years—can solve it. The Panama Canal will be a big mark on the world's map many centuries after every creature now living has passed into dust, whether we succeed in five years or ten, or whether we fail entirely. I know little about the canal, further

than that it is wonderfully impressive to a hurried visitor.

When we were in Jamaica, forty-five out of three hundred and forty passengers went on the excursion; the entire three hundred and forty went on the Panama excursion, leaving the ship deserted. There is tremendous interest in the canal everywhere. If we succeed, the Panama Canal will call more attention to the "smart Yankee" than anything else he ever accomplished. The completion of the Panama Canal will be an event of first magnitude, and will be printed in the list of big events in future, along with freedom for slaves, and great wars fought for righteousness. But I do not understand it, after my visit of a day, nor could I understand it were I to remain in Panama a month, or three months; it is too big for me.

Colonel Goethals told us that the canal and the locks would float the "Lusitania," as well as the ships now being built at Belfast, which are nearly 900 feet long; so the future has been considered. Colonel Goethals, born and bred an engineer, says he is positive the canal

will be completed by 1915; that he will bet it is in use before that year is reached; but I am not an engineer and cannot form an opinion. And if you have an opinion about the canal, it is a mere guess. Have you not noted how worthless ninety-nine out of every hundred opinions are?

In Panama, an American dollar bill is worth two dollars in native silver. American silver is used a great deal, and Judge Walker, who went into a native store to get a dollar bill changed, wanted eight American quarters for his paper dollar. I do not know anything about finance, either; Judge Walker may be right, although the men on the ship are laughing at him to-day.

Two years ago there was a slide in the Culebra cut, and great gangs of men worked night and day for six months to remove it. Slides occur at more than a dozen places. The cut has also been flooded by the dreadful Chagres river; an official on the train told me that at times the track was eight feet under water from the same terrible stream.

The passenger engines on the Panama Railway burn oil, furnished by the California Oil Co. The company has a pipe line across the isthmus, following the railroad right of way. It surprised me a little to find an independent oil company doing business here. If I have not stated the fact before, you may be interested in knowing that the Panama Railway is double-tracked nearly all the way.

We saw occasional fields of corn along the route of the railway. The agricultural department at Washington is making experiments in the canal zone, and has decided that corn of a certain variety may be grown successfully.

The next big subject Americans will quarrel about is Ship Subsidy. Other nations pay ships big subsidies. The "Lusitania" and "Mauretania" advertise England because of subsidies. It costs fifty per cent. more to carry cargoes in American bottoms than in foreign bottoms, for the reason that it costs more to build ships in America than abroad, and it costs more to operate American ships after they are built. We are a liberal people, and believe in high wages, whereas foreigners are not

so particular. On a German ship, a servant not only waits on the table, and takes care of several rooms, but he plays in the band. In America, we would be compelled to hire a waiter, a chamber-man and a musician, providing we could find men willing to either wait on the table, or make up beds and empty slops. However, on the "Moltke" the musicians do nothing else, and they are kept busy, since the band plays an hour every morning, beginning at ten o'clock; every afternoon, the orchestra plays in the ladies' saloon, at 4 o'clock; and the orchestra plays again at dinner at 7, and on deck at 8:30, when the weather is fine. But on other German ships I have been on, the music was furnished by the stewards. One of the musicians on the "Moltke" not only has a dress suit, but he wore it at this afternoon's concert. In Topeka, which is very particular, socially, a man who attempted to wear a dress suit before 6 P. M. would be mobbed.

The large and increasing population of the Canal zone is attracting a good many shows. The day I went to Panama, bills were up announcing the coming of a "Grand Circo," which is probably Spanish for grand circus.

They say that in the tropics, more food is necessary than in the North.

At one point along the canal, there is an enormous machine shop which can make anything from a watch to a locomotive. And of course there are excellent hospitals and schools. At one point on the canal, there is a suspension footbridge that cost $20,000.

At another point on the railroad may be seen native and American towns located almost side by side; the native town is located on one side of the track and the American town on the other side. The difference in the two towns is almost startling. Along the hillsides you see many native huts with thatched roofs. Which recalls that at still another point may be seen a bridge built by the Americans for the permanent railway, after the canal is completed. Beside it is a bridge built by the French, for the same purpose. The French bridge does not look to be more than a hundred feet long, and light, whereas the American bridge is five times as heavy, and certainly five times longer. Old-timers at

Panama say that while the Americans are doing everything well, and pay high wages, there is no graft, as was the case when the French were attempting to build the canal.

Fresh milk is sent to Panama in refrigerating ships, and you hear much talk of the Briar Cliff dairy, which is located near New York, and sends milk to the canal employés.

About the first thing a traveler notes on the Panama Railway is that the telegraph poles are old iron rails, formerly used by the French.

In the yards at Colon, I noticed a negro engineer on a switching engine, but all the engineers on the line are white.

The lottery is an established institution in the Canal zone, and in Colon and Panama we were everywhere offered lottery tickets, usually by Chinamen. The drawings are held on the ground floor of the bishop's palace, and the prizes range from fifty cents to $7,500.

The Panama Railroad is owned by the United States Government, but there is a fiction of private ownership, to avoid the law! Think of the United States Government being a law-breaker!

The Isthmus of Panama was visited by Olonso de Ojeda in 1499, and coasted by Columbus in 1501–2. In 1509, it became part of the Spanish kingdom of New Granada. It remained Spanish territory until 1819, when it achieved independence. It then passed through many vicissitudes and changes, at one time being a member of the Granadian Confederation, and then one of the United States of Colombia. In 1903, it asserted its independence from the Colombian government. The executive authority of the Panama Republic is vested in a president elected by popular vote for a term of four years. He is assisted by a cabinet of four members. Panama is divided into seven provinces, each administered by a governor. There is a supreme court, circuit courts, and other inferior tribunals established by law. Less than one-third of the country is occupied, and but a small portion of the occupied portion systematically

developed. Bananas form the most important product. Coffee, cacao, tobacco, rubber and indigo are grown. There are no highways in the country, and no railroad except that owned by the United States Government, although surveys are being made for another railroad. The Chagres river, the largest in the country, is navigable to Gatun. Small sailing vessels provide transportation along the coast. The local government has a police force in the towns, but the Americans employed on the canal, who occasionally go on the rampage, pay no attention to the native officers, who are not allowed to carry firearms. Twenty native policemen have been called out to arrest one drunken American. Uncle Sam might own the country, if he saw fit, but being a lover of Liberty and the Square Deal, he has given it guarantees which may prove very troublesome in the future.

A Spanish engineer named Saavedra was the first advocate of a canal at Panama. His suggestion was placed before the Dominican friars, and, after searching the Bible, they reported adversely on the plan by quoting the following: "What God has joined together,

let no man put asunder." This was sufficient for King Philip. Altogether, nineteen different routes across the isthmus have been considered since 1529, when the Spanish engineer first suggested the work. The year 1835 marks the entry of the United States into the history of the canal, through a resolution introduced into the Senate by Henry Clay, although we did not actually begin work until 1904.

Third-class fare over the Panama Railroad for many years after its completion was $25 from Colon to Panama (or 50 cents per mile). Now it is $2.40.

One of the amusing things connected with the canal is the reports made by expert commissioners, and to which no attention whatever is paid. For instance, President Roosevelt appointed a board of consulting engineers, consisting of thirteen members, to forever settle whether we should build a sea-level or lock canal. The commissioners decided on a sea-level canal. We are building a lock canal.

There are two machine shops connected with the canal work, one employing 1,000 men, and the other 600.

Over forty-two tons of silver are paid out monthly on the canal for labor. There are accommodations for 1,500 families of gold employés (white), and 400 are on the waiting list. Not only are white employés furnished houses rent free, but electric lights, certain furniture, coal for kitchen stoves, distilled water and medical attendance are free. (An engineer on a steam shovel receives $210 per month, in addition to the perquisites named.) The silver employés (negroes) are housed in barracks, and there is a tendency among them to "go into the brush" and build their own shacks. The negro laborer is paid 90 cents for a day of nine hours. The European laborer receives $1.80 for the same work. The standard rate of pay for white mechanics is 65 cents an hour, eight hours a day. The average pay of American employés is about $160 per month; the average pay of silver employés (negro), $35 a month. Although 30,000 negroes are employed, they do not work

steadily. The average number at work is 23,000 per day.

There are 15,000 American women, wives of employés, living along the canal, and about the same number of children; this does not include wives and children of railroad employés.

You often hear of the excellent sanitary condition of the Canal zone. The government will spend twenty million dollars on sanitation in Panama by the time the canal is completed.

The Canal zone has supreme, circuit and district courts. The cost of governing the zone is three-quarters of a million dollars annually. The zone has 17 post-offices, and 56 saloons. The saloons pay $100 per month license, and this money supports the schools. At the time of American occupation there were 327 saloons, paying $12 to $60 a year license.

The school system is similar to that in the United States. There are 12 schools for white children, with an attendance of 650, and 17

schools for colored children, with an attendance of 1,300. White and colored children do not attend school together, as in Uncle Sam's country.

Congress last year authorized the issue of additional bonds toward the construction of a canal up to the full amount of the estimate for a lock canal, $375,201,000. This action committed us to the completion of the work, and to provide the funds. There is no backing out now.

While in Culebra cut, in a motor car, we ran across another motor car which had broken down. The car contained one of the Canal commissioners, with a party of ladies, and we hauled him to Culebra station, where we were to take the excursion train back to Colon. From the lower end of the cut to Culebra station we ran over the main line of the Panama Railroad for a distance of six or seven miles, and pulled the disgusted commissioner along at a very lively clip.

Fred N. Reynolds, an official of the Panama Railroad, lived at Horton as a boy, where his

father was a Rock Island engineer. Mr. Reynolds told me that probably no living man could do better at the head of the great work than Colonel Goethals is doing, and this seems to be the opinion along the Canal zone. I was greatly impressed with the system that is everywhere apparent. That the work is being pushed as rapidly as possible there seems no doubt.

A greater part of the Panama Canal is really a lake. At some time in the future, should you be a passenger on a ship bound from Colon to Panama, this is what would happen:

You would enter the canal at Colon, on the Atlantic ocean, and steam seven miles to Gatun. There you would encounter the great Gatun dam and lock. The Gatun dam is 7,700 feet long, a half-mile wide at the base, and 135 feet high. Entering the lock, your ship would be lifted to the surface of the lake. Then you would sail over the surface of the lake a distance of thirty-three miles, passing through Culebra cut on the way. Nine miles from the Pacific ocean, you would encounter another dam and lock, which would lower your ship to the level of the Pacific.

The lake will be formed by the floods in the Chagres river, the surplus to be discharged over a great spillway at Gatun, on the Atlantic side. This lake will fill the entire Chagres valley, from bluff to bluff, and entirely cover the old route of the Panama Railroad, and the villages on the way. The railroad is being rebuilt as a part of the canal work, and portions of the rebuilt road are now in use.

THURSDAY, February 3.

Another entire day at sea. The sun has been shining intermittently, but the sea is rough, and the weather cool. I have not seen Judge Walker all day: I hope the old Sea Dog, who has been enjoying every moment of the trip so far, has not succumbed to seasickness. A good many have. The summer suits have also disappeared from deck, as winter clothing is comfortable. . . . I have slept a good deal, and, while lying down, have remarked a new peculiarity in the motion of the ship. When it makes a big lunge downward, my body seems to beat my head to the bottom. When the upward plunge comes,

my head and body are united again, and remain together until another big lunge downward comes along. I am not laid up, but walk about a good deal. Yesterday I saw Mateel at breakfast, but did not see her again until evening. To-morrow morning early, we land to go to Caracas, in Venezuela, by railroad train, and expect to enjoy the two days on land.

I would really like to know what sort of a stomach I have. The day I was on land at Panama, I ate a big lunch, something I have not done before in years. Then I ate dinner at 7 P. M. That night I slept particularly well, and the following day I felt fine. Maybe the trouble with me is that I do not eat enough.

If you are interested in the Panama Canal, write to your Congressman for "The Isthmian Canal," by H. H. Rosseau, civil engineer, U. S. Navy, and member of the Isthmian Canal Commission. (By-the-way, Rosseau is the man we pulled in the day we visited the bottom of Culebra cut.) The pamphlet is printed by the government printing-office, and will be sent you free. It is the most

intelligent story of the canal work I have seen, and is written so simply that you can understand it.

At Kingston, F. R. Babcock, of Chicago, paid an automobile bill of $123. The machine cost him $8 an hour, and he used it two days.

It is said there are sixty-two girls on board the ship, and two women for every man.

When the women at our table have a "joke" among themselves, and laugh and laugh, I am never curious to know what it is. Women's "jokes" never interest me. A good many years ago, I was curious, and found out several women's "jokes," after much difficulty, but they were so trifling that I have never been interested in them since.

Ever since we started, we have been setting our watches back, to conform with the ship's clock in the smoking-room. But this afternoon we were compelled to set our watches forward. I do not know why the change was made, and am too indifferent to inquire.

Down in the barber shop, there is a sign advertising "Salt Water Soap." I never heard of that before.

The drunkard appeared at dinner last evening, and disgraced himself. His wife tried to control him, but couldn't. Women who think it is easy to control a drunkard, should get over the notion. It is difficult for a woman to control a sober man, to say nothing of controlling an intoxicated one. The drunkard was in the smoking-room at 6 o'clock this morning, grumbling because the bar wasn't open. That man is determined to go to the devil, and my only regret is that he hangs on so long. If he would jump overboard some night (leaving a note to his wife, saying he was not worthy of her), what a sensation it would be for the women! If the drunkard keeps up his present gait, we men may throw him over. What a difference there is between the drunkard and Harker! Would Harker be a drunkard if his wife did not watch him so closely?

I have not seen the Elder in several days; he must have left the ship because no religious services are held on Sunday.

There were two sensations on board tonight: three different women smoked cigarettes on deck after dinner, and Harker walked about for a time without his wife hanging on his arm.

There is a married woman on board who expects to join her husband in Havana, and she flirts. No one disputes that she is good-looking, or that she wears good clothes, but there is something about her good looks that isn't good-looking. Women are always shocked when a married man flirts, and the men have a right to be ashamed when a married woman flirts. And the men are making the most of it in this case. I never admire a woman who is boldly good-looking, and who makes a specialty of cutting her dresses very low in the neck. I can never understand why other men "run after" them. I suppose no one admires a quiet, modest, womanly woman more than I do, or a professional beauty less.

FRIDAY, February 4.

The "Moltke" cast anchor early this morning at La Guayra, the principal seaport of

Venezuela, and when I went on deck, the ship was surrounded with natives in small boats. Most of them had fruit for sale, while others had monkeys and parrots: and one man had a fine tiger-skin. The town perches on the side of a high mountain, and all the houses have red tile roofs, as have all the houses in this section, except that straw thatch is largely used in the interior. The strip of flat land in front of La Guayra does not seem to be three hundred feet wide, and much of that is occupied by the remarkable mountain railroad which climbs the mountain to Caracas, capital of the republic. There is almost no harbor at La Guayra, and the landing reminded me of the landing at Jaffa, where visitors to the Holy Land are compelled to disembark in the open sea. When we went on board the "Moltke's" little boats, we found them rocking frightfully, and entering them was difficult and almost dangerous. When we pulled away for the shore, the boats still leaped and rolled, nor were they quiet until they got behind a little breakwater, affording a harbor: a very tiny place. We passed a number of sailing vessels on the way, and on every one was a dog barking at us.

On entering the tiny harbor, we remarked a strong smell of herring: a good deal of fishing seems to be done at La Guayra.

A hundred feet from the landing-place, we found a special train waiting, and this pulled out presently for Caracas. The railroad to Caracas literally climbs the mountain in front of the town; for an hour, we were in sight of La Guayra, and the "Moltke" lying at anchor. Twenty minutes after leaving La Guayra, we stopped at a little toy station. A roaring mountain stream ran not far away, and the natives seemed entirely new to me; I had never before seen people like them. In the mountain stream, women and little girls were washing clothing. In every yard were chickens of a kind I had never seen before; the roosters and hens had red skin on their necks, instead of feathers; but the roosters acted as roosters do at home; they found a worm, ate it, and then called the hens. Chickens seem to surround every house in South America, and in almost every house yard you will also find pigs.

Higher and higher we climbed, all the time looking down upon La Guayra, the sea, and the "Moltke" at anchor. I have never seen

a more remarkable railroad; the grades average a rise of four feet in every hundred, and, looking ahead, the track seemed to rise as rapidly as a steep hill on a wagon-road. But the engine went up the grade without much difficulty, although it worked hard, and almost suffocated us when passing through tunnels. The railroad is a narrow gauge, and the distance to Caracas from La Guayra is twenty-three miles. I stood on the platform of the front car during much of the ride of two hours, and we passed over trestles which seemed frightful, but it is said there has never been an accident on the line. An hour after leaving La Guayra, we passed behind the mountain, and lost sight of the town. The stations are merely passing points; almost no one lives in the mountains, except railroad track laborers. Through the mountain runs a wagon-road, and very frequently we saw pack trains; six to thirty little donkeys carrying packs, and one man on foot driving them.

About noon, we arrived at Caracas, a town of eighty thousand people. It is entirely surrounded by mountains, and a howling mob of hackmen met us at the station. Getting

their loads, the hackmen raced for the hotels, whipping the small horses unmercifully, and bouncing their carriages and their passengers about over the rough stone paving.

There are two hotels at Caracas: the Klindt, a very good one, and the Grand, a very poor one. We happened to draw the good one, and possibly this is the reason: the day was Friday, the engine which pulled us up the mountain was No. 13, and we rode in car No. 23. (NOTE.—On the "Moltke" there is no room numbered 13. I occupy No. 11, and across the hall from my room is No. 15, all the odd numbers being on my side of the ship.) I had another piece of good luck, because of the rare combination mentioned above: I had a room to myself, on the first floor above the office. All the other passengers slept two in a bed, or two in one room with two beds, as the hotel accommodations at Caracas are limited and our party a very large one. At Hotel Klindt, the dining-tables were set in the paved court, and this court was covered with a wooden roof.

There is never any winter at Caracas, and such a thing as heating a room is unknown; the problem is to get air.

PU
ASTOR

La Guayra—Venezuela, S. A.

Caracas—Venezuela.

On this trip into the mountains of Venezuela, early in February, I wore the lightest clothing I wear in Atchison in July and August, and even then found the weather uncomfortably warm at times.

After luncheon, we secured a carriage and a guide, and went driving. Among other places we visited was Calvary, a mountain almost in the centre of the city, and which has been converted into a tropical garden. The water reservoirs of the city are located on this mountain, and a museum and menagerie are maintained there. From this mountain-top, Caracas may be seen to best advantage, and all travelers agree that there are few handsomer cities than Caracas. In the valleys surrounding the city may be seen the greenest of green fields, and tropical vegetation wherever there is water. All the roofs of the houses are of red tiling. And back of it all, in every direction, great mountains. Lying against these mountains, clouds. I saw one cloud effect while standing on the top of Calvary that I have never seen equaled. Rain is rare at Caracas, but clouds are always hovering over the mountains; there are few perfectly bright days.

Caracas seems to be a prosperous city, with beautiful homes in the town and in the suburbs. The capital of the republic is located here, with all the national buildings. And the town looks like a very old Spanish town, as it was founded in 1561. . . . In riding or walking about the city, you observe that half the doors you pass lead into courts, filled with flowers, and fountains in the centre. Many rich people seem to live in Caracas, and maintain beautiful establishments. I was much impressed with Caracas: it seems to me I have never visited a more beautiful city. Except that three ship-loads of tourists visit Caracas every year, visitors to the city are rare. And all along our route, the people seemed to be expecting us. And when school was let out in the afternoon, the boys at Caracas were added to the crowds, and made ribald remarks about us.

The South-Americans do not look like other people I have seen: the true South-American looks like a tanned North-American. Colonel Goethals, who is in charge of the Panama Canal, is a fine type of the North-American, but so badly tanned that he would pass in Caracas for a South-American. But there

are plenty of negroes, and plenty showing the Indian type. Among the native women we saw many pure blondes. Usually we saw these blondes behind iron bars at windows; for all the windows on the lower floors here are barred; to prevent hot-blooded lovers from carrying off their sweethearts, I suppose. And behind these barred windows we also saw very pretty children: hundreds of them. These pretty children looked like children in the North, except that they were tanned, as are all the Spanish.

We called at the White House of the Venezuelan Republic. The guide said that the White House is open only when tourists arrive in big parties. Anyway, we alighted in the street, and walked through the entrance of the president's official residence, passing on the way a great number of soldiers. Inside, a uniformed man conducted us about. The White House seems to be of one story, surrounding a large court. The rooms open off this court; the official dining-room, I remember, is separated from the air and sunlight in the court only by a screen. (By-the-way, I saw toothpicks on the president's table: the women may decide whether this is proper.)

We were shown into the president's official audience chamber, a rather gaudy apartment. There we saw artificial flowers, although there were many fine natural flowers in the court outside. On the walls were two or three very large (and very good) oil paintings of Venezuelan heroes, although I believe Simon Bolivar was absent, but he is seen in marble in most of the public parks. In one of the parks is a very good statue of George Washington, and my recollection is that the park is called Washington Park. In the president's official audience chamber is also a crayon picture of the president; it looked like a crayon enlarged from a photograph, and seemed out of place, considering the really fine oil paintings surrounding it.

Sitting near one of the doors of the rooms were two ladies. Our conductor explained that these ladies belonged to the president's family.

"Is one of them his wife?" we asked our guide in a whisper.

The guide explained that the uniformed man would not go into particulars, but said the president was not married, although he expected to be soon.

One of the ladies of the president's family asked our guide in Spanish:

"Do the ladies speak French?" (referring to the ladies in our party.)

I told the guide that three of the ladies in our party spoke boarding-school French, but were afraid to attempt it in Caracas. The guide interpreted this to the lady of the president's family, and she smiled. Several of the rooms leading off from the court were bedrooms, partly screened from public gaze.

Our guide told me a most terrible story about the president of the Venezuelan Republic: that he lives in the White House with a mistress, and that he keeps several at other places. This story may not be true; the guide had been in Caracas only a year, coming from Trinidad. He further said that Castro, the president lately deposed, and who occupied so much space in the newspapers a few months ago, was a Regular Devil. If Castro saw a beautiful woman on the streets (the guide said), he took possession of her. If her parents objected, he put them in prison. I am not very particular, but under the circumstances, I thought it proper to ask the guide to take us out of the tainted atmosphere,

which he did, we having seen all the sights open to tourists, anyway. The guide says Castro has about as many friends in Caracas as the present president. How much the guide knows of the politics of Venezuela, I had no means of ascertaining. I did not hear any other citizen of the city mention the subject.

From the president's house, we went to the public market, the most interesting sight we saw in Caracas. All the tropical fruits and vegetables were displayed in profusion in the immense place. Many of the vegetables and fruits offered for sale we had never seen before. The meat seemed poor and very stale, as is the case in all tropical markets. Sugar was sold in huge loaves, resembling a pineapple in shape, but much larger. We saw no white sugar in Caracas, or in Venezuela; the sugar given us for coffee at the Hotel Klindt was brown and in coarse lumps. We saw thousands of sugar plantations in Venezuela and hundreds of sugar refineries, but we saw no white sugar such as we have at home. The public market at Caracas occupies an entire block, as I remember, and there are shops therein

for the sale of everything: clothing, house-furnishing goods, dry goods, etc. And everything looked modern, except many of the articles offered for sale as food.

In the streets surrounding the market we saw hundreds of the donkeys we had been seeing in the mountain roads. Some of the donkeys were loaded with bananas, some with pineapples, some with hay, some with chickens. Chickens are sent to market here in coops made of sticks, each coop accommodating three or four chickens. In the streets surrounding the public market we saw South-Americans from the rural districts, and they looked quite poor and dejected. As a rule, their clothing consisted of cloth which had once been white, but which was very dirty when we saw it. Many of the railroad laborers here wear nothing but a pair of pants and a hat, and many of the children wear nothing at all.

We were taken to see the suburban homes of Caracas; very beautiful, and surrounded with fine tropical gardens. One of these homes was built by Castro, the deposed president, before he was run out of the country. It must have cost a great sum of money, but a few days ago,

it was sold by the republic for $17,000. (Or did the guide say $7,000? It seems to me now he said $7,000. But the guide didn't impress me as knowing much about Venezuelan affairs. He came here a year ago from Trinidad, and says he is employed in the office of the English consul: he acts as guide occasionally, as a side line.)

Then we went back to the Hotel Klindt, and from the balcony looked down upon a very amusing sight. The tourists who had been assigned to the Grand Hotel, were dissatisfied, and were roaring to the tourist agent accompanying the "Moltke." It was utterly impossible to send all the tourists to the Klindt, as it could not accommodate them, and the Grand is the next best hotel in town. I noticed Judge Walker among the insurgents, and he remained at the Klindt, paying extra for nice apartments engaged beforehand by some one else, but not taken at the last moment.

When we saw one of our friends walk in, looking as mad as a hornet, we knew what was the matter: he was at the Grand, and was looking for the tourist agent. To our angry friends, we pretended to be angry, too,

saying we had heard that the Grand was very much better than the Klindt.

The guide arranged to take us to a bull fight at night, but called at 7:30 to say the bull fight had been given up. Then we decided to go to the theatre. (A box for six of us cost $6.) The performance opened with a servant dusting a room. How many hundreds of times I have seen plays open in that way! The entire performance reminded us of a theatrical performance at home, except that we couldn't understand the words. There was a big woman with a little husband, and while they reminded me of Mr. and Mrs. Harker, of the ship, the same idea is very common in American theatres. It was a comedy, but I didn't hear a laugh during the three-quarters of an hour I remained. Several of the characters sang; and as they sang very poorly, I was thoroughly familiar with that, too. Mateel and I became sleepy, and went home early, through a carnival crowd. In all the towns over here, carnivals are now going on. My room at the hotel was located on the second floor, overlooking a public square, where the president's band of fifty men was playing a

concert. I had heard this band play "Yankee Doodle" earlier in the evening in honor of the tourists, and was disgusted, as I hate the tune anyway, but when I came back from the theatre, the band was playing very well. So I opened my windows, and heard an excellent concert of an hour. The scene was a very unusual one. The street below me was crowded with carnival merrymakers on foot, in carriages, and in the electric cars. I wasn't quite certain that my luck in drawing a room to myself would last, so before undressing and sitting down at my window to smoke a cigar and be comfortable, I placed my shoes outside my door to be shined. Beside them I placed Mateel's shoes, which gave the impression that my room was occupied by a man and wife. Mateel really occupied a room next to mine, with Miss Havens, but anything is fair in love, in war, or on an excursion.

The noise was tremendous, and continued nearly all night, but I am so eccentric about sleep that I really slept well that night, although many nights at home, under the most favorable circumstances, I do not sleep at all several nights in succession. Street-car lines crossed within fifty feet of my room: and

there was the noise of the carnival crowd, and the clatter of many carriages on the stone pavement, but I slept peacefully through it all. I awakened, at 2 o'clock in the morning, and looked out of the window a few minutes. Outside there were drunken maskers—men and women—talking to each other in a foolish way. At 5:30 I awoke for the day, grateful for having slept so well, and found amusement in watching the Caracas milkmen. These men ride about on donkeys when delivering milk. On each side of the donkey is tied an ordinary milk-can. On reaching a customer's door, the milkman jumps off his donkey and raps on the door with his quart cup, instead of ringing a bell. Boys with papers were also running about, and occasionally a policeman appeared, with a musket slung over his shoulder. At the theatre I attended, I noticed that the policeman in the gallery carried a musket, as do all the policemen in Caracas. I heard no disturbance in the gallery of the Caracas theatre; the boys were too busy staring at the American visitors. In this they were joined by the best dressed men in the audience.

SATURDAY, February 5.

We left Caracas, capital of Venezuela, this morning at 7:30, by special train for Porto Cabello. We passed over three different railroads during the day, through the more fruitful part of Venezuela; we traveled through several valleys, although we were surrounded by mountains all the time, until we reached the sea, twelve miles above Porto Cabello. From that point, we ran along the seashore until we reached Porto Cabello, and embarked on the ship, which we found waiting, having come up from La Guayra during our absence. (NOTE.—I am not certain that I spell Porto Cabello correctly, nor am I sure as to the spelling of La Guayra. I am often careless about spelling, to amuse the school teachers. They enjoy it, and I don't care. I also use "will" frequently when "shall" would be better, because the school teachers like to sniff when reading.)

There were nine cars in the special train on which we left Caracas, including a baggage car occupied by ship stewards. There were one hundred and forty passengers, and plenty of room for all. One of the cars was an open

observation car, which was always crowded. The cars were as fine as Venezuela affords, and everywhere the train attracted great attention. The people seemed to have heard of it, and were on the lookout for it, to see what kind of people live in North America. We passed through a rural section where strangers are not often seen.

For the first hour, the train ran through a valley where irrigation was the rule. We saw dozens of sugar refineries, and hundreds of fields of sugar cane. The sugar refineries were small affairs. We saw many farmers plowing, always with two oxen. The plows were invariably crooked sticks, of the kind seen in India. At every station there were crowds of people, evidently waiting for the excursion train. At the end of an hour, we began climbing a mountain, and a second engine was attached. This railroad ride proved as wonderful as the mountain ride from La Guayra to Caracas. The mountain up which we climbed was desolate; no houses in sight for miles, except small shacks occupied by railroad laborers. After reaching the top of the mountain, we descended, with one loco-

motive. About noon, we reached what seemed to be the beginning of a valley, and small farms began to appear. The valley widened, and we ran into a rather pretty country. At one place, we ran along the shores of an extensive lake. At a place called Victoria, we ate a picnic lunch. Some hotel man had been employed to provide lunch for a hundred and forty people, and there were two sittings at tables spread under great bamboo trees. The members of the Atchison party drew the second table, and they fared about as well as children do who wait. But I didn't mind waiting, as the crowd surrounding the tables was worth watching. There were thousands in the crowd: men, women and children. I am not certain that excursions were not run, to let the country people look at the North-Americans. We didn't see the town, which was quite a distance from the station, but a horse railway is operated at Victoria. A car came down from town just as we arrived, and the driver remained all the time we were there, an hour and a half. I ate at the last table, and the women and children began "taking things" before we were through. Paper napkins

were used, and these seemed to attract most attention. Every paper napkin was promptly appropriated, after it had been used by a North-American. One old woman came up to the table where I sat, and deliberately took bananas, oranges, etc., and I helped her. The lunch was a very good one, including soup, salad, roast chicken, beef, ham, etc. Wine and beer were also served, although there was an extra charge. A waiter at the table where the Walkers sat, was arrested. An American ordered a bottle of beer, and the waiter charged him a dollar. Complaint was made, and a policeman carrying a musket slung over his shoulder, led the waiter away. This excited or angered the other waiters at that table, and they followed their companion, and the Walkers waited on themselves. But it was all very enjoyable, and a very unusual picnic lunch.

After the lunch, the train passed through a cattle country and we saw thousands of cattle; cattle of good size, resembling what we call "long horns." Much of the land seemed to be wild, and all the roads were very dusty; I believe I never saw so much dust.

In this section, we saw no farm-houses, except straw-covered shacks.

The train stopped at a lonely siding, and we entered a house, evidently belonging to a farm laborer. It was about twenty-five feet long, and fifteen wide. First there had been a frame built of bamboo, and then a covering of straw on the roof. The floor was of dirt, and there was a partition in the middle of the house, of straw. Neither the roof nor the partition was made of what we know as straw, but seemed to be of some sort of flat grass. The sides of the front room were open to the weather, but the other room was protected with thatch. On one side was the cook-stove: a platform of sticks, covered with dirt. This platform was about as high as an American cook-stove, and on the dirt top was a fire. Dinner was being cooked, in several pots. There was no flue; the smoke went out at the gable. The house was full of chickens, pigs and children. Behind the partition, the members of the family seemed to sleep on mats. The house, and everything in it, did not cost to exceed ten dollars. The man and his wife were poorly dressed, and the children were half naked. All the

ASTOR

VENEZUELA. 1. Mountains Between La Guayra and Caracas. 2. La Guayra. 3. Caracas. 4. University, Caracas. 5. La Guayra.

houses we saw in the pasture district, and in the cane district, were of this character, except that some houses had walls of earth, covered with thatch or straw. I suppose the houses we saw were occupied by the poorer farm laborers. Everywhere in the dusty roads we saw processions of donkeys, carrying loads on packs. Occasionally we saw a man riding a very good horse. Occasionally, also, we saw a man riding a very good mule, and every mule had a crupper under its tail, and I wondered how the rider managed to get a crupper under the mule's tail, since mules are great kickers.

About the middle of the afternoon, we came to Valencia, the capital of a state in Venezuela. It was rather an imposing town, but the country around it suggested Arizona, it was so dry. At this place, the valley was many miles wide; I tried to estimate how wide the valley was, and thought it might be thirty miles from one mountain to another.

As I understood it, one railroad carried us from Caracas to Victoria, another from Victoria to Valencia, another from Valencia to Porto Cabello, but all the roads were of the

same gauge (narrow), and we did not change cars. At every station there was always a crowd, and the passengers bought a little of everything offered. I ate so many bananas, oranges and pineapples that I shall never care for them again. I also tasted a good many other tropical fruits, with which I was not familiar. One passenger bought a watermelon, and passed it around. The melon was small, but had the genuine taste.

The people here eat oranges in this way: They poke a stick into the orange, to be used as a handle. Then they trim off the skin with a knife, and eat the fruit as we eat watermelon. We looked everywhere for cantaloupes, but found none, although tomatoes, always small, were common. Onions and peppers are much thought of here, and pumpkin is also seen everywhere in the markets.

Excursionists are as badly behaved as picnickers. People who are well-behaved at home, will go on a picnic, and act like savages. A few in our party acted badly at stations. Every station platform was covered with a

vine bearing a bright red flower. Many of these vines were torn down by members of our party, in order that the flowers might be secured. Fortunately, only a few of the excursionists acted in this way.

At one place along the road I saw a feed-yard full of corn-cobs, as though cattle had been corn-fed there. But I saw almost no corn-fields; none at all of the kind we have at home. The little corn I saw was of a stunted variety. In all the markets we visited, shelled corn was sold by the quart; corn of an inferior variety, probably, as the grains were small and flinty. In the huts we visited, we saw old-fashioned corn-mills: a stone hollowed out, in which corn was reduced to meal by pounding it with a stone hammer.

We heard a good deal during the day about the Grand Hotel at Caracas, where many of the excursionists spent the night. It was a Spanish hotel, and wine was served free at lunch, and at dinner. J. S. Barton, of Kansas City, a jobber and manufacturer of shoes, stayed at the Grand, with his wife and daugh-

ter Katherine. He told me that at dinner at the Grand, he saw some sort of a pickle. He thought it was an onion, and put one in his mouth. It was really a pepper, and terribly hot. While he was writhing in agony, a woman near him asked if he liked it. He was burning up, and could not reply. So the woman took one, and was soon on fire. The more water Mr. Barton drank, he says, the worse the fire raged. I suppose the woman had the same experience. Anyway, after the fire had died down somewhat, she abused him, saying he was no gentleman for not warning her. But his only excuse was that he could not speak.

In coming over the mountain this morning, we passed through eighty-seven tunnels. Here, also, we saw a mountain wagon-road, and many processions of donkeys packing loads. In addition to the processions of donkeys, we saw many two-wheeled carts drawn by oxen, but no four-wheeled wagons such as Kansas people are familiar with. We could not name many of the crops grown in the valley farms. I saw many fields of what

seemed to be ordinary corn sown broadcast, and grown for stock feed.

I heard everywhere that the people of Venezuela were heavily taxed. But I never visited a country where I did not hear the same thing; in every community in Kansas, you hear that the people are heavily taxed. The people of Venezuela have been fighting for liberty many years, beginning, I believe, in 1826. They have been free a long time, but the recent administration of Castro was about the worst the republic ever had. Castro promised more than any other president, and robbed the people so outrageously that he was compelled to flee the country. Castro promised the people that fares on the mountain railroads should not exceed 2 cents a mile. It cost millions to build these railroads, and none of them pay. Castro made a new promise every week to the people, and all the time he was becoming richer himself. He engaged in politics to help himself, and not to help the people, but he fooled them several years. The people of Venezuela have freedom, but they do not seem to know what to do with it. I hear capital is offered all

sorts of concessions here, but that capital is shy of Venezuela, fearing that the president may not be able to keep his promise, owing to a revolution; or that he may not want to keep it, after the capital has been invested, and cannot get away. There did not seem to be much business on the railways over which we traveled. We met almost no trains; I do not recall meeting a single freight train in traveling from 7:30 A. M. until about 6 P. M.

We found American money good wherever we went. But, as I was leaving the hotel at Caracas, an employé came up, and offered to trade me American silver for the Venezuelan silver I happened to have in my pocket.

In my room at the Hotel Klindt, in Caracas, there was a jug of drinking-water. And I found the water cool and delicious. The jug was made of a porous earth specially for that purpose. We have nothing of the kind at home, so far as I know. Speaking of water, the water on the "Moltke" is excellent. Usually, water on ships is very poor, and stale, and has a bad taste, from being kept a long time in tanks.

I learned something new to-day. Mateel was having a dreadful time with her hair.

"It is the third day after washing it," she explained.

It seems that the third day after washing, a woman's hair acts in a perfectly terrible way. I never heard of it until today.

Last night, at Caracas, I saw almost no women on the streets until the carnival began. In this country (in fact, in many countries) women seclude themselves, and do not appear on the streets unattended. In our country, a woman may go anywhere, and always feel sure of receiving polite attention. In fact, I know women who make a practice of traveling alone, perferring that plan to traveling with a male "protector."

Among the "Moltke's" passengers are Count and Countess Georg Wedel. Count Wedel is attached to one of the legations at Washington. I supposed a Count and Countess traveled in special ships and special trains, but Count and Countess Georg Wedel travel exactly as the rest of us travel, and I was in the same car with them all day. I

supposed that Counts and Countesses had special palaces and castles to stop at, when traveling, but I understand Count and Countess Georg Wedel drew the Grand at Caracas, and made no fuss about it. Indeed, the Count and Countess Georg Wedel (that is the way they appear on the passenger list), are exceedingly nice people. They are constantly with four or five friends, and all members of the party are quiet and modest. A lady dropped her handkerchief at a station where the passengers were walking about, and the Countess picked it up, and handed it to her with a smile and a bow.

Some of the passengers took evening clothes to Caracas, and appeared at dinner at the Grand in full costume. I took nothing in the way of baggage except a comb, toothbrush and a nightshirt, and Mateel and Miss Havens carried these in their bundle.

In one of the gardens at Caracas yesterday, I saw sunflowers, marigolds, daisies, zinnias, bachelor buttons, lady slippers, sweet alyssum, and several other flowers with which I am

familiar at home. I also had canned salmon at dinner at the Klindt, although it was fixed up in a new way. You can't get away from canned salmon, anywhere.

"Did I travel to this far-away place," one tourist said, "to be offered canned salmon?"

Along the road we saw a sign advertising a brand of tea. "Yt has no equal," the sign read.

We saw really good art in the public gardens at Caracas. The figures did not look like women; still it was art. In art, the figures of women never look like women. Artists idealize women more than lovers.

Late in the afternoon we changed to the fourth railroad of the trip; the one which was to take us to Porto Cabello. This road took us off the mountain to sea-level, and in one place we ran down a cog road, the grade was so steep. The track followed a mountain stream, and this ride was one of the most interesting of the entire trip. The cog portion of the road was only a few miles long. During this journey, we saw orchids growing on trees,

in great profusion, and boys sold them at the stations, at low prices. Finally, someone said:

"There is the sea!"

Looking down the canyon, I saw the ocean, but it was not Porto Cabello, where the ship was waiting for us: we ran rapidly up the level coast for three-quarters of an hour before we reached Porto Cabello, just at nightfall. When the train slowed down for the town, dozens of boys and men were running toward the station, as though they had heard of our coming. After a delay, the train ran through the town to the dock, and, as the passengers were alighting, the ship's band struck up "Marching Through Georgia"; it had been sent ashore to welcome us. Then the band started toward our landing-stage, two blocks away, and the crowd followed, carrying the orchids and other strange things they had picked up in Venezuela. We passed the American consulate on the way, and the flag was dipped in our honor. A huge tower on the water-front was brilliantly illuminated. Just why, I do not know. Four of the ship's boats were waiting at the dock, and we climbed in hurriedly, as it was dark by this time, and dinner was waiting. All the excursionists hav-

ing embarked, the launches puffed away, pulling the four boats. Ahead of us lay the "Moltke," brightly lighted, and showing her great lines. Our band, still on shore, was playing. Suddenly it stopped, and a band belonging at Porto Cabello struck up "Under the Double Eagle." Then, like a flash, the "Moltke" was illuminated in red, and blue, and green. It was a beautiful sight, and the tired excursionists cheered. Then there was a shower of fireworks from the ship; skyrockets and Roman candles, with red lights burning from the captain's bridge to the lowest decks. It was really a brilliant spectacle, and someone proposed three cheers for the "Moltke," which the people in the boats gave heartily. While we were waiting at the ship's side to go on board, the small boats rocked viciously, although it is said Porto Cabello is such a safe harbor that a single hair will hold a ship. Cabello is said to mean something like that in Spanish. In jumping from a small boat to the landing of the ship, one woman fell into the water, but the sailors had hold of her, and pulled her out. Another woman was pinched between the side of the small boat and the landing-stair of the big ship, and had to be

carried to her room. Meanwhile, the ship's band was floating around in another boat, and playing. At last we were all on deck, and hurried to our rooms to get off some of the dust and dirt before dinner, which had been postponed until 7:30. And let me add here that you will never know how big a 12,500-ton ship is until you are under her stern in a small boat, waiting to go on board.

At 9:30, while sitting on deck smoking a cigar, I felt the "Moltke" moving, and half an hour later the lights of Porto Cabello looked as the lights of St. Joe look at night from the east porch at Potato Hill.

MONDAY, February 7.

This morning, at Port of Spain, capital of the Island of Trinidad, we struck a carnival. On our arrival in the town, we found the streets filled with maskers, and they grew more boisterous as the day advanced. But they seemed to have orders from the police not to bother visitors; anyway, I mingled with the maskers all day, while out sight-see-

ing, but was never bothered. In returning to the ship in the evening, we encountered an enormous crowd where street railway tracks crossed. Seven or eight mounted police were busy, in addition to a dozen more policemen on foot, and though we were held twenty minutes, we were not molested in any way. Most of the maskers were colored, and many of them were old-fashioned Jubilee singers, for Trinidad is full of negroes, and nearly all of them talk English, since England took the island from the Spanish in 1792. But here, as in many other West-Indian towns, English has been corrupted until Americans understand it with difficulty.

I saw hundreds of maskers, but saw only one who was funny. During a carriage drive, I encountered a masked man who was drunk, and returning home. He was feeling very humble and sick, and reeling badly. But he wore an innocent, sober face, and it was very funny to see that innocent sober face attached to that drunken body.

Port of Spain is said to be the most prosperous city in the West Indies, and certainly it has more fine residences than any other

place we have visited. The town is English in every feature, and American bills are taken everywhere, although a few refused to take American silver when we offered it at the stores. The merchants were at a great disadvantage. With a ship-load of excursionists in town, their clerks refused to work, in many instances. Judge Walker ordered two suits of light clothes this morning, to be finished tomorrow, but when he called to be fitted, the tailor said he could not fill the order, as his tailors had struck work, and joined the carnival crowds. Everywhere we heard the same story: the "Moltke" excursionists were eager to buy, but the merchants could not wait on them, the clerks insisting on their right to a holiday.

During a ride into the country, we met many Hindus; people from India. For fifty years the English have been bringing Hindus to Trinidad, to work on the sugar plantations. The Hindus sign a three-year contract, which amounts to slavery. On the plantations, slave-drivers are employed, who see that the Hindus do a full day's work. The Hindus receive twenty-five cents a day during the three years

of their indenture, and then become free. Most of them remain here, and become small farmers or tradesmen. As a result, a majority of the people of the island are said to be East-Indians. We met many adult Hindus who were born here, and talked excellent English, having been educated in English schools.

It is surprising how faithful the East-Indians here remain to their own country, for they look exactly like the Hindus seen in India, and dress exactly like them. They bring their priests with them, and caste exists here, as in India; and some of the East-Indians here cannot understand the language spoken by other East-Indians on Trinidad Island. A great number of languages are spoken in India; something like three hundred, I believe, although I am not certain as to the real number. I have often heard that the Hindus will not leave their native country, under any consideration. This seems to be a mistake, since thousands of them are in Trinidad. One section of Port of Spain is known as Coolie village, and there the East-Indians live, side by side with the negroes, and mingling freely with them. An educated Hindu informed me that his people never in-

termarried with the negroes; a negro informed me that they did. It is a saying on the ship: "Never believe anything you hear on shipboard, and only half you see." This precaution might also be adopted with profit on land.

Most travelers, when they reach a town, hire a carriage in which to ride about. I always find street cars more satisfactory; they are quicker, and the builders of street railways find the interesting places as surely as boys. All the cities we have visited over here have had fine electric street railways. And when you ride in an electric car, you miss seeing the driver brutally whip his horse. The usual carriage here is drawn by one small horse, and four passengers are often loaded in the carriage. I always obey the rules displayed in public places: I never stand on the platform of a railroad car, because of a rule printed on the door saying passengers must not, and in riding in an electric car in Port of Spain this morning, I noticed a printed rule saying passengers must not talk to the motorman.

We passed a fine park in which many strange-looking cattle were grazing. I ex-

pressed wonder to my companions that the strange-looking cattle should be grazing in the park, and the motorman, a negro, volunteered the information that the park was the race-course, and that cattle were grazed at a dollar a month, which happens to be the price charged at home. He said most of the cattle were milch cows, pronouncing the word as I spell it. The cattle had very large ears, and humps on their backs, and would attract attention at home as circus curiosities.

To-day we went to the Queen's Park Hotel, said to be the best in the West Indies, for lunch. The lunch cost $1.44 per person, and the dessert consisted of stewed prunes. On the bill of fare, I noticed broiled marrow-bones, and ordered some, as they were entirely new to me.

I became very tired of negro maskers during the day, therefore when I saw three of them whipped, I was pleased. A negro woman was going along about her business, carrying a bundle of washing, when three maskers began bothering her. She became very angry, and the maskers followed her. Fi-

nally she put down her basket, and scratched and screamed and fought until the three men ran away in disgrace. There seemed to be as many women as men among the carnival crowds.

And how the people in the houses filled the windows and doors, to see what was going on! We passed one house five times, and every time we saw a fat young white girl standing in the door, taking the greatest interest in the carnival. There were no street decorations: simply a lot of colored people wearing costumes and masks, and "acting smart." But they did not so much as look at me all day, and I am grateful.

When I walked through the rooms of the Queen's Park Hotel, I seemed to be on board the "Moltke," for I saw only the ship's passengers. The drunkard was standing at the bar, drinking, and everything seemed very natural.

In driving in the country to-day, I encountered Hindu women working in a water ditch. The men threw the dirt into baskets, and the women carried it away. I was told that the

women received forty cents a day, and the men fifty.

During this drive we encountered a cacao grove. Among the cacao trees were much larger trees, which shade the cacaos, and are known as "mother trees."

It does not seem possible to fatten a Hindu. Those living in Trinidad are well fed, and prosperous, but they all look thin, hungry and humble. They go barefoot and bare-legged, and their legs look exactly like very old dried beef. Therefore, imagine my surprise when I saw one Hindu among the maskers. He wore the distinctive Hindu costume. Imagine a Hindu being gay!

I saw something to-day I never saw before: a Catholic priest in white robes. The Episcopal Church is in the lead here, and the residences of the bishop and archbishop are pointed out as among the principal sights of the town. In Caracas, the Roman Catholics are in control. Judge Walker inquired, and found that there was but one Protestant church in Caracas, and that a small Baptist church, built only a few months ago.

If you have not visited the West Indies, you cannot realize how prosperous the towns seem to be, and Port of Spain is easily the most prosperous of all those we have visited. If I cared to live in a foreign place, I should not object to Port of Spain, which is generally known as Trinidad, as the city of Victoria, in China, is universally known as Hong Kong, the name of the island on which the city is located.

I imagine a visit to the many towns of the West Indies would be a big undertaking, unless undertaken on the plan of the "Moltke's" excursion. After spending a day or two at a city, the "Moltke" sails for another city, whereas if you should visit the West Indies in the regular way, you might be detained in one city a week or more before finding opportunity to leave for another.

When we returned to the ship this afternoon, we found an Armenian merchant displaying his wares on deck. He had a big stock, and two clerks assisted him. The women immediately began shopping, and kept it up until long after dark. The merchant often accepted half the prices he asked

at first. Isabel Walker admired a Chinese cloak, and asked the price. The merchant said it was cheap at fifty dollars. She refused to pay this, and the merchant gradually reduced the price until he said he would take twenty-five dollars. Judge Walker was on shore, so his daughter borrowed the money of me, and closed the deal, fearing the merchant might sell the cloak to another customer at the reduced price. The garment was hand-embroidered, and very pretty. The other women said it was cheap at $25. I heard of a woman who was asked $12 for a lunch-cloth, and who finally got it for $3. One woman says she saw the merchant and his two clerks on the board walk at Atlantic City last summer.

When we arrived here this morning, several colored women came out in boats, and solicited washing. But the health officer of the port would let nothing go off the ship until it had been fumigated. Passengers who went ashore were permitted to take only umbrellas and cameras. For awhile there was some doubt that we would be permitted to land, as the Trinidad authorities are suspicious of Caracas.

A fine trip from Port of Spain is up the Orinoco river, the mouth of which is only a few miles away. We saw two Orinoco boats in the harbor when we arrived. They are small stern-wheel affairs, but are said to be very comfortable. Trinidad is the most southerly of the West Indies, the island nearest of all to the equator, lying close to the Spanish Main, and being but a detached fragment of Venezuela. The island was discovered by Columbus in 1498, and, while here, he noted some low insignificant land to the southwest. Columbus was then gazing for the first time on the coast of the great continent; America was first sighted by John Cabot the year before. You perhaps know that Columbus, the discoverer of America, did not discover America. Wherever you go in the West Indies, you see a statue of Columbus. Trinidad was so called because of three mountain-peaks prominent from the harbor (Trinidad: the trinity). It was on this island that the imaginative Sir Walter Raleigh was lured to the fateful expedition of the mythical El Dorado, in 1595, and it was also here that Lord Nelson anchored in his pursuit of Admiral Villeneuve, which culminated in the great

battle of Trafalgar. Trinidad is free from volcanoes, and a popular place of residence. The great curiosity of Trinidad is the pitch lake, a deposit of asphaltum covering 110 acres. "We have here," says a historian, "lakes of pitch, streams of tar, oysters growing on trees, crabs that climb and feed on fruit trees, an animal resembling a fish that produces its young alive, a fish that entertains us with a trumpet, and another fish that is clad in a complete suit of armor." Columbus and Raleigh both wrote of the oysters that grew on the mangroves, and were left high and dry by the receding tides; the soldier crab climbs trees with ease; the trumpet fish gives forth a musical sound, and the armor-clad fish is the cascaradura, the delicate flavor of which makes it an object sought for by epicures. When we landed at the dock to-day, we saw that the piling timbers above and below water were covered with oyster-shells, to a thickness of several inches.

At the post-office to-day, I bought stamps with American money. English is almost universally spoken in Port of Spain, and throughout the island. The value of the

cocoanut exports is over five million dollars a year, and of sugar about three million dollars annually. Hundreds of English and American business institutions are represented here. The finest residence in Port of Spain is owned and occupied by an American interested in the pitch lake. Most of the roads in the vicinity are made of native asphalt and stone.

The day has been exceedingly warm; while going from the ship to shore, at eight o'clock this morning, the passengers really suffered from heat. And this only the 7th day of the worst winter month at home.

As I write this in my room on the ship, late at night, I can hear the noisy passengers returning from shore. The boats will run to and from town until midnight.

TUESDAY, February 8.

We have spent most of this day lying off La Brea, near Port of Spain. At La Brea is located the famous Pitch Lake, where much of the asphaltum used in the United States

PUBLIC L
ASTOR, LENO

Pitch Lake—Trinidad.

Harbor—Panama.

comes from. The beautiful city of Washington is paved with asphaltum from La Brea, and a wonderful story might be written of La Brea, as there is a great deal of romance connected with asphaltum. In nearly every city where it has been used as paving material, there has been a scandal, and there have been many scandals in connection with the ownership of the asphaltum lake of Trinidad. There is a rival lake of asphaltum in Venezuela. Castro, when president of that disturbed South-American republic, took it from the owners, who were Yankees, but, on his downfall, it was restored to them.

The pitch lake at La Brea covers more than 100 acres, and seems inexhaustible. As fast as the asphaltum is taken out the supply is replenished from some great reservoir in the earth.

There is no harbor at La Brea, and the "Moltke" cast anchor within half a mile of shore. The day was bright, with only a light wind blowing, but, when the small boats put off for shore, they danced about in what seemed to be a dangerous way. I decided not to go, but many others tried it, and got ashore. The asphaltum company has built

a jetty out from shore to accommodate freight steamers, but the landing was difficult, and several came back to the ship without making the attempt to land. The pitch lake is a mile from shore, and those who landed had a hot walk, in addition to the lively toss on the waves. All I can see from the ship is a small collection of small buildings, with two or three smokestacks in the distance. Judge Walker succeeded in getting ashore, but Mateel and Miss Havens, who went off in one of the boats, came back without landing.

The Trinidad government leases the lake, and makes an annual income of $200,000 in this way, the money being used to reduce the public debt of the island, which is large. The pitch lake may be a "wonder," as stated in the guide books, but one of our party who saw it says he saw a level surface looking like an asphalt pavement, with here and there a patch of muddy water. The pitch emits an unpleasant, sulphurous odor; the lightest footprint leaves an impression, and you find yourself almost imperceptibly sinking, unless you continue constantly in motion. Here and there liquid pitch oozes out, which may be handled with impunity, as it does not soil the

fingers. The old proverb that you cannot touch pitch without being defiled is not true at La Brea. The original concession was granted to an American company; the well-known Barber Asphalt Co. An endless chain of buckets runs from the lake to the pier, and this endless chain is used in loading vessels with asphalt. Since 1898, the lease of Pitch Lake has belonged to a London company.

This has been a lost and uneventful day. The ship did not leave Port of Spain until 11 A. M.; but few passengers went ashore in the morning, all of them being tired from sight-seeing yesterday. At 4:30 in the afternoon, we got away from La Brea for Martinique. Three young men employed by the asphalt company came off from La Brea, as did the captain of a small steamer. The captain and the young men had been kind to our passengers, in assisting them to land, and the visitors were given a hurried reception in the grill-room. The sea was growing rougher, and when the four finally left for shore in the small boat they brought with them, they had much difficulty. The small boat was dashed violently against

the side of the ship, and there was great excitement among the passengers gathered at the rail. Finally, the visitors got clear of the ship, and floated away, and there was nothing left to amuse us except the passage out to sea from the Bay of Paria.

The passage is through a narrow entrance called the Dragon's Mouth, and the ship's whistle was blown while passing through, as an automobile driver blows his horn in turning a corner. On one side of the Dragon's Mouth, the Island of Trinidad; on the other side, South America. On the South-American side was a lighthouse, which flashed red and white alternately. Outside of the bay, we struck a stiff wind and heavy sea, and the "Moltke" gave an exhibition of rolling and pitching for our amusement. The weather had been very hot at Port of Spain and in the bay, but we found cool weather out at sea. Those who were wearing summer clothing made a quick change. At dinner, a good many left the tables. An electric fan has been going in my room day and night for a long time. I turned it off awhile ago, and shall sleep under cover to-night.

The women say of a certain woman we see a good deal of: "She has a Christian Science face." The expression attracted my attention, as I had never heard it before. Further investigation revealed that the woman is a Christian Scientist. The women on board say a Christian Scientist can be picked out anywhere, instantly.

You can hear such wonderful things on a ship. A passenger says that on the Orinoco river, 300,000 cattle are killed every year for their hides; that the carcasses are allowed to go to waste. Still, Swift, the American packer, ships refrigerated beef to Trinidad, only a few miles from the Orinoco river. Another passenger heard only one thing at Trinidad that really interested him: that a Columbus, Ohio, brewery sells $40,000 worth of beer annually in Port of Spain. There are a good many other big concerns in the United States that are not widely known.

While the "Moltke's" passengers were tossing about in the surf at La Brea this after-

noon, a passenger who had decided not to go, and who stood at the rail looking on, said: "Everyone tries to get too much for his money." There is a good deal in it.

Alfred Millard, the Omaha banker, is one of the passengers. I heard him praising his wife to-day because of her unusual common-sense. "As I grow older," Mr. Millard said, "I admire common-sense more, and genius less." There is a good deal in that, too.

Every morning, at about 10:30, we have refreshments on deck: bouillon, lemonade, pretzels, sandwiches, etc., and I notice that the Countess is always to be found in the free-lunch push. She seems to be a very healthy as well as a very good-looking woman, and the lunch at 10:30 A. M. appeals to her. The Count wears a black tie with his dinner coat, and two white pearl buttons in his shirt-front. This information may appeal to the chappies of Atchison.

The passengers were not called as usual this morning for baths. After considerable

discussion, the cause was discovered: the water in the harbor of Port of Spain is somewhat foul, and not fit for bathing.

A good many of the passengers are elderly men with young wives. Instead of leaving their money for kin to quarrel over, the old fellows seem to be investing it in young wives. And, much as we all respect Love, we must admit that there are occasional young women who are mercenary.

There was much talk on deck to-night of a blizzard in the United States. Where the story came from I do not know. I have heard nothing from home since leaving New York, although all the passengers expect mail at Havana, which we should reach next Sunday morning.

It may be said of the "Moltke's" cruise to the West Indies that it affords opportunity for seeing a great deal. Yesterday morning we were in Port of Spain, in the Island of Trinidad. To-morrow we land twice on the Island of Martinique. This has been the rule: we

have made many stops at interesting places. And a day or two at a place is enough.

I was talking to-day with a man who made the trip to Tahiti, in the South Sea Islands, starting from San Francisco. After a voyage of two weeks, he landed at Tahiti, where he remained four days. Then he reëmbarked on the same ship, and spent two weeks in the journey back to San Francisco. In the same length of time, we will make twelve or fourteen stops, instead of one. And the man says Tahiti is not as interesting as Port of Spain, San Juan, Kingston, Jamaica or other places where we have stopped. The cruise to the West Indies is becoming so popular that the Hamburg-American line already has opposition; at least one other line is sending ships on the same cruise. A good thing is soon imitated.

In the smoking-room this morning, a man was showing five companions a new game of solitaire. And in ten minutes the students were criticising the professor, and showing him new points in the game. Hood's Sarsaparilla is now more extensively sold than Ayer's, the original.

I have been much interested in the awkward

bows of the men on board. They are all very polite, but how awkwardly they bow! Men should practice bowing more, and playing cards less. The hinges of women seem to be better oiled than the hinges of the men. Anyway, they bow better. Women seem to be naturally more polite than men, as they are naturally more patient.

There is a passenger on the "Moltke" who is uglier than the ugliest man in Atchison. And he is always with the handsomest woman on the ship. An ugly man does not seem to be noticed as much as an ugly woman.

We hear a good deal of the millionaires on board; so much that I offered to bet to-day that there is not a millionaire on the passenger list, the decision to be left to Bradstreet. The American fortunes you hear so much about are all exaggerated.

In my time I have been a passenger on fourteen ships in different parts of the world, and I believe the "Moltke" is the best managed of the lot, in spite of the fact that the

passenger list is quite large. I can think of only one objection to the "Moltke": its band plays Sousa's marches a great deal. I hate Sousa's marches, in spite of my knowledge that they are popular, and that Sousa conducts the most successful band in America. And I can't be indifferent to Sousa's marches; they annoy me.

One night since I have been on board, I had a queer dream. At home, I live next door to W. A. Blair, the miller, and a very busy man. I dreamed I was at home one afternoon, and that Mr. Blair came over and brought his sewing, and that we spent several hours in gossiping and in doing fancy work.

That was a nightmare, for, as a rule, I sleep well on shipboard. Three nights in succession I slept particularly well, although I "take a nap" every afternoon. One night at 9 o'clock I became sleepy, and lay down without undressing. When I awoke, it was 2 o'clock in the morning. And I had slept an hour or two during the day. The manner in which I sleep at sea astonishes me, as I am a particularly bad sleeper at home.

WEDNESDAY, February 9.

Until to-day we were about convinced that the prettiest town we have seen in the West Indies is Charlotte Amelia, St. Thomas Island; now we think the prettiest town may be Fort de France, Island of Martinique, which we visited this morning.

Immediately after our arrival, at 11 A. M., the same old performance was gone through with: the anchor was thrown over, and the two steam launches lifted bodily over the side, with the winches. Then the six long-boats were lowered in the same way, and the passengers filed down the two stairways, one on each side of the ship, and embarked. The piggish ones embarked first; the politer ones last. There was a good deal of surf at Fort de France, and consequently a good deal of tossing and rocking of the small boats before we landed.

The town of Fort de France has belonged to France since the beginning of things here, and if there is anyone in the town of twenty thousand who speaks English, I did not find him. The town greatly resembles a French country town, and is very quaint and beautiful. Through almost every street gutter runs a

mountain stream, as was the case at Salt Lake City when I visited it years ago. Almost all of the people are negroes, who speak French, and have the famous French shrug. In the public market I saw two negro women quarreling, and the French shrug was as prominent as the French language. In this market, as is the case in all the markets over here, we saw many fruits and vegetables we did not recognize. Some of the bananas were twice as large as the largest of the bananas we have seen heretofore, while others were not longer than your finger. These small bananas were too sweet to be palatable. I tried to buy one of the large bananas with a nickel, and was about to get a dozen, but the woman dealer finally showed the coin to a friend, asked its value, and then refused to give even one for my money. Usually, the divers who surround the boat know a little English, but here they did not; nor did they have very good manners, since most of them were dressed in skin and bones only: that is, they were entirely naked.

Usually, we are approached on the streets of West-Indian towns by colored men or boys who want to act as guides, but in Fort de

France we did not hear a word of English from a native.

In the public square opposite the landing is a statue of Josephine, the miller's daughter who became Empress of France. She married Napoleon Bonaparte, and was divorced by him (for good reason, I have always thought, since she was unfaithful to him). But it is remarkable that a country girl from this far-away place should have become one of the great figures of history.

The negroes we saw at Fort de France were better looking than the negroes we have seen at other places, and seemed prosperous. Tourists are rare in the town, and while we attracted great attention, the people were politer than those we have seen at other points; the negroes have learned politeness from the French.

At the head of one street in Fort de France is a large waterfall. It is built on a hill, and may be seen from many directions. The same sort of thing, on a more elaborate scale, may be seen in Rome. The streets of Fort de France are very narrow, and the houses of a style seen only in the smaller towns of France. In all the stores, the clerks were negroes, men

and women; we saw almost no white people during our stay. Fort de France is only twenty miles from St. Pierre, but was not affected by the great earthquake of 1902. I shall always remember it as one of the strangest, most interesting places I have ever seen.

At 1:30 P. M., the usual thing happened: we heard short blasts from the ship's whistle—notice for us to embark. So the excursionists began traveling toward the landing, and by 2:30 the "Moltke" was under way for St. Pierre. All the way we followed the mountains, and there does not seem to be any level land on the Island of Martinique. On the way up the coast, we passed many fishing villages. Martinique is only fifty miles long and twenty wide, yet has four hundred mountain-peaks. The island is said to have eighty thousand population, and the traveler wonders what they do for a living.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we came to St. Pierre, a city of thirty thousand people at 8 A. M. on the 8th of May, 1902. On that day all the people were killed, with one exception, and the houses destroyed, by an

eruption from Mt. Pelee, a mile and a half from the town. For many days before the eruption, the great mountain had been showing signs of angry uneasiness. Strange clouds rose out of the crater, and terrible cannonadings were heard, while a hot and suffocating wind drifted fine ashes on the city, and on the decks of ships forty miles out at sea. Suddenly, at 8 A. M. on May 8th, 1902, the summit of the mountain seemed to open, and from the lurid rent there burst a cloud of flames which struck the city with terrific force, and then spread out over the sea and hills. In a moment, St. Pierre was ablaze in a thousand places. In another moment, everything was blotted out in an impenetrable black cloud of smoke and ashes, which veiled the sun, and hid the awful deed under the darkness of night. Whole streets were mowed down in a moment by the flaming scythe. The town was raked by a cyclone of fire, and only one man in the town escaped instant death: a culprit imprisoned in a dungeon. This man lived two or three days, but died soon after rescue. A great flow of lava accompanied the eruption, but it did not reach the town, being diverted by a mountain canyon, and flowing into the

sea. There were eighteen ships in the harbor at the time of the eruption, but only one escaped, the "Roddam," which had arrived that morning, and which had been ordered to the quarantine station some distance away.

No attempt has been made to rebuild St. Pierre; it is in ruins, and deserted, except that roofs have been built on a few of the walls, and in these a few people live. One native says that about thirty people live in St. Pierre now, scattered among the ruins 'like rats. From the deck of the ship I could see only three roofs, and one of these covered a shed at the shore end of a wooden pier running out into the sea, and at which we landed.

St. Pierre is located at the foot of a mountain. There is a levee of rough stones, and the streets rise one above another toward the mountain. The streets seem to have been cleaned of débris after the destruction of the town, for they are in perfect condition, and visitors walk along them everywhere. But the houses are all in ruins, and you are threatened everywhere by falling walls. Before May 8th,

ASTOR, LENOX
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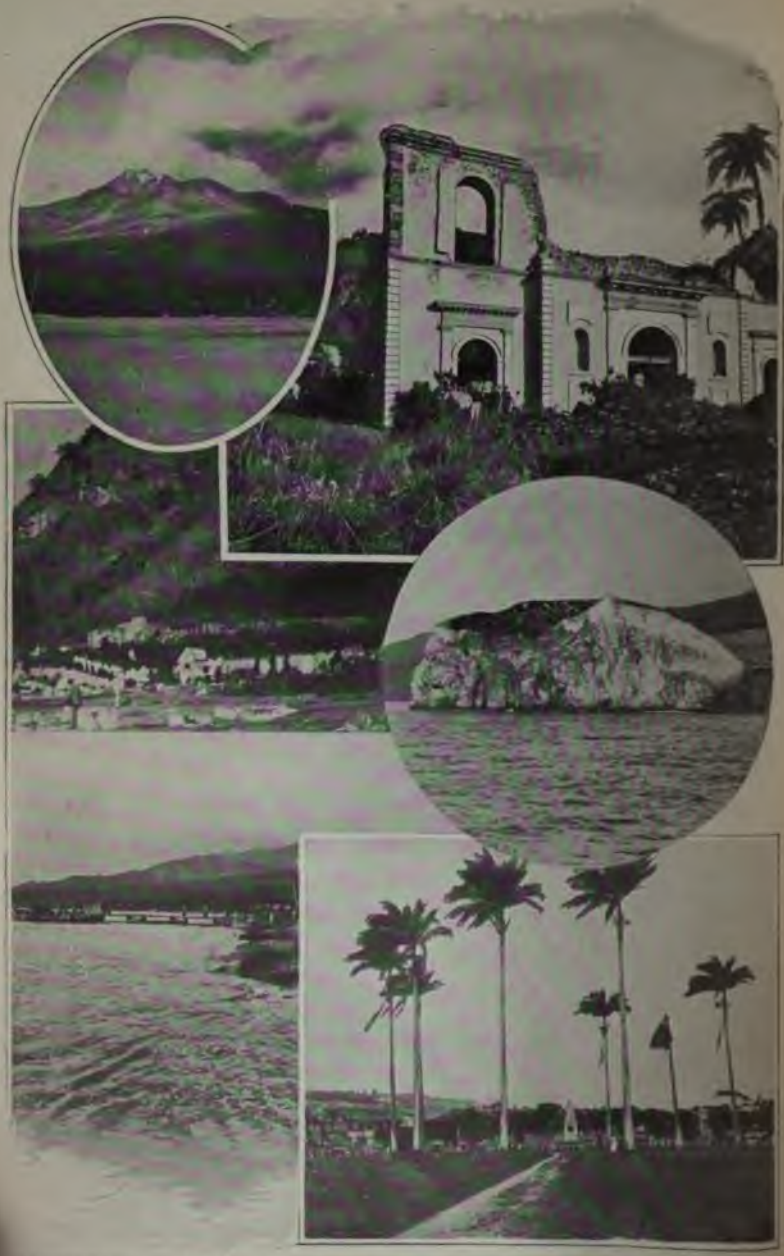

MARTINIQUE. 1. Mt. Pelee. 2 and 3. Ruins of St. Pierre. 4. Rock at St. Pierre. 5. Boat Landing, St. Pierre. 6. Fort de France.

1902, St. Pierre was the most important town on Martinique Island, having a population one-third larger than Fort de France, twenty miles away. It was an exceedingly gay town, and rather given to pleasure. Mountain streams ran along the gutters of its streets, and the most important buildings of the island were located here. The two streams which supplied St. Pierre with water were dried up by the eruption of Mt. Pelee.

When we landed, I took the pains to count those who met us: nineteen negroes, men, women and children, who offered relics of the great earthquake for sale. We saw one white man in the place: a priest on horseback, who seemed to be hurrying on an errand of mercy. In front of the town were to be seen the remains of a fountain which had once been an elaborate affair. The most imposing ruin in the town is that of the cathedral. You may walk through miles of streets in good condition; the paving is perfect, as are the sidewalks, but every house is ruined. Some of the walls indicate enormous buildings. Everywhere over the ruins is a rank tropical growth of weeds, shrubbery and flowers, and everywhere, when you leave the paved streets, you

walk through lava-dust. There was no one to tell us about the place, for only thirty poor negroes live in the vicinity now, and they talk no English. Nothing is sold in the town except relics from the earthquake, and these are offered mainly by negro children.

I talked to a few of these through Miss Havens, which recalls a curious thing: Miss Havens really understands French pretty well but she is afraid to attempt to talk the language with French people, realizing her imperfections. But she is not timid with colored people, and they seemed to understand her perfectly, as near as I was able to judge. She addressed the children in French, and they replied promptly, giving us considerable information.

St. Pierre suggests Pompeii, except that Pompeii covers much more ground. It was also a much more important city than St. Pierre, although the population of the two towns was about the same when they were destroyed. The catastrophe at St. Pierre however, was much greater than at Pompeii in the number of lives lost. At Pompeii, Mt. Vesuvius threatened several days, and most of the people moved out. There was also an

other difference: Pompeii was covered with a rain of ashes which lasted many hours, whereas St. Pierre was destroyed almost in an instant. Most of those killed at St. Pierre were burned up by a great flame; they were cremated, and their ashes are still buried in the ruins. The catastrophe at St. Pierre was one of the greatest in history, in the number of lives lost. A still more violent eruption than that of May 8, 1902, occurred at St. Pierre two weeks later. It involved no loss of life, the inhabitants all being dead, but completed the wreck of the city, leaving the town as it is to-day.

At least two eyewitnesses of the eruption gave intelligible accounts after recovering from their terrible experience. Chief Officer Scott, of the Quebec line steamship "Rariama," which was destroyed, wrote: "It was about 8 o'clock in the morning, and I was standing on the main deck, expecting to hear the breakfast bell. I was looking toward Pelee, watching the vast column of smoke, and there was not the slightest warning of what was to occur. As I gazed, the entire top of the mountain was torn asunder. It seemed to roll into the air, and go plunging down the mountain-

side in tremendous spirals of jet-black smoke and red fire. A great volume of molten matter was hurled through the air; boulders and stones came raining down upon the terrified city. I rushed for the protection of the forecastle, but fell on the way, and over me fell ten of the crew, every one of whom was killed instantly. I owed my life to those ten dead men, who protected me from the flames; but one of my hands, which protruded, was badly burned, and I was injured internally by some of the burning gas, which I inhaled. The ship rolled to port, and then suddenly to starboard, carrying smokestacks and boats, the molten mass staving in the hatches, and setting fire to the ship in several places, striking men, women and children instantly dead The saloon blazed out, and then came a rai of small stones. It was as if red, glowing coal were being heaped upon our heads, followe by a shower of hot mud. The darkness of th harbor was appalling, the only light comir from the burning city and the blazing end our ship."

Mt. Pelee had been quiet fifty years befo the great eruption. St. Pierre was a larger ci

than Fort de France is to-day, and noted for its beautiful Creole women, descendants of the French, the Carib and the Octoroon. St. Pierre was famous among sailors many years because of its attractions, but was out of the way, and not much known to tourists. Excellent roads led out of the city, and these are used to-day.

A passenger on the ship asked last night: "Since all the inhabitants of St. Pierre were killed, what became of the great amount of relief sent here? I gave $250 in cash to the relief of St. Pierre." The earthquake created havoc in the country as well as in the town; it is stated that one-fourth of the total area of Martinque Island was affected, so that there were plenty needing relief, although much of the fund was no doubt wasted, as is always the case.

Since the great eruption of 1902, Mt. Pelee has changed its shape several times. Soon after the eruption, a rocky pinnacle a thousand feet high appeared in the crater, but soon disappeared. We did not see the top of the mountain at all, as it was hidden in clouds.

After a long walk through the ruins of St. Pierre, the passengers returned in groups to the landing-place, where they found stewards from the ship serving lunch. A good many of the sailors came ashore and wandered about; one of them took off his clothes at a secluded spot, and went in swimming. By 6:30 P. M. we were all back on the "Moltke," which soon lifted its anchor, and started for Havana, where we should arrive next Sunday morning.

THURSDAY, February 10.

I have been much interested to-day sitting on deck "talking" with Alfred Millard, of Omaha. Mr. Millard is a banker, and fifty-four years old. For years he planned to retire from business at the age of fifty, but was not able to finally quit until last January. Everyone tells him that he will soon be crazy to get back into the bank, and this irritates him. But he has been a free man nearly six weeks, and says he sees no indication of tiring of idleness. He speaks harshly of those who say a man should "die in the harness." For five or six years, his business has been a bore to him, and he is enjoying idleness.

"Politeness in business became a task to me," he says, "and I knew it was a warning I should quit. I realized I received a salary for considering the details that annoyed me, and became ashamed of myself for increasing fretfulness. But I couldn't help it; I was worn out, and still believe I made a wise move in quitting, although I can't help thinking of the men who predict that I will soon be crazy to get back into the harness. In a year," he added, thoughtfully, "I will write you, and tell you how I am getting along. But my rest is being interfered with by predictions that I have made a mistake."

We are having another idle day at sea, and will have two more before arriving at Havana. The passengers are tired, and somewhat irritable from the two stops made yesterday. I made a tour of the decks awhile ago, looking for something to write about, but found nothing. I stood at the rail for awhile, trying to see the "changing lights and shadows of the ocean" you hear about. The ocean looked as dull as anything can look. I remember that at St. Pierre yesterday, while in one of the small boats, the water looked as blue as

the indigo water used in washing, but that has nothing to do with the "changing lights and shadows of the ocean." They do not exist, so far as I can see. The ocean to-day is as uninteresting as your house yard at home.

"I am very anxious for you to visit me at Omaha," Mr. Millard said to me to-day, but before I had time to feel flattered, he added: "I want to drive you to a place I own on the river bluff, and hear you admit that my view is finer than the view from the Potato Hill place you have been telling about."

The drunkard has sobered up, and, now that he has sobered up, he is quite an agreeable man. But while the drunkard has quit drinking, I am smoking as much as ever. Hereafter I shall refrain from criticising drinking men until I am able to quit smoking a great deal more than is good for me.

A few years ago, when I went in for gardening one summer, I raised a patch of okra, and although there is said to be much pleasure in eating that which you have grown yourself, I

could not stand okra. It is slimy stuff, and last evening, when I found it on the dinner bill of fare, I resolved to give it another trial, thinking that maybe I had not cooked it right. But I found it the same old okra. The chef on the "Moltke" has thirty-six men under him, but he can't make okra palatable. I do not believe anyone can. Nor could I eat the carrots I raised in my garden in Atchison. If you know of a cook who can make carrots or okra palatable, you know more than I do.

When I landed yesterday at the ruined city of St. Pierre, a number of negro children at once tried to sell me relics of the great earthquake and fire. I offered one of them a nickel for a pistol that had apparently passed through the fire. Much to my surprise, the offer was accepted, and I carried the pistol back to the ship. To-day I showed it to a man, and he said that it was bogus: that relics were being manufactured now, and sold. I argued that the poor people of St. Pierre could not very well afford to pay three or four dollars for a new pistol, and then burn it several hours, in order that they might sell it to a

tourist for five cents. But the man insisted that my relic was not genuine. His stubbornness amused me, although I refused to argue, and I showed the relic to several other men. They all said it was bogus; that it had been manufactured. Men everywhere are just that quarrelsome, and just that anxious to make you feel dissatisfied with whatever you own.

There is a farmer on board who is evidently well off, but I often hear him denying that farmers are prosperous.

"There is much to do for the farmer yet," is his favorite saying, and this has become a by-word on the ship.

I have been brought up on the following family story: A brother of my father, my Uncle Samuel, who lived at New Philadelphia, Ohio, was an inveterate smoker, and, one day long ago, resolved to quit. Soon after, he became very ill, and continued in this condition until his life was despaired of. An old doctor who attended my uncle Samuel finally said:

"I have tried everything without avail try smoking."

So my uncle Samuel began smoking again, and soon recovered his health. I must be like my uncle Samuel, since the smoking habit has a strong hold on me. I have been smoking too much on this journey, and as a result, my throat became sore, and alarmed me. So I resolved to quit. But quitting caused me to become ill, and I moped about for a few days, thoroughly miserable. So last night, at 11 o'clock, I recalled the experience of my uncle Samuel, and concluded to resume smoking to save my life. Calling a steward, I bought a bundle of cigars, and devoured them greedily to catch up, as the drunkard will drink more than ever in a few days. (But at this writing, the drunkard is still holding out, and causing me to feel ashamed of myself.) While I enjoyed my excessive smoking late last night, my dissipation humbled me, and caused me to realize my weakness, which I despise; I have so many ambitions I cannot accomplish.

I admire the men on board who can "handle" the stewards, for I can't do it. When I want anything, I usually call Mateel, who is a true Princess. She gets it from a line of idlers a long way back, probably, for my immediate ancestors have been plebeians and

hard workers, as I am. I dislike to assert myself; I dislike to "fuss." I am to leave the ship at Havana or Nassau, and fight my way home by way of Florida. And there will be a fight at every hotel, with every hackman, with every railroad ticket agent, in spite of the fact that I shall pay high prices for every accommodation I receive. I like to drift along, but in this life you can't drift: you are compelled to assert yourself, or constantly get the worst of it.

I have discovered why the "Moltke" did not stop at the island of Haiti: it is no place for ladies, since many of the grown men go naked there. In order to see that country, I shall be compelled to accompany an excursion for Men Only. And I am very anxious to see Haiti, where a very ignorant and poor people play at being kings and queens, and noblemen, and countesses, and use red tablecloths for robes of state. But I do not understand why the women on the "Moltke" are suddenly so squeamish: at Fort de France, on the Island of Martinque, some of the men divers who surrounded the ship were entirely naked. The women stood about the decks, as usual,

and watched the divers, but I did not see any of the women passengers faint. Indeed, some of them threw coins into the water, to see the naked men dive; and, perhaps, I need not add that to see a naked man go over the side of a boat, wrong end up, is not an inspiring sight for ladies. It shocked me, careless as I am about some things.

Singing has not yet broken out on the ship, but I notice with dread that, when we go off in the small boats, someone is pretty apt to try to start one of the old songs. And a good many of the quietest of the women can sing alto, and a good many of the men attempt barber-shop chords. As sure as you live, there is too much singing and piano-playing in our country, fine as it is in most respects. My only daughter never took piano lessons, and she cannot sing, and I point to her with pride in both respects; I am the one who refused to let her take lessons.

On deck to-day a woman made a great fuss because someone behind her was smoking a cigarette. The woman said cigarette smoke

made her deathly sick, and that no gentleman would smoke a cigarette on deck, etc. After a good deal of indignation of this character, publicly expressed, the woman turned around, and found that it was a *woman*, and not a man, who was doing the smoking. I sat near, and enjoyed seeing those two women glare at each other.

A ship has a very convenient back yard in which to throw things. At home, a policeman appears ever so often, and demands that the back yard be cleaned up, but on a ship everything goes overboard, and that's all there is of it.

If there are any barkeepers in Atchison, they may be interested in knowing that in the smoking-room of the "Moltke" the waiters are supposed to receive a tip with every sale. Beer is 10 cents a glass, and you are not a perfect gentleman unless you give the waiter 5 cents in addition. I am willing to help widows and orphans, but tipping bartenders who charge double price for beer, does not meet with my approval.

FRIDAY, February 11.

At home, there is a great deal of sympathy for the farmer's wife who cooks a day or two for ten or fifteen harvest hands. Albert Meyer, the chef of the "Moltke," cooks for six hundred and eighty people weeks at a time. True, he has thirty-six assistants: ten cooks, four bakers, two pastry cooks, two butchers, one crew cook, four pantrymen, twelve dishwashers, and three carvers. The chef does none of the actual cooking, but stands around and tastes everything. I asked him how he went about preparing a meal for six hundred and eighty people. He says every passenger requires two pounds of meat ("two pounds of flesh," he expressed it) every day, which includes beef, ham, poultry, and game. Each member of the crew requires a pound and a half of meat per day; this, the chef says, is about the only rule he has. He has no book of recipes and no rules. Every afternoon he makes out the bills of fare for the next day, and sends his estimate of the supplies he will require to the man in charge of the refrigerators. If he intends to have quail on tomorrow's dinner bill of fare, he will order three hundred and fifty cooked, in order that there

may be a quail for each passenger, and a small surplus. A good many of the passengers will not take quail, and the birds left over go to the officers' mess; there is always so much left over that the officers always have the same fare served in the main dining-saloon, and often the stewards get what the first-class passengers get, owing to the surplus. The rule as to quail is the rule in everything else: a portion of everything on the bill of fare is provided for every passenger, so that there is bound to be a large surplus for the officers' mess and for the stewards. Before leaving New York for the present voyage, which lasts nearly four weeks, the chef and the purser agreed on the supplies needed, and the purser ordered them. Among other things, the chef asked for two hundred and sixty turkeys, and these were supplied by the purser. The chef says that Americans care only for the white meat of turkeys; the dark meat goes to the officers' mess and to the stewards. You may imagine that the purser buys his fresh vegetables and fruits in the West Indies, but he doesn't: he buys everything in New York, for the reason that no adequate supplies are to be

had in the West-Indian towns, except oranges, pineapples, bananas, and grape-fruit.

In the kitchen of the "Moltke," one cook does nothing but bake hot cakes at breakfast-time; another prepares beefsteak; another fish; another toast; another ham and bacon; another coffee; and so on. When a waiter appears at one of the windows of the kitchen with an order, it is taken by a man who passes it to the proper cook. When it is ready, the cook passes it over to the window man, and the window man places it on a steam table until the waiter calls for it.

The kitchen of the "Moltke" is a very interesting place at 8:30 A. M., for that is the busiest hour. The pancake man interested me most, when I visited the kitchen; he had five or six orders on the stove at the same time, and turned the cakes by throwing them in the air, and catching them in the pan. He was as busy as a stacker during the wheat harvest. The other cooks seemed to have an occasional moment of leisure, but the pancake man worked with tremendous energy, and never missed a stroke.

The potatoes are peeled by a machine run by an electric motor. This machine also cuts

the big potatoes into little round balls, resembling very small new potatoes. The waste in the process goes to the crew. All the potatoes served in the first cabin dining-saloon look like new potatoes, but I suppose the members of the crew get mashed potatoes.

When an ordinary sailor is hungry, he presents his tin plate at the window of the crew kitchen, and the cook fills the plate with beef and potatoes. One crew cook provides food for more than two hundred men, whereas thirty-five cooks and one hundred stewards are required to look after three hundred and forty passengers. At one of the big Mills hotels in New York, sixty employés look after nearly two thousand guests. At the Waldorf Hotel it is said there are three servants for every guest. That's what makes the difference in price. At the Mills hotels, rooms are twenty cents a day —at the Waldorf, $4 up.

While I sat in the chef's room talking to him, the printer appeared with a proof of the dinner bill of fare, which the chef looked over, and corrected. An assistant also appeared, and asked for a bottle of wine, to be used in making a pudding, and the chef signed a card for the wine as I would have done, had I been

ordering. The chef is a Swiss, and only thirty years old. He began as a cook's assistant in Lucerne, when a boy, and for seven years has been chef on different ships of the Hamburg-American fleet. After making three cruises to the West Indies this winter, he will return to Hamburg, and make three cruises during the summer to Norway. For several years he has been going to the West Indies in winter, and to Norway in summer. He lives in Hamburg, and showed me pictures of his home, and of his wife and baby. Also, pictures of his wife's mother, his wife's grandmother and of his wife's great-grandmother, who live with him. I said to him:

"Your wife seems to be real thrifty about her kin."

But the chef does not speak English very well, and did not quite understand me. Indeed, he thought I was saying how lucky it was his wife had kin to stay with her during his long absences.

The chef spent a year as assistant cook in one of the big restaurants in Paris, and I tried to ask him if any of his own people lived with him, but he said no; they were all in Lucerne. (Isn't that just like a woman, to work

in her mother, her grandmother and her great-grandmother on her husband? It's a wonder Mrs. Meyer doesn't insist on her husband remaining at home, and cooking for her kin, he's so good at it.)

You are familiar with the manner in which a man paws around his room looking for an article he thinks he has, but has misplaced. As I sat in the chef's room this afternoon, he began looking at the different lockers in a puzzled way, and then he began diving into and pawing around in them. Then he would give up the search, apparently, and say what sounded like:

"Well, I had it, I am sure, but can't find it."

Then he would look at another locker, jump at it, and make another search. I supposed he was looking for other pictures of his wife's kin who lived with him, but finally he found what he was looking for: a copy of a German newspaper entitled "The Kitchen and Cellar." This paper gave an account of a dinner the chef once prepared for the Emperor of Germany, with the bill of fare. It appears that every year there is a regatta of sailboats at Hamburg, which the German emperor attends,

in order to award the prizes. During the regatta, the Emperor lives on one of the big ships of the Hamburg-American fleet. It was on an occasion of this kind when the chef prepared a dinner for His Majesty. The chef also produced a decoration given him by the Emperor: a gold stick-pin, set with jewels. As near as the chef could tell me in his broken English, the decoration was given him the fourth time he prepared dinner for the Emperor, and the jewel was handed him by the Emperor's secretary.

The assistant chief steward of the "Moltke," a man named Domini, came in at this moment, and it appeared that Domini was at one time a waiter, and had once waited at the Emperor's table. The Emperor's meal, Domini said, was ordered by his secretary, and the Emperor did not speak to Domini, nor did Domini speak to the Emperor.

There are one hundred stewards on the "Moltke." These men receive about $12 a month from the steamship company, as near as I could make out, and tips from the passengers. Each man waits on seven passengers at table, and the older stewards have seven staterooms each to care for. The youngest

waiter at our table has no rooms to care for, that work being performed by an older employé. I suppose each passenger will give his room steward $5, and $5 to his table waiter. According to this estimate, the older waiter at our table will get about $100 in tips for the voyage of a month, while his assistant, who has no staterooms to care for, will get about $40 in tips, to add to his salary of $12 from the company.

I have always wondered how much tips are worth to a ship's steward; the above estimate is the best I have ever been able to make, as ship employés are very close-mouthed about the subject. On the Atlantic, there is an iron-bound rule that every passenger give his dining-room steward $2.50 and his stateroom steward a like amount. An Atlantic voyage lasts nine or ten days, and I suppose that on this cruise, which is more than twice as long, passengers will at least double the tip which has been so firmly established on the Atlantic trip from New York to Liverpool, Hamburg, Havre, etc.

This has been another very dull day, with smooth sea and warm weather. Last night

there was a mock trial in the main dining-room in which a passenger was accused of alienating the affections of another man's wife. There was a judge, a jury of twelve, and lawyers for the prosecution and defense. Judge Walker represented the defense, but lost his case. A young man dressed up as the wife of the accused man, and created much amusement.

To-morrow (Saturday) will be another dull day, and then we land at Havana early Sunday morning.

The women may be interested in knowing what was served at the dinner prepared by the chef of the "Moltke" for the Emperor of Germany, on June 22 of last year. I therefore give the bill of fare, as near as the chef could translate it into English for me:

1. Russian relish (the word is d'ouvre, and seems to mean small pickled fish). Two kinds of champagne were served with this course.

2. Quail soup, with green peas. Sherry served with this course.

3. Fillet of sole, American style. Mosel wine.

4. Breast of chicken, with ham stew. Red wine.

5. Beef kidneys, garnished with vegetables. Rhine wine.

6. Cold asparagus. Red wine.

7. Strawberry ice cream. Champagne.

8. Coffee, cheese, fruit.

It was about such a dinner as is served every day in the "Moltke," except that wine was served with every course. And on this cruise, the relish before soup is served at lunch, and not at dinner.

I have always liked Germans, for they have been my friends wherever I have lived, and I like the Germans on this ship. The captain is a big fellow, who would come out strong in case of danger. We do not see much of him, but we know he is looking after things. And every man in the crew would die for the passengers, in case of necessity. When you go to sea, select a German or English ship: their crews are always the most reliable.

I admire Albert Meyer, the chef, whom I know pretty well, since talking with him one afternoon in his room, being introduced by Domini, the assistant chief steward, who acted

as interpreter. And every time I think of Albert Meyer, the chef, I think of the pictures of his kin he had displayed on his dressing-case. There was one picture showing five generations; I often see such pictures at home. In the picture was shown Albert Meyer's little daughter, his wife, his wife's mother, his wife's grandmother, and his wife's great-grandmother. And they all live with Albert. And, although Albert is only really interested in his little mite of a daughter, and really owns only half of her, he loves them all, and takes care of them all. Lots of men are like Albert Meyer, who cheerfully work night and day to provide for kin. And, although Albert Meyer, when away on his long voyages, is a well-behaved man (he works so hard he has no time for mischief, if so disposed), I suppose that in Hamburg, where he lives, the neighbor-women whisper among themselves that Albert Meyer is a sad rake when away from home, and pity his poor wife. I used to meet Albert Meyer ashore occasionally, and once I told him that at none of the hotels did they provide meals equal to those provided on the "Moltke." I do not know whether he understood me or

not, as he talks German and French, but little English, but in his line he is a noted man, and admired by the passengers, as well as by the crew, for he is good-natured, polite, and capable.

SATURDAY, February 12.

The steamship "Moltke," on which I have been a passenger since the 22nd of January, is of 12,500 tons and 534 feet long. It has twin screws, operated by engines of 9,600 horse-power. There are eighty-three men in the engineering department: eight engineers, eight assistant engineers, one electrician, thirty-three firemen, twenty-seven coal-passers, four oilers, and two storekeepers. The ship burns one hundred and sixty tons of coal every twenty-four hours, and all of its coal for the cruise was loaded at New York Its average speed is eighteen miles per hour Every moment while we are at sea, three engineers, twelve firemen, eight coal-passers and two oilers, are on duty. These men work four hours, and are then relieved. The ship has thirty different engines; engines to operate the dynamos, the refrigerators, the winches

etc. The "Moltke" is a big ship, when seen from shore, and from the small boats, as I have seen it so many times, but there are much larger ones. The "Lusitania," which now holds the record for size and speed, has many times the horsepower of the "Moltke," and two ships are now building which are much larger than the "Lusitania." But the "Moltke" is the largest ship seen in these waters; the largest that ever made the cruise to the West Indies. A passenger does not become familiar with its many decks and rooms during a voyage. I have a beaten track in going about the ship, and every time I attempt a new route I become lost. In the Caribbean sea, the "Moltke" is looked upon as a monster in size. I was once a passenger on a ship which had but one engineer and two firemen on duty during each watch, but it had twin screws, and sailed between Hong Kong and Manila. That was the miserable "Tean." By-the-way, to-day I met two people who were once passengers on the "Tean," (W. A. Avery and wife, of Detroit,) and they hate it as cordially as I do.

Lovely as the women are, they must admit themselves that many of them have funny shapes, or "figures." One woman on board measures more around the waist than around the hips. I think I have never seen so great a variety of "figures" as I have seen on the "Moltke." The puffs formerly so popular with women are going out of style, but big waists seem to be coming in. A slender woman who sat near me on deck to-day explained it by saying that fat women are now wearing the directoire style of gowns, which are in as bad taste for fat women as young hats are for old women. The same thin woman informed me that when a woman takes off her puffs, her head looks like a peeled onion.

One of the interesting men on board is Frederick I. Monson, F. R. G. S. And I'll bet that not a single reader of this will understand what the initials following the name stand for. Mr. Monson makes a specialty of studying the Indian tribes of the Southwest and is a perfect storehouse of knowledge. In one of his journeys he was without food five days, becoming lost in the mountains. He

described his experience to me to-day, and said that after the second day he did not suffer so much from hunger. After reaching civilization, he drank a quart of goat's milk. Five hours later, he drank another quart, and the next morning ate a full meal. He suffered no inconvenience, but a Mexican who accompanied him ate greedily as soon as opportunity offered, and died from the effects. Twenty years ago, Mr. Monson could not speak English, as he is a Norwegian by birth, but he now speaks English as fluently and correctly as any man I know, and his lectures entertain intelligent audiences everywhere.

Possibly you have heard that Counts are usually rakes. The Count on board is a devoted husband, and I don't blame him, for his wife is a handsome and amiable woman.

There are all sorts of notions. One of the nicest women on board not only smokes cigarettes on deck, but plays cards for money. A Western woman told me to-day that several months ago she was invited to a bridge party at one of the nicest homes in New York, where

the women played for money and the Western woman lost thirty dollars during the afternoon.

Every model husband should read to his wife. Anyway, Harker, who has been trained by his wife until he is perfection, reads to his wife most of the day.

Last night at dinner, a man appeared wearing a dress suit, white shoes, and a straw hat.

The orchestra which plays on deck every evening is composed of eleven men, and is excellent. It is much better than the military band which plays in the morning, though composed mainly of the same musicians. I am informed that all of the musicians are stewards with three exceptions, although they are not doing steward's work on this trip. The 'cello player who amuses me because he never looks at his music, is not a steward; he is a professional musician, and seems to be a good one. Last night I noticed that he was rarely given music, and when music was given him he didn't look at it; he looked around at the

different people in the audience. But he never missed a note. Once he was given music, but it was placed on his rack sideways; and he did not change it, or look at it. He is a young fellow who seems to enjoy life, and when he isn't looking around at the audience, he is giggling with the other players. Possibly this is his first trip on the "Moltke;" anyway, I often see him ashore, where he takes a tremendous interest in everything. I met him in the ruins of St. Pierre the other day, and he seemed to be enjoying himself as much as any of the tourists.

Until three o'clock this afternoon, the weather was the most delightful of the voyage. But shortly before that hour, a cold wind came up, the sea became rough, and there was every indication of a bad night. All day we have been seeing land in the distance.

This is Lincoln's birthday, and the passengers were reminded of the fact by the band turning out early this morning and playing a dirge. We had a special dinner at 7 P. M., with Lincoln's portrait on the menu, and patriotic

music by the orchestra. In the aft dining-room there were speeches, but we had none. In the aft dining-room, also, the diners sang patriotic songs. To-night there is a masquerade ball in progress, and a good many costumes and masks were brought out. Confetti was thrown, also, but the affair was not much of a success, as a rain came up, followed by a blizzard. A blizzard here is not as bad as a blizzard in Kansas, but the weather is uncomfortably cool. And we are just off the coast of Cuba! The passengers are generally saying that there must be very cold weather in the States. In addition to the cold weather, the ship is acting foolish again, and pitching and rolling. The deck above the dancing-floor is crowded with people hoping to be amused, but all of them are shivering. And those who own steamer-rugs have them wrapped about their shoulders.

On the ship is an old man who has tried Florida, Porto Rico, Honolulu, and California, and, having failed in those places, is on his way to Cuba, where he believes a fortune can be easily made. I sometimes go down into his room to visit him, and look over his ex-

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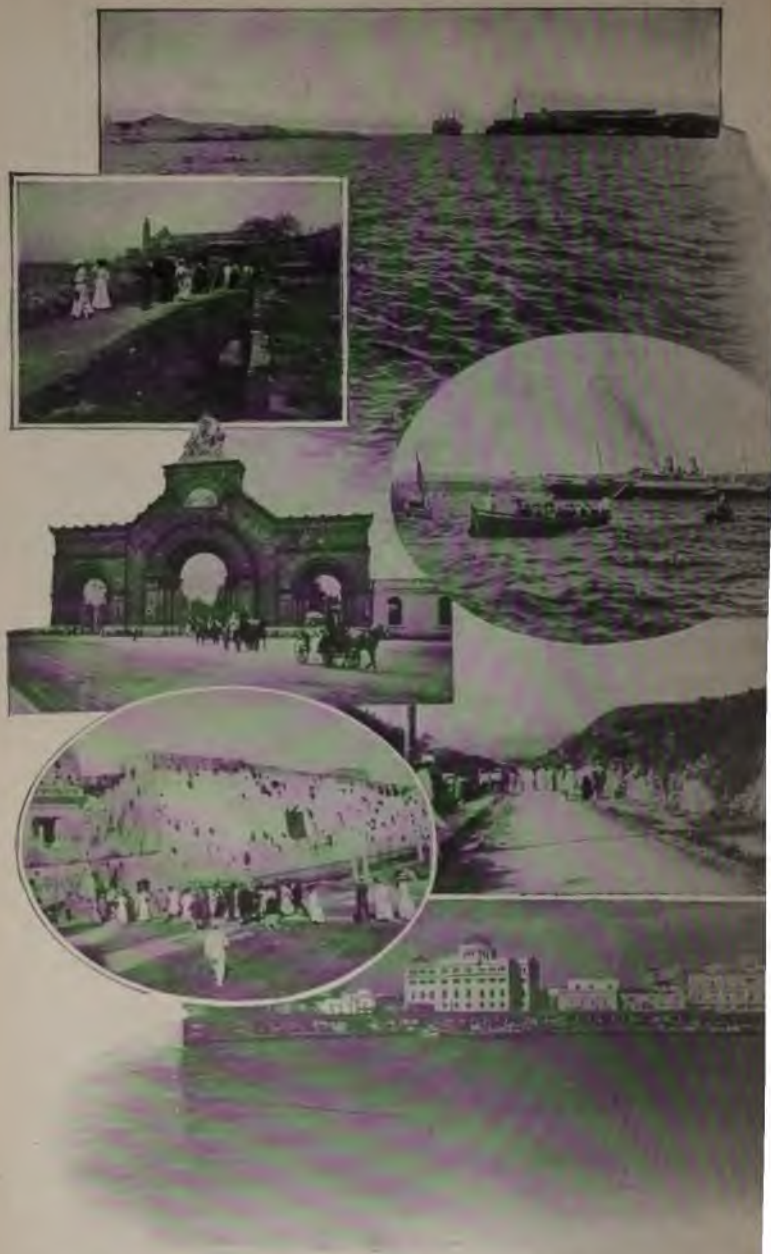

HAVANA. 1. Entrance to Havana Harbor. 2. Morro Castle. 3. S. S. "Moltke" in H
Harbor. 4, 6 and 7. Havana Scenes. 5. Execution Wall, Cabanas Fortress,

tensive assortment of literature, which consists of pamphlets from land and mining companies. He is a worthless old fellow, but he doesn't know it, and is bright in many ways, and I like to talk to him. One day he said to me:

"I am a bachelor, and there is where I made a mistake. Had I married when I was young, I would now have children to take care of me."

And then I said to him:

"I married when I was 20, and have three children. A daughter accompanies me on this trip. But if you imagine she is paying my expenses you are mistaken. As a matter of fact, I am paying hers."

SUNDAY, February 13.

On approaching Havana from the sea—as I did this morning—the first thing that impresses one is a long line of houses fronting the water, and the surf pounding the shore. In the centre of the houses, and looking very much out of place, is a large collection of ugly iron smokestacks: an electric light plant, probably. The ship moved along quietly, but

blew its whistle in an angry and threatening manner. Presently the ship passed through a very narrow harbor entrance, and cast anchor in the harbor; rather a small place. Then the business portion of Havana was seen. The long row of houses fronting the open sea, and which first attract attention, are residences. On one side of the harbor is Morro Castle: impressive as a ruin, but looking very weak as a defense.

My first impression of Havana from the deck of the ship: A much larger and finer place than I expected to see. There are many very tall and handsome modern buildings, which seem to overshadow the older buildings. The wreck of the "Maine," which lies near the centre of the harbor, doesn't look pitiful, but insignificant. Except a fighting-top which sticks out of the water, there is nothing to mark it as the wreck of a battleship.

The Havana quarantine officer came on board at 7:30, while we were hurriedly breakfasting, and then went back to shore, taking our doctor with him. By this time, the passengers were ready to land, and grumbling because of the delay. A few cablegrams were sent on board, but no mail, and of

course those who received cablegrams flashed them prominently on deck. In the course of an hour, the ship's doctor returned from shore, but still no preparations were made to land.

Two stories were circulated as to the delay. One was that the Cuban authorities were giving us ample time in which to remember the "Maine;" the other, that the Cuban authorities were giving the wind a chance to blow through the rigging, the ship having lately landed at a South-American port, where there is always something catching.

At last something definite was announced: there would be no landing before 1 P. M., and possibly we would not be permitted to land at all, owing to something catching in South America. The passengers took it in different ways; some were good-natured and some were angry. It was annoying; we Americans had made Havana so clean that its gates were closed against us. There was a time, in the old days of Spanish occupation, when Havana was so dirty that sailors could smell it forty miles out at sea, but since the Americans spent their money in cleaning up the town, the health authorities are very particular. I have always considered the Cubans the finest

bunch of professional loafers and patriots in the world, and the incident of this morning has not increased my respect for them.

Across the harbor at Havana, there is a good-sized suburb, reached by a modern ferry; back of the suburb, a stretch of fine country, so far as scenery is concerned. There is a chime of bells in a tower in the suburb, and when they ring, you are reminded of a fire-alarm.

Mountains do not surround Havana, as has been the case at nearly all the other towns where we have landed, but Havana is much more impressive than any of the others. San Juan is much smaller, though much handsomer, as seen from the harbor.

On shore we can see great numbers of empty street cars passing over a viaduct. If the passengers were permitted to land, those street cars would soon fill up.

The weather is so cold that many of the men are wearing overcoats. Last night most of us slept under blankets.

A certain man on board is in disgrace with the women. It turns out that he is married, but during the three weeks of the voyage he has not mentioned the fact. I have asked the

women if the man has attempted to flirt with them. They admit he has not, and that he has been very genteel, but they declare he should have spoken of his wife. I express no opinion on the subject; I merely record that the women have decided that when a married man travels alone, he should speak of his wife, to show her proper respect. If a man does not attempt to marry any of the women he meets in traveling, I see no reason why he should bawl out his domestic affairs; but the women decide such matters, and not the men, and I shall not insist upon my opinion.

The women have remarked that if the drunkard spent his money as liberally at the dry-goods stores as he spends it at the saloons, his wife would have more clothes. She doesn't seem to have a very good assortment of clothes: I am as familiar with her dress as I am familiar with many of the dresses I have been seeing in Atchison for years.

The passenger who started out to be a gay deceiver, and whose wig was detected the first day, has tired of the nonsense, and is now as bald as Frank Woodford after he was cured of baldness by H. C. Davis's celebrated hair restorer.

I have neglected to mention, I believe, that a model husband does not smoke; anyhow, Harker does not, and his wife has worked at him until he is perfect.

About noon, the ship's mail was sent on board, and distributed in the second cabin. The doors were locked, and an official looked over the letters, and handed them to the stewards. The passengers gathered at the open windows and heard their names called, but could not get their letters. Finally my steward saw me at a window, and slipped me fourteen letters. Then I retired to my room and enjoyed myself. The letters contained the first news I have received from home; possibly I will receive papers later, and maybe some more letters. Greatly to my surprise, I received a valentine. If you should guess a month, you could not guess who sent it. And who do you suppose wrote me? Big Joe Miller, of the court-house, and Joe Connor, of Sugar Lake, and J. H. Brown, who makes the only hog cholera remedy, and Charley Maage, the mail carrier. Somehow they obtained my address in Havana. I had the best day of the trip, reading my letters, and I intend to read them again every time I am lonesome.

It is now 1 P. M.; still no signs of taking us ashore. But about two hours ago, a serious-looking Cuban official came on board, and ordered that we all walk by him, in single file, which we did. Later we heard he would go ashore, and tell the President of Cuba how we looked; then the President is to decide whether we are good enough looking to be allowed to land.

A man walked up to a crowd of women on deck awhile ago, and said:

"Have you heard the latest? The men are to be permitted to go ashore at 4 P. M., but the women must remain on board."

The trouble seems to be that Cuba is quarantined against South America, and the "Moltke" has visited two South-American ports during this cruise: La Guayra and Porto Cabello. The ship "Avon," which left New York a week ahead of us, with a party similar to ours, heeded the warning, and did not visit South America. It was permitted to land at Havana, and we were in wireless communication with it last night. By-the-way, our wireless apparatus has not done us much good. We have had no news worth mentioning by wireless.

The Havana harbor is very quiet; almost nothing going on. A dozen or more craft are lying at anchor, but there are no excursions, and no boats surround our ship. The "Moltke" took water and coal this morning. The coal was poured into its bunkers from a barge lying alongside, by means of an endless chain system of buckets. In Japan, ships are coaled by women, who receive twenty or thirty cents each for a day's work. Stages are erected against the side of the ship, on which the women stand, and pass the coal up in wicker baskets. At Charlotte Amelia, Island of St. Thomas, ships are also coaled in this primitive way by women.

With some people, there is always a suspicion of corruption. One passenger says he heard the captain say the quarantine officer offered to permit the passengers to land for $250, but that the captain refused to be blackmailed. How did such a story originate? There is nothing whatever in it. We are refused permission to land because we have just come from South America, where there is something catching.

Cabanas Castle, which has been frowning at us all day, is a tremendous fortress built by the

Spaniards at great expense many years ago. In spite of its great cost, it has never been of the slightest use to anyone: it has never been used in the defense of the city.

But some of these old castles elsewhere have been used in making history; some of them have been assaulted months at a time, and finally taken. During the Sepoy mutiny in India, the native soldiers at Delhi seized the castle and fort, leaving the English on the outside. The English soldiers stormed the place regularly for six months, and finally took it. If you are disposed to be cowardly, you cannot understand how men can be as brave as the English soldiers were at Delhi.

As I sat on deck awhile ago, a passenger came up and said a man in a boat on the other side was calling for me. It turned out to be Ed. Dennison, formerly an ATCHISON GLOBE carrier-boy, now secretary of Havana's publicity committee. He sent me a copy of THE GLOBE which contained a good deal of news. But he could not assist me in my present predicament, which is that I cannot go ashore. When he rowed away he said, "I'll see you again." He may have a scheme whereby I can steal ashore to-night: while I am here I

would dearly love to see a little of Havana and Cuba. But it seems I am to be denied the privilege. The prospect of landing grows worse hourly, and it is announced that we will probably sail for Nassau at 8 A. M. to-morrow, without setting foot on Cuban soil.

It is unfortunate that I have traveled so far, and am unable to land in Havana, although I am within a few hundred yards of its principal streets, but I can tell you a worse situation: I am out of shirts. The laundry on the ship is swamped with work, and my bundle was sent back this morning. And I have my last clean shirt on my back. I have plenty of underclothing of three different weights, but no shirts, and only one more clean collar. I intended having washing done in Havana, but that is now impossible. What shall I do? I don't suppose the President of the Cuban Republic is interested in that question, but I am.

The doctor of the "Moltke" says the only reason we are refused permission to land a Havana is that we are Americans: that th Cubans hate us. And think of the millions w

spent to free the Cubans from the tyranny of Spain! Being good to people often causes them to hate you. My personal opinion has always been that the Spanish treated the Cubans as well as they deserved. The Spanish-American war was a case of Muck Raking, and no one will ever be able to convince me that the Spanish blew up the "Maine." But the accident on the "Maine" excited the American people, and they demanded war. They got it, and the war was a joke from start to finish. And, what was worse, that war saddled us with a lot of island possessions that will always cost us more than they are worth. And what is still worse, the war with Spain was the start of our present fool naval policy. We have no more use for a big navy than a sheep farmer has for cur dogs, and every time I think of Cuba I become angry. Now that I am in Havana harbor, I don't know that I would care to burn the town, but I would like to kick a few of the Patriot-Loafers who cried without cause until the Great Heart of our nation was aroused and we engaged in war with a blind and crippled adversary. And we handled the war so wretchedly that Japan may finally force us into a fight, it regards us

as so easy. Every time I think of the ridiculous manner in which some of our Leading Men are carrying on, it makes me so mad that I could whip a Spanish warship, which I would rather fight any time than a rabbit. But there is no way out of the difficulty, so at dinner to-night I showed my valentine, with a big red heart on the back of the envelope, and the other passengers at our table felt ashamed because they hadn't received one.

Within a few hundred feet of the "Moltke" is anchored an American boat which sails to-morrow morning for Florida. I intended taking this boat, but I am now compelled to go on to Nassau, and will be delayed several days. Maybe you think I am not mad at the Cubans. I wish I had the nerve to quit smoking, and thus cripple the principal Cuban industry.

MONDAY, February 14.

To-day at noon we left Havana harbor, without being permitted to land. We spent thirty miserable hours looking at the town from the deck of the "Moltke," disturbed

much of the time by rumors that the authorities would finally relent and allow us ashore. But they didn't; so, at noon to-day, we steamed out to sea, with the band playing national airs. At other places we have visited, the people have been friendly and curious, but the people of Havana were sullen. You would suppose that an unusually big ship containing 340 excursionists from the United States would attract a little attention in Havana harbor, but it didn't, and, when we went out of the harbor to-day, the excursionists waved handkerchiefs at the people to be seen on the docks and streets, but the Cubans made almost no response; they paid no attention to us. You would suppose that the arrival of a big ship in Havana harbor, carrying 340 Americans, would attract some attention from Americans living in Havana, but it didn't; we saw no Americans around the ship during our stay of 30 hours, except Ed. Dennison, formerly of Atchison.

The fact is, we were very badly treated at Havana, and every passenger on the "Moltke" was as mad as a hornet on leaving for Nassau; even Harker, the Model Husband, was mad in his ladylike way.

"By jinks," I heard him say, "it's a shame."

I contended all along that if Mrs. Harker had been trusted with the management of our side of the case, we would have got ashore. The American ship we desired to take for Florida followed us out of the harbor in a tantalizing way, and its smoke was seen until late this afternoon. It will land its passengers in Florida at 6 o'clock this evening. On our departure from Havana we passed within a few feet of Morro castle, and I longed for a fire-cracker, that I might blow the place up.

In one of the booklets sent me by Ed. Dennison, secretary of the publicity committee, I found the following, signed by the mayor of Havana:

"*To the Tourist:* The city of Havana opens her gates to you. She welcomes you, placing herself and all that is hers at your command. Accept the city's greeting, and be assured that Havana, and, with her, all Cuba, extend to you a very hearty welcome."

Still, 340 tourists visited Havana on the 13th of February, 1910, and were refused permission to land. No difference what the

boomers may coax the mayor of Havana to say in a boom circular, I shall always believe the Cubans hate Americans. There was really no excuse for refusing us permission to land, except the caprice of some pig-headed officer. The invitation to strangers to visit Cuba comes from the hotel and shopkeepers, and not from the native Cubans, who prefer the old dirty way.

Every good word you hear of Cuba is spoken in winter. The summer season, and the rainy season, are almost unendurable there. And Cuba would still be a breeding-place for yellow fever had not American visitors come to the rescue of the natives. It may also be said with equal truth that there would be no Cuban Republic had not American visitors planned it, and insisted on it. The natives have burned a good many useful Cuban institutions, established by foreign capital, claiming that they applied the torch in the name of Liberty, but had not American visitors gone to the rescue, the natives would still be shooting and bawling obscene names at each other, as they have done since the beginning of history, until their nearest neighbor became annoyed be-

yond endurance by Cuban noise and filth, and insisted on a quieting down and a cleaning-up.

I was favorably impressed with San Juan, in Porto Rico, but I was not with Havana, in Cuba. If you must invest in the West Indies, go to Porto Rico, where the natives have always had sense enough to appreciate the rain of American dollars. The Cubans are a sullen, turbulent people, who are never happy unless they are dirty and oppressed. They have had liberty and cleanliness forced upon them, and can't become accustomed to either. There are plenty of good people in Cuba, but few of them are pure-blood Cubans. If the natives would treat visitors politely the island might flourish. They tell of a sugar plantation on the island of 500,000 acres, with seventy-five miles of railroad, and 4,000 employés, but this is not the sort of thing done by the natives: the natives burn sugar estates of that kind, instead of owning, encouraging and managing them.

It is possible that the authorities at Havana had a good reason for refusing to allow the "Moltke's" passengers to land, but we could not understand the reason, nor did the ar

thorities attempt to make us understand it. We had no sick on board, and passed through Venezuela by special train. There was no possibility of contamination, and the Havana officials expressed no regrets that I heard of; indeed, they seemed to enjoy the chance to order the ship out of the harbor.

You have heard of the glorious climate of California, and, of course, you have heard that the winter weather in this part of the world is mild and balmy. Therefore, I claim I had a right to be surprised this afternoon when a young woman from California appeared on deck in a fur coat. The weather this afternoon is actually cold, although we are skirting the shores of Cuba, the Isle of the Blest.

The women are still indignant because of the Insulting Conduct of a certain man. He associated with them for days, and they learned by the merest accident that he is married. Did you ever before hear of anything so dreadful? He never once mentioned his wife, and it appears, also, that he has a baby. The women say they intend to give him a present

for his baby: they think that would be a rap that would cause him to remember his duty in future. I have inquired diligently, but the man has not attempted to hold the hands of any of the women, or flirt with them in any other way, so far as I can learn; he has simply been polite, said good-morning at breakfast, inquired if they were good sailors, and talked with them, briefly, on deck. But, because he did not label himself as a married man, the women refer to him as a Wretch. If I were not afraid of women, I should argue that the man has done nothing out of the way But, when a woman assumes that awful air o superiority which accompanies her declaratio as to the deference due her sex, I at onc realize the value of silence.

A passenger told me this afternoon that th Colonial was not the best hotel in Nassau that there is a quieter and a more desirabl hotel farther uptown. But I shall go to th Colonial, as I have never had much luck wit pointers. Nor do I pay much attention to shi rumors until they have circulated an hour o two, and been corrected a little. I ha

noticed that if I sit quietly on deck, and say nothing, all of the ship news worth anything will be brought to me by the busy ones.

The jokes of people are usually old, but no more venerable than the "talk" you hear. Some day, when you are idle and in a crowd, remain silent, and note the worthlessness of the "talk." Those around you will be busy talking, and impolite in talking when it is not their turn, but you will not hear anything either amusing or instructive. A man is as certain to say the same things every day in the year as he is to eat the same things for breakfast every morning. And you know how unvarying our breakfasts are. I have been associated more than three weeks with 340 Americans, who are probably above the average, but have heard nothing new. Is it any wonder these notes have been dull? For I am dull, too, and my ambition has never helped me.

I have remarked that nearly every woman on board wears her petticoat from one to two inches too long. The women I have asked for an explanation say it is not a new style; that

it is due to the fact that there are no long mirrors in the staterooms. Next to a model husband, every woman's ambition is a long pier-glass, in which she can see her entire "figure."

There are two things women declare they never do: chase men, or nag them. But there is a woman on board who certainly nags her husband. He is a quiet, well-behaved man, and his first name seems to be Jasper: I have heard his wife call him that. Jasper likes to read on deck, which surprises me, since I am not able to do it; it amuses me more to look around. Jasper always has a book, but his wife won't let him enjoy it. She will ask him to accompany her to the other side of the deck, when he is perfectly satisfied with his location, and she keeps at him so much and so needlessly that the passengers are talking. They all like Jasper, but they do not like his wife. If the passengers of the "Moltke" ever hear that Jasper has run off with another woman, they will be glad of it. Why does a woman like to nag? The neighbors always talk about it.

Although I have heard in an indistinct

sort of way that you women are not very well satisfied with we men (the school teachers will scream here; they will say I should have written "us men," instead of "we men," but I prefer "we men," whether the school teachers like it or not), there are a large number of good husbands on board; so many as to cause me to hope that good husbands are becoming more numerous in the world. The women have been working at us many years, and their work seems to be bearing fruit.

A passenger informed me awhile ago that the action of the Cuban authorities in refusing us permission to land in Havana, was a dirty outrage. I wonder how many dirty outrages there have been in history? I have been hearing of them all my life, in addition to being a victim of them, and no doubt they have been numerous since men first began expressing opinions.

This will probably be my last full day at sea. I expect to leave the ship at Nassau before noon to-morrow, and leave in the evening for Miami, Fla., a trip of fifteen hours in

a small boat that will seem particularly small after the "Moltke." From Miami, I expect to go to Palm Beach, St. Augustine, Atlanta, Washington, and then fly for home by the shortest and quickest route.

A boom pamphlet on Havana describes the carnival season, which I have been seeing in other towns in the West Indies. The pamphlet says of the carnival: "You look in the direction of the strange medley of noises, and see men, women and children packed tightly together, shuffling slowly along to the strains of weird music, and carrying strange emblems. The moving mass suddenly stops, the solid formation breaks, and a circle is formed in which some of the principal participants execute strange dances, of African origin, it is believed. It is a Comparsa—the most astonishing thing in modern Cuba. It is the Congo spirit mixed with Chinese mythology," etc.

The dance described isn't the "Comparsa," nor is it "the Congo spirit mixed with Chinese mythology." It is really a lot of ignorant men and women acting the fool, without

rhyme or reason. I have seen the same thing in other places in the West Indies. The music is furnished by any man who can play any musical instrument, and he plays any tune he happens to know. The men and women who take part in the carnivals are usually drunk, and always silly, and they know nothing about Chinese mythology, or the Comparsa. Most "folk-lore" stories originate in fine writing, and are invented.

Another dance is being held on board to-night, in spite of the cold weather.

We passed Key West lighthouse about 7 o'clock, and notice has been posted that we land in Nassau at 9 A. M. to-morrow.

TUESDAY, February 15.

The Colonial Hotel at Nassau, where we arrived to-day, is the finest hotel of the kind I have ever seen. It is situated on the ocean-front, in the center of a really noteworthy tropical garden. The Colonial is owned by a company which controls a number of other hotels, mainly in Florida, and is devoted en-

tirely to tourists, as it is open only from December 10th to April 1st. There are about six hundred guests in the hotel at present, and a hundred more could be accommodated. The tourists come here mainly from Miami, Florida, on the boat "Miami," which we intended to take at 3 o'clock this afternoon, but the "Miami" has not arrived at this hour, 10 P. M. It left Miami at 10 o'clock last night, and there is some apprehension as to its safety, as it should have arrived here fifteen hours later. It is certain the boat will not depart to-night, so I shall go to bed presently, at the hotel, although I cannot get my baggage, which is locked up at the custom house.

At 7 o'clock this evening, members of the Atchison party went in to dinner at the Colonial, and occupied a table near the entrance. We went in early and saw the guests as they entered. Nearly all were in full evening dress, and the sight was a very interesting as well as a very amusing one. If you have a notion that rich people are always good-looking, you are mistaken. I suppose the guests here are rich, since they are paying eight dollars a day

at the Colonial, and they paid a good deal to get here. We were located where we could see and not be seen, and as the six hundred guests of the Colonial came trailing in to dinner, they were as interesting as performers at a theatre. Nearly every woman wore an elaborate gown, with a long trail, and the gowns were of every style and color imaginable. Of the hundreds of women, we saw only one who wore a really becoming dress. The young women were more modestly attired than the elderly ones; and this is a rule that may be depended upon: a good many elderly women seem to become panic-stricken about dress, and indulge in every sort of caprice. And no one is ever able to tell elderly women anything, particularly about clothes. They think they have lived long enough to know, and carry out ideas that are frequently absurd. Women without shape, good looks or youth, appeared in the dining-room of the Colonial to-night in dresses that seemed to have come from the rag-bag. Usually they were of expensive material, but frowsy, ill-fitting and absurd-looking.

One man dressed in a dinner suit usually accompanied several women, for there are

many more women than men at the Colonial. And I thought the men made a better appearance than the women, since men are willing to learn. Probably most of the men who appeared in the procession entering the dining-room of the Colonial at dinner to-night can do something well; if they couldn't they wouldn't be here. But many women are here as a matter of luck.

Unless the guests at the Colonial have money, there is nothing about them to envy, since most of them are old. A good many young women travel, but only a few young men.

Women have four ways of being funny: in dress, in figure, in their way of "doing" their hair, and in the way they carry themselves. Being strangers in a strange land, we remarked all these points, without attracting attention ourselves. We were not trying to attract attention, since our baggage was locked up in the custom house. Here would come a woman walking like a grand dame. Next would come a woman walking rapidly. The men always followed their women-folks; they never preceded them, for dinner is regarded as a social function,

and men cheerfully turn that sort of thing over to the women. Next would come a woman dressed very plainly, walking very briskly, as though she were saying:

"I don't believe in all this foolish dressing; I guess I have a right to enter the dining-room dressed as a civilized woman should dress."

And you should have seen the faces and the backs! When a woman is scrawny, she builds her evening dress in a manner to display her back, instead of her bust. And in displaying a woman's back, a dress may be cut lower than is possible in displaying her bust.

The head-waiter, an important-looking negro from the States, placed the most gorgeously dressed women in the most favorable locations. I thought he grouped them, to make as good a display as possible of his material.

We lingered over dinner, as we were waiting for the "Miami," and had nothing to do. Our table was at the side, near the entrance, and we had a good view of the backs of the women as they sailed down into the main dining-room. And as they came out, we had a good view of their fronts.

I come from a quiet, modest country town, and am not much accustomed to society, but the display in the dining-room of the Colonial seemed almost pitiful to me. So many women protesting against growing old; so many severely plain, stout, elderly women dressing in a way that must meet with the disapproval of their men-folks.

And this is what is called High Life. This is what we ordinary mortals envy when at home. A week at the Colonial Hotel at Nassau, New Providence Island, would kill me. The hotel is beautiful, but the life here is artificial and uninteresting, except to look at for a day. The guests play golf a good deal, which is a more important game than we Atchison people realize. A daily paper is printed at the Colonial, for free distribution, and is devoted mainly to golf events. We Atchison people don't play golf—as a matter of fact, we don't play anything much we work—but it is played at thousands of places, and attracts a great deal of enthusiasm The guests at the Colonial also play tennis a good deal, another game Atchison people are not very familiar with. The guests at the Colonial also boat a good deal. Bu

most of all, they lounge about, and are bored, and waste money. I can think of no greater waste of money than to pay eight dollars a day for entertainment at the Colonial, unless it would be to buy whisky at twenty-five cents a glass. And the guests at the Colonial do a great deal of that.

Those of us who live quietly and modestly do not realize how many people there are who travel about looking for opportunity to waste money; we do not realize how many rich people there are in the world, particularly in the United States. And a collection of these people in one of the noted resorts does not favorably impress me. Indeed, they make me laugh, and I am hard to amuse. There is not as much fun in traveling as you imagine, when reading travel literature at home. And how horribly little you get for your money! This big hotel was built by a railroad company, to encourage travel; to encourage the people to waste their money. No one ever had as good a time on a "trip" as he expected; such an investment may be interesting in a way, but it is like hunting: there are many hours of hard work and dullness for an occasional glimpse of game.

There are 320 islands in the Bahama group, fifty-six of which are inhabited. The Island of New Providence, on which Nassau is situated, is thirty miles long, and eight to fifteen miles wide, and has a population of sixteen thousand. Taking the islands altogether, only one-sixth of the people are white, and the negroes all talk English, although they do not talk the Southern dialect to which we are accustomed: that is, they do not refer to a court-house as a "cote-house;" they learned their English from Englishmen, and not from Southerners. Islands sell here as we sell farms. I heard of an island which sold for $1,200, although it is two miles long, and a mile wide. But the land is not worth much. I took a drive through New Providence Island to-day, and saw more worthless land than I have ever seen before. The surface is entirely covered with rocks. In the holes, stunted trees have taken root, and made a poor growth. When it is desired to plant an orange tree, or fruit of any other kind, a hole is blasted in the rock. I saw a field of pineapples, and the entire surface was covered with rocks: a hole had been made for every pineapple plant. The rockiest part

of New England is fertile compared with New Providence Island.

The negro who drove us about was Harvey Wood, who is quite distinguished among the blacks in Nassau, because he once visited the United States, and saw Barnum & Bailey's circus. Harvey says that when he returned home—he returned because he didn't like our cold winters—there was much excitement among his neighbors, and he was invited to lecture at the town hall. The English governor of the island was present—remember I am quoting Harvey Wood, the hero of the story—and Harvey recited a part of his lecture for our benefit.

"Your Excellency, and ladies and gentlemen," Harvey began, according to his own story. He had committed the lecture to memory, and still remembered it, and, as he could not depart from it, we soon discovered that he was really repeating an address he had delivered on being inaugurated as Most Worthy Grand of a lodge. So Harvey turned out to be an unreliable man; that's the second one I've heard of.

We had an interesting drive in the country, stopping at many huts to taste strange fruits offered for sale by colored women.

Harvey Wood is a Methodist, and as we rode along, he told us a story. An old negro was converted, and, at his first communion, was given a cup containing wine. He was expected to take a sip, but he drank it all, and shouted: "I could drink a quart of that for the Lord's sake." Harvey also told a story indicating that the colored people believe there is no real religion in the white churches. A negro man was anxious to join a white church, but could not get in; so he told of a dream he had one night. He dreamed that the Lord appeared to him, and said: "Brother, remain where you are; I have been trying to get into the white church for years, but without success." If this isn't a slam at the whites, I don't know a slam when one comes along.

During our drive, I remarked a curious thing: there was a trail in the centre of the road. In our country, driving one horse is disagreeable, but here all rigs are one-horse

[illegible]

Sponge Market—Nassau, N. P.

Sponge Fleet—Nassau, N. P.

rigs, and you find a trail in the centre of the road wherever you go.

The principal industry of Nassau is sponge fishing. Seventy-five schooners devoted to sponge fishing belong at this port. From fourteen to twenty men are employed on each schooner, and they remain out at sea six or seven weeks. Sometimes twenty or thirty of the schooners return to Nassau at about the same time, and then the town is lively. The sailors become drunk, and the police are overworked. A good many men are employed on shore in the sponge industry, preparing the sponges for market. The sponge is originally a living animal, and must be cleaned before it becomes an article of commerce.

When we left the "Moltke," we "settled" with the stewards. Every passenger is expected to give his dining-room steward a tip of at least $5; a similar amount to his state-room steward, and a smaller amount to his bath-room steward, the deck stewards, etc. I distributed $36 in tips for two passengers. Too much, but it is the rule.

Soon after landing, I went to the office of the steamship company, to engage accommodations on the "Miami," and the stenographer in the office was a colored woman. She seemed to be very capable, and all the white men in the office recognized her as an expert in detail affairs.

When the pilot came off from Nassau this forenoon he stepped on the deck of the "Moltke" with his left foot. Men at sea bet on all sorts of ridiculous things, and pools having been sold as to whether the pilot would step on deck with his left foot or right foot, I was selected as referee to decide.

All the women in a neighborhood assist in managing the men. Mrs. Walker was talking to-day, for my benefit, of what it costs to outfit a bride. Need I add that her estimate was very liberal? Mr. Walker said his wife's estimate was too high, but men never understand such things, and the neighbor-women are always compelled to assist in inducing them to loosen up. I will shortly be called upon to outfit a bride, and all the

women I know will give me a delicate hint as to my "duty." My "duty" will have an intimate connection with liberality.

There was a dance at the Colonial to-night, a very good orchestra of fourteen men furnishing the music. The members of the orchestra are brought here in December, from the States, as are all the other employés of the hotel. In April, they return. All the waiters are negroes, while all the chamber-maids I have seen are white. Eight months in the year, the Colonial is deserted. Another hotel, almost as large, the Victoria, has not been opened in a half-dozen years. Tourist travel to Nassau seems to be falling off, and will probably disappear entirely unless better accommodations are afforded between Miami and Nassau.

From all I can learn, the "Miami" is not much of a boat, when it does arrive. And it has not arrived yet, although it was due at 3 P. M. It is believed that it stuck in the mud on leaving Miami, but that it will be released at high tide, and appear here at about

1 P. M. to-morrow. The "Miami" has a big whistle, which is known to all the residents of the town.

WEDNESDAY, February 16.

Near Nassau, to-day, I visited an orange grove, and what do you suppose was used as fertilizer? Sponges!—clippings obtained in trimming sponges for market. I was told that the sponge trimmings cost nothing at all, and the ground was covered so generously that I sank in them to my shoe-tops. Joseph W. Hunt, an intelligent colored man, had charge of the orchard, and showed me about. He gave me what I supposed to be an orange: after I had eaten it, I was told it was grape-fruit. It was as sweet as an orange, and Hunt trimmed off the skin with a butcher-knife, and inserted a wooden handle with which I held the fruit in eating it. "That is the farmer's way of eating it," Hunt explained, but the same fashion has been adopted at the big hotels here, except that at the hotels, the handles are of silver instead of wood.

While in the orchard, I encountered a vege-

table garden where ripe tomatoes were growing in profusion, and I believe I enjoyed the tomatoes more than I did the fruit.

Wherever you go in the West Indies, you find the pigeon pea, which grows on a small shrub, and grows from year to year without replanting. It is something like our garden pea, and the natives are fond of it cooked with salt beef or ham.

Great Britain manages the Bahama Islands with sixty negro policemen. Nassau has several forts, but they are now dismantled, and no soldiers have been maintained in the islands for years. Uncle Sam should manage some of his island possessions in the same way, and cut out the soldiers and warships.

The first day we were at Nassau, a negro was hanged at the penitentiary. You can guess what for. A woman was unfaithful to him, and he killed her. There are twenty-four prisoners in the penitentiary, which receives offenders from all the islands, and near it is an insane asylum with six patients.

Hens act in the warm countries exactly as they do in the cold countries: that is, at certain seasons they lay eggs, and at other seasons do not. While I was at Nassau, eggs were selling at 48 cents a dozen. In the spring, they sell at 24 cents a dozen, and are never any cheaper.

A very common fruit in Nassau is the sapadillo. You find it growing on trees in almost every dooryard, and the natives are very fond of it. In a five-acre garden I visited to-day, I found it growing in company with grape-fruit, oranges, limes, lemons, apricots, pears, bananas, cocoanuts, sugar cane, and vegetables. The natives here eat sugar cane, and it is sold at all the fruit-stands.

Wherever I have gone in the tropics, I have heard the statement made that a cocoanut tree is worth $5 a year to its owner. I heard the statement made in Hawaii, Ceylon, and in other places. A native at Nassau told me that it is an unusual cocoanut tree that produces a hundred nuts a year, and that they sell at 1 cent each. So the real value of a

cocoanut tree seems to be nearer $1 a year than $5.

They have a very High Episcopal church in Nassau. Connected with it are six sisters, who dress like Catholic nuns, and who teach a missionary school. Nearly all the Protestant churches are represented here, but their pastors are English. The man who drove me about to-day did not know of an American preacher in the islands.

Historically, the Bahama islands are very interesting. It was on one of them, Watling's Island, as it is now called, about a hundred miles from Nassau, that Columbus first landed in 1492, christening the island San Salvador. Associated with those islands is much of the history of America. New Providence Island, where Nassau is located, was the centre of the blockade-running industry during the American Civil War.

The Sea Gardens, five miles from Nassau, are visited by most tourists, who float over them in glass-bottomed boats. So clear is

the water that the unaided vision penetrates to astonishing depths, disclosing wonderful forms, graceful shapes and exquisite coloring. Bright-hued fish are seen in great numbers. An enormous silk-cotton tree is another great curiosity in Nassau; at certain seasons, it distributes cotton over its neighborhood very much as our cottonwood trees do. Nassau is noted for perpetual sunshine. No rain has fallen in four months, and several of the orchards I visited were burning up. Three years ago, a drouth lasted six months. All about Nassau, the sea water is particularly clear and blue, and the bathing beach is a fine one, the water being very warm, and the sandy bottom as white as the paper on which this is printed.

Near the great Bahama Bank lie two islands bearing a historic name. These are the Biminis, which, when Ponce de Leon was traveling these waters, were said to contain the wonderful Fountain of Youth, to which scholars love to refer. Ponce de Leon ranged through the entire chain of islands in his quest for the fabled fountain, in 1513, and he had an old Indian woman from Porto Rico as

pilot. He did not succeed in finding it, but he discovered Florida.

Twenty miles from Nassau is Andras Island, with great forests, swamps, creeks and bayous, teeming with wild fowl, and precious woods of mahogany, cedar, mastic, ebony, and logwood, but the island has never been exploited. Though 500 square miles in extent, it is thickly populated by negroes, who, from their long seclusion, have reverted to the original type as found in Africa.

Atchison people do not realize how "high" the Episcopal Church becomes elsewhere. In Nassau, I met a man wearing a long, white linen coat, with a rope girdle about his waist. I supposed he belonged to some Roman Catholic brotherhood, but when I talked with him, it developed that he was an Episcopal clergyman, who had charge of a little island four days' sail from Nassau, where all the inhabitants are half-savage negroes.

The "Moltke's" band came ashore to-day, and gave two concerts on the immense porches of the Colonial Hotel. While it was playing in the afternoon, I was definitely informed that

the "Miami" would not arrive until sometime to-morrow afternoon. It has been on a mud-bank near Miami, and cannot possibly sail from Nassau until to-morrow night. So we decided to proceed to New York by the "Moltke," which expects to arrive there Saturday morning. We are thus compelled to abandon the Florida trip. The best way to reach Florida from this section is from Havana, and we intended to take that route, but were refused permission to land in Havana. The trip to Florida from Havana is now made in eight hours, in comfortable boats, whereas the trip from Nassau to Miami requires twenty hours, and the boat is small and unreliable. There is a mud-bank near Miami that causes constant trouble. The smaller the boat, the worse it behaves at sea, and the Nassau-Miami boat is very small. Some day I hope to revisit Havana, but I have no desire to re visit Nassau.

At 5 o'clock this afternoon, the tender lef Nassau for the "Moltke," and I was amon the passengers it carried. We left Mis Havens at Nassau, as her parents are a Miami. Within twenty minutes after w

reached the ship (which is too big to come into the harbor), we were on our way to New York. Just before the stairway was pulled up, we saw a little launch racing after us, and signaling us to stop. A belated passenger was on the launch, and he had quite a serious time getting on board the "Moltke," as the sea was rough. All the passengers stood at the rail, watching his efforts to get on board. Finally, he made it, and was heartily cheered.

It was pleasant getting back to the ship. Our old rooms were retained for us, as were our seats at table. The meals on the ship are much better than the meals at the big Colonial Hotel, and the service much better. About fifty passengers remained at Nassau, and will try the crossing to Florida: some this week, and some next. Several of them have promised to write me, and tell me just how bad the "Miami" is.

While we were away from the ship, the sailors caught a shark six feet long, and it attracted a great deal of attention until thrown overboard. The shark was caught within a few

hundred yards of the famous Nassau bathing beach. By-the-way, at this beach you get a bathing suit and all the fruit you can eat, for 25 cents. They tell of one tourist who ate thirty-six oranges on his 25-cent ticket.

At dinner to-night, most of the "characters" on the ship reassembled. The president of the Hand-Holders' Union appeared, in a dress she had worn on many previous occasions. It is believed of her that she holds hands, and that maybe she kisses the boys.

There is an Ancient Maiden on board, of whom it is generally said: "She is the plainest woman in the world." At the masquerade ball the other night this venerable person wore a very pretty face mask, which greatly improved her looks, but she had selected the very short dress of an Indian princess, in choosing her costume, and this dress displayed her legs, which had previously been hidden. As the lady is very thin, and wore dove-colored hose, her legs looked like slate-pencils. So that, altogether, one didn't see much improvement in the appearance of the Ancient Maiden at the masquerade ball.

There is no real No. 1 gossip on board. No. 1 gossip is the kind which causes people to say, in discussing it:

"The LAW should step in and do something!"

All the gossip I have heard has been of the No. 3 sort: very apt to be untrue, and not particularly serious, if true. One story that attracts much attention is that the night we left Havana a number of women were Carried From the Smoking Room in a state of intoxication. The story probably originated in the circumstance that two or three women drank cocktails with their male escorts. It would seem impossible to lie about whisky, but it is often done.

The Perfidious Wretch who did not speak of his wife for three weeks, and who was discovered to be a married man by the merest accident, is again with us, spreading poison in the otherwise pure atmosphere. I cannot discover that the Perfidious Wretch has proposed marriage to any of the ladies, or that he has so much as talked sentimental nonsense to any of them, and I have inquired dili-

gently. The sum of his offending is that he is married, and did not announce it. Nor has this base person held the hand of the president of the Hand-Holders' Union.

However, there is one man on board who announces in the most positive way that he is a devoted husband, and I do not believe he is greatly admired by the ladies. I refer to Harker; there can be no doubt that Harker is married, and he does everything I have ever heard a Model Husband should do. But he is not much admired by the ladies on board; they say he is too Meek. I sometimes think that it is very difficult for a man to satisfy a woman, and I become discouraged.

The Elder left us at Nassau, and I hope the "Miami" will shake him up in a manner that will cause him to lose his smile: for I do dislike that man. On the veranda of the Colonial Hotel this morning, I saw him peacefully sleeping and I had a notion to arouse him: he had no business to go to sleep and forget my sins.

The worthy gentleman whose first name is Jasper, and who is married to a nagging

woman, also left us at Nassau. He came down to the dock, to see us depart on the tender, but stood in the background, and his wife said all the good-byes to their friends. Another passenger knows Jasper, and says he is a very capable business man. He has done well in the world, for he is rich, but his wife must be a great task to him. Jasper is very polite, and was popular with all the passengers, but his wife was not. His wife must know that Jasper doesn't like her nagging. Will she keep it up until Jasper explodes? I do not exaggerate when I say that the manner in which Jasper is being nagged to death is pitiful. No doubt his relatives remark it, but they do not like to say anything. No doubt her relatives sympathize with Jasper, but probably they fear that if they take Jasper's part, he will leave his wife, and she will return home, and nag her brothers and sisters, as she formerly did.

The drunkard also left us at Nassau. He was perfectly sober when we saw him last at the dock, but the first two weeks of the voyage he carried a jag that was the wonder of men from New York, where there are open saloons.

You may imagine that the drunkard shocked me because I come from a State where the militia is called out on a rumor that beer is being sold through a back door, but he was really wonderful to behold, as well as disgusting.

I learned at Nassau that a few of the men make a specialty of dress, as the women do. While sitting on the veranda of the Colonial Hotel, Mrs. Walker called my attention to a man she had been noticing several days on the ship. One day he wears a white shirt with blue stripes, a blue tie, blue hose, and a white handkerchief with blue border. This handkerchief is displayed daintily in the upper pocket of his coat, on the left side. The next day he wears a different color scheme: one day he wore a lavender color scheme, and looked so lovely that Mrs. Walker couldn't keep her eyes off him. Mrs. Walker says that on her return home she intends to dress her husband in a lavender color scheme, if he will submit to it, which he says he will not.

It was predicted when we left Nassau that we should have a rough night; bad rumors

are always floating around. But, when I went on deck at 11 o'clock, to take a turn around the deck before going to bed, the sea was smooth, and the moon shining brightly. Away off in the distance, I heard a hoarse whistle.

"That," I thought to myself, "must be the 'Miami.' "

Being a worthless little boat, of course the "Miami" has a tremendous whistle. It is said at Nassau that, when the wind is favorable, the whistle of the "Miami" can be heard at Nassau when it is on a mud bank at Miami, and howling for help. The distance is 180 miles.

Last night, when we found that the "Miami" would not arrive at Nassau until morning, we went to the custom house, after our hand-baggage, in order that we might have nightgowns, combs, brushes, etc., in our rooms at the hotel. But the custom house was closed, so we went to the Nassau Club, where we found two custom-house officials: Englishmen. It is said that Englishmen do not study very hard to please, but these two did everything possible to make us happy. They sent two messengers after keys, and made a

trip or two themselves. True, they could not find the right man, but they tried hard, and were very polite. So we went to bed without nightgowns, and in the morning combed our hair with our fingers. I slept in a gauze undershirt without sleeves, and although an orchestra was playing near my room, I am so "funny," and rest so much better when away from home, that I was soon asleep.

(NOTE.—The "Miami" did not finally arrive at Nassau until Saturday, February 19th, at 8 P. M., and got away for Florida four hours later, crowded with one hundred and fifty passengers. Even the quarters of the crew were taken by passengers, and men and women slept in the big cabin. The boat is small, but fortunately the crossing was smooth. The passengers of the "Miami" arrived at Miami, Florida, thirty hours after the passengers of the "Moltke" landed in New York.)

THURSDAY, February 17.

This day has been spent at sea. Weather fine, and the passengers yawning a good deal.

They are becoming tired, and anxious to get home. I have been looking over time-tables, a supply of which is kept downstairs, and the only train which would land me at home Sunday night will leave Hoboken, where we land Saturday, a few minutes before we get there. I never make close connections. It looked as though I would be able to make a close connection at Havana, for Florida, but my hoodoo got busy, and we were not allowed to land in Havana. Then when I arrived at Nassau about 11 A. M., the captain of the tender which came off said the "Miami" was scheduled to leave for Florida at 5 P. M. It looked as though I was to make a close connection at last. I hurried to the office of the steamship company, on landing at Nassau, and secured accommodations. But you know what happened; the "Miami" met with an accident. I think I heard it again to-day, whistling for help.

I do not admire a man who is henpecked, but I must say I think Harker is wiser than Jasper. Harker never complains because of his bossy wife, but Jasper is always arguing, and trying to have his way, although he finally

gives in. Harker is wiser; since he has concluded to be a Model Husband, he does not try to be anything else. I have about concluded that Mrs. Harker has money. If Harker is getting pay for being a Model Husband, and has nothing else to do, that makes a difference. But if it is his money he is spending on this trip, I really think he should occasionally have a word to say. I shall not, however, speak to Mrs. Harker concerning the rights of her husband. I used to know a man in Atchison who, when he found a woman imposing on her husband, spoke to her about it, and protested. I should like to see him try it on Mrs. Harker.

This has been the very finest day of the trip, so far as weather is concerned; neither too warm nor too cold. There is the tonic in the air which is always lacking in the tropics, and which is always found in the North. Ever hear of the tropics producing a really great man? Warm weather is a lazy man's weather: people in the North work hard to keep warm, get the habit, and then work themselves to death, leaving fortunes to astonish the world. To-morrow the summer

underwear we have been wearing will go among the soiled clothes. (NOTE.—I say the tropics have never produced a really great man. I don't know whether they have or not. I can't think of one, so I make the statement. When I make a statement, it means only that I say so. I am not very accurate, and not very well informed. I hope this frank confession will pacify the school teachers. I might as well also confess for the benefit of the school teachers, since they will find it out anyway, that I have occasionally taken a statement out of the guide books, in writing these notes.)

During the concert in the ladies' reading-room this afternoon, six people were playing high five, and were good-naturedly noisy. A real artist played a 'cello solo, and the high five people talked in loud voices of being set up, etc. Those who were listening to the music, hissed the card-players, who thought the demonstration was to express disapproval of the orchestra. The pitiful facts are that many people are impolite, and do not know it. The card-players were worthy people, probably, but they did not know that it is as im-

polite to talk during a musical number as it is to interrupt a public speaker.

Most of the women who travel are now demanding maids. There are a good many maids on board. You men are advised to take notice: if you hope to give satisfaction, you must not only provide trips, but maids. The fact that Mrs. Harker hasn't a maid is one thing that convinces me that she isn't traveling on Harker's money. A woman can economize a good deal with her own money. By-the-way, I once heard of an actress who traveled with a valet (a man-servant; incidentally, I advise you to pronounce the word as it is spelled, and not "valley"). If a man should travel with a maid, how the women would scream!

On a trip of this kind, you forget everything except your name, your age, how poor you are, and how high taxes are. But all the passengers are gradually recalling their ordinary affairs; there is a good deal less extravagance on board, and a good deal less foolishness. In a few days we shall all be at home, roaring about the bills that have accumulated

during our absence, and shall be slow in paying them.

Almost without exception, the passengers are pleased with the cruise. Probably the best part of it was the trip through South America. I am still of the opinion that I have never seen such a general desire to please as is shown on the "Moltke," from Captain Meyer down. In these days of marked indifference (not to say lack of politeness, and impudence in taking your money), the politeness of the crew of the "Moltke" is very pleasing. And the passengers appreciate it. Occasionally there has been a little grumbling over unavoidable discomforts, but it is a natural impossibility to land three hundred and forty passengers at the same time, in the small boats, and some will be tossed about longer than others, in getting to and from shore. In our twelve or fourteen landings, I believe we have docked but twice; at all the other places, we have gone ashore in the small boats, and the water in some of the harbors has been rough. But when the passengers are on board again, after a landing, they are appreciative of the "Moltke's" good manage-

ment. And I am glad of it, since it is one of my theories that real politeness is always noted, even by a crowd.

Living in a ship at sea is like living at a hotel on a rainy day, when you can't get out on the streets. The sea soon becomes as uninteresting as the house in which you have lived for years; and in a little while, you forget the ship's motion; you are not comfortable until you do. Passengers on a ship at sea do not look over the rail once a day; they must look for amusement the other way. At rare intervals, a ship passes, and the passengers look at it listlessly for a time, but they soon return to their search for amusement on board. Therefore if a ship is not excellently managed, there is soon almost a mutiny among the passengers; therefore, also, if the passengers generally commend a ship, as they do the "Moltke," the fact indicates that the management is unusually intelligent and capable. Some one on board the "Moltke" knows how to "manage," but whether it is the captain, the purser or the chief steward, I do not know. For a time, there was a disposition to look upon Baron

Von Schroeder, the excursion agent, as the ship's bad man, but he smiled with the gentlemen, and danced with the ladies, and finally became popular. He had a hard job, satisfying the passengers on shore, but accomplished it, after it was discovered that he was doing as well as any mortal man could do, and better than most men could do.

In the smoking-room to-night a New York man talked in a loud voice of J. P. Morgan.

"When I first saw him," said the man, "I thought he was insignificant looking; but when you come to know him, *then* you realize that you are in the presence of the man who controls more money than any other financier living. I used to think Morgan was like the rest of us, but when you come to know him, you realize that he is not. When you talk to him, and know him, you know he looks clear through you."

The man talked in a very loud voice, particularly when he said "but when you come to know him," or "when you talk to him face to face." The man also talked about the "Corsair," Mr. Morgan's private yacht,

in a familiar way, as though he had been a guest on board.

"To look at Morgan," said the man, "you would think a woman would scare him to death, *but after you know him*, after you are intimate with him, you realize that he never really takes notice until he hears the rustle of a woman's skirt, or the clink of gold. Much might be said by the sensational newspapers about the inside history of certain New York theatres built by Morgan, but *those who know him* are very discreet; mum's the word *among his friends*."

I rather liked this man, as he had subscribed for THE WEEKLY GLOBE, and I hoped no one would ask him if he knew Morgan personally. But a man in his audience finally asked the question.

"No," he replied, almost in a whisper, "but I see him every day, and he knows me by sight all right. We have never been actually introduced, but he knows who I am as well as I know who he is."

It was a mean trick, asking that man if he knew J. P. Morgan personally.

Passengers were always telling big stories about the other passengers. It was said of

one man that he was the largest carpet manufacturer in the world; of another, that he was the largest hat manufacturer in the world, etc. I observed that none of us visited the West Indies in private yachts; we went on an excursion. Another favorite fiction was that a certain man belonged to "one of the oldest and best families in New York; he is not rich, but his family is a particularly fine one." We poor people always say that the rich do not belong to the first families; that social position is not gauged by riches.

Mateel came into my room this evening, to visit; she is lying on the bed now, discussing a new plan she has thought up. She is much interested in a trip I have talked of taking in a year or two, to the Land of the Midnight Sun, and says she can go with me, even if she is married. But I am stubborn; I will have nothing to do with a married woman. In fact, I have resented the appearance of the New Man to such an extent that I am talking of falling in love with another girl. And it is a source of satisfaction to me that Mateel is a little jealous; she complains that I have added insult to injury by compel-

ling her to write my love letters to the New Girl.

It may occur to readers of these notes that I "pick" at Mateel a good deal; but it is no more than simple justice to all concerned to say that she is able to take care of herself; it isn't necessary to call out the militia to protect her from her father. I believe that Jim, her oldest brother, laughs at her, but she is too serious a proposition for me to laugh at, as she is for her younger brother, Eugene; she can take a feather, and chase Eugene and me all over town. And I may add in this connection that ever since I was born, some woman has bossed me. I have tried many times to escape, but the new boss is always as capable as her predecessor. Sometimes when Eugene and I are together and discuss the story of our thralldom, we predict trouble for the New Man, who will relieve us of our boss in June, but we never say anything of this kind when Mateel is around; we are too wise for that. When she starts her buzz-saw, and tells us of the deference due a daughter and sister, to say nothing of Women generally, we duck. Jim may laugh, but we can't.

At THE GLOBE office, in Atchison, where Eugene is employed as a reporter, the following story is told:

One evening he was called to the telephone booth, and evidently he was told that he was expected up at his home for dinner. He evidently accepted and put on his coat in preparation for keeping the engagement. Then something occurred to him: he went hurriedly into the telephone booth, called up his home number, and bawled:

"Is Mateel to be there?"

Evidently the reply was that his sister was to be present, for he went into the lavatory, and scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed his hands. He is twenty-three years old, but still remembers how his dirty hands have been talked about.

While on the subject of women, let me add that I greatly admire them, although it has been said that I pick at them. There is an infinite variety among women that always interests me. Men are all alike; every woman is a law unto herself. I once went to Weston to lecture, and seven women went with me.

"You are called a woman-hater," a Weston woman said to me; "why are all these women following you?"

They were following me because I like women better than I like men. Women are always more agreeable than men. I don't care much what people say behind my back, if they are agreeable to my face. Heaven knows I am not a favorite with the ladies, but those who know me like me better than those who hear about me.

I will illustrate what I mean by the statement that women are "different" from men. One day, at Nassau, Mateel and Isabel Walker went to lunch, at the big Colonial Hotel. I do not eat luncheon, so I went downtown on an errand. Returning, I waited on the veranda a full hour and a half for the girls to complete their lunch. Then, when they didn't appear, I went riding, alone: I had planned to take them with me. And when I met them again, they were shocked in a mild, ladylike way that a man couldn't wait an hour and a half without becoming provoked. When anyone is waiting for me, I can eat a meal in ten minutes; and I would be uncomfortable dur-

ing the ten minutes, because of the knowledge that some one was waiting for me. A man has something to do, and, if he doesn't do it, at least worries because of his shiftlessness, but women can frivol without minding it or apologizing. I expect that Mateel's Successor will pay some attention to my habits, and not expect me to wait when I hate waiting.

If I have not mentioned it before, I will say here that in the tropics, the sky at night looks strange. I noticed the other night that the Milky Way was in a different place, and I could not see half as much of it as I can see at home. Constellations may be seen in the tropics—including the Southern Cross—that cannot be seen at home, owing to the dip in the earth, which is something like a foot in every mile.

FRIDAY, February 18.

When I awoke this morning, we were off Cape Hatteras, and the weather outside was the winter weather I have been accustomed to. For four weeks we have been where the winter weather attracts tourists; to-day we are

rapidly approaching a country where the winter weather is good for corn and wheat farming.

Cape Hatteras has been referred to as the graveyard of ships, and the weather is usually stormy, but not as stormy as returning travelers tell about, to astonish their neighbors. The ship rolled a good deal during the night, and there is rain and fog this morning, but altogether we are rather comfortable, in overcoats. During the breakfast hour, the ship's engines stopped for awhile, and the sailors took soundings, but the fog soon lifted, and we went ahead again at full speed. The officers promise us that we should be tied up at the dock in New York by 11 A. M. to-morrow.

When I went into the smoking-room after breakfast, the passengers were calling for steam heat. The thermometer has been falling steadily, and the decks are almost deserted. Day before yesterday, we were among fruits and flowers at Nassau.

Does a "trip" pay? A traveler seldom sees as wonderful things as he claims to his

neighbors, nor does he ever have as good a time as he expected, but absence from his ordinary affairs will give him new vigor when he returns to them. I would rather remain at home than travel, but I find that sea trips always benefit me.

Blanks have been distributed to-day, and we are filling them out, in preparation for passing through the custom house at New York to-morrow. This examination will delay us at least two hours. Ever occur to you how numerous the tax-gatherers are, and how much they annoy you? Were it not for the tax-gatherers in New York, I should be able to make a train which would land me at home Sunday night. I doubt if the amount collected from the passengers of the "Moltke" will pay the cost of annoying us. I have nothing dutiable except one silver bracelet, which I purchased from the wrist of a Hindu girl in Trinidad. Price, $1.75. This is the only present I am bringing home, and a certain little country girl I am in love with will get it. Most travelers "shop" incessantly. "Shopping" has an impressive sound, but it too often means wasting money.

Collecting taxes is a good deal like collecting money for sufferers: the sufferers do not get it all. I have often wondered how much of the taxes the people pay goes to the collectors.

I room alone on the main deck, and when I came up from dinner to-night, I found arrangements had been made for a dance opposite my door. As I write this, ladies and gentlemen are waltzing and two-stepping within five or six feet of me, and lights and decorations are numerous. The band is also near me, and, at last, I am almost in Society.

To-night, also, the Captain's dinner was an event. When we went into the dining-room at 7 o'clock, we found it elaborately decorated. I print the bill of fare, which will give you an idea of the service on the ship, since the dinner was much like others:

Clear Turtle Soup.
Red Snapper, Slices English.
French Pullet, a la Gortschakow.
Medallions of Sweetbreads Italienne.
Laituce a la Gregne.
Chateaubriand.
Preserved Pears. American Salad
Praline Ice Cream.
Pastry.
Cheese Rolls.
Dessert.

Although I was present at the dinner, I do not recognize several of the items, now that I look at the printed bill of fare; notably "laituce a la Gregne," and "chateaubriand." But the dinner was excellent, as were all the meals; the best hotels do not equal the big ships of the "Moltke's" class when it comes to cooking. The dinners were all table d'hote. I heard this generally pronounced tabbledote: I don't know whether this is correct or not. Let the school teachers decide. By-the-way, I greatly admire the school teachers, if they do pick at me.

When the ice cream was due at the Captain's dinner, all the lights went out, and the orchestra struck up a march. Then in came all the waiters, carrying grotesque lanterns, and dressed in odd costumes. They marched through all the aisles, and disappeared, finally, and the lights were turned on again. While the ice cream, pastry, coffee, fruit, etc., were being served, a certain kind of confection was brought on. We pulled the wrappers apart, which caused an explosion, and, in each package, we found paper caps, which most of the passengers put on. Then little rolls of red, white and blue paper were pro-

duced. When one of these little rolls was thrown, it left a thin strip of red, white and blue paper from one end of the dining-room to the other. Soon the immense room was full of these strips, and there was much merriment, and we promised to write to each other and visit each other, and be friends as long as we lived. But Mrs. Harker didn't invite me to visit her, and I wouldn't have accepted had she invited me, for I do not like the way she treats her husband.

It soon became so cold that I went to bed, and covered up with two blankets, where I dreamed that the supply of natural gas in Atchison had given out again.

SATURDAY, February 19.

When I awoke this morning, the cold had increased, and I hated to get out of bed. I was awakened by the ship's machinery stopping, and, as I imagined a pilot had been taken on, I believed we were near New York. My desire to look out of the window was finally greater than my dread of the cold, so

I jumped out of bed, and looked out of the window. Houses were in sight, and I knew it was time to dress. But how cold it was! I found it necessary to put on a clean shirt, which was a new one, stuck together with pins. This shirt was in my trunk, under my bed, and, when I finally found it, I was compelled not only to remove all the pins, which stuck abominably, but to change my buttons and studs from the old shirt to the new. And when I thought the new shirt ready to go on over my head, I found another pin in the sleeve. All this time I was dressed as lightly as the divers who had surrounded the ship at the various ports we had visited in the West Indies. Finding myself dressed at last, I had an idea; ring for the steward, and ask him to turn on the heat. The obliging steward came at once, and soon I was comfortable. I never think of a good thing until too late. Speaking of new shirts, I bought several at Nassau, my supply of clean ones having become exhausted, and the ship's laundry unable to take my package. When the clerk asked my size, I didn't know; my shirts have been provided for me by others so long that

the clerk was compelled to measure me. That's as bad as Harker.

The other passengers were running excitedly about the decks, but I stuck to my warm room, except a short interval for breakfast. Then, when the tugs had pushed the "Moltke" into her slip, and the sailors had run out the plank, I went ashore, the band playing "Good-bye, Joseph."

The great room into which we descended was as cold as the inside of an iceberg, and I found a radiator, and hugged it. The stewards were bringing off the baggage, and depositing it according to initials. Mine went into the H pile, and the Harveys, Herkimers, Hollidays, Harkers, etc., were standing about, shivering and complaining that the stewards were slow in bringing off all their packages. Thirty custom house men stood in a row, ready to go through our dirty clothes, as soon as we had all our packages in one pile. Mrs. Harker was expressing indignation in a loud, hoarse voice, and asked Harker why he didn't Do Something. Harker walked rapidly down toward the ship, as though he intended to stab the captain, but came back presently, and said there was really nothing that could be done.

Which was the fact, since the stewards were bringing off the baggage as fast as possible.

A number of railroad passenger agents were rushing about. I grabbed a New York Central man who came near me, and posted myself about trains, concluding to leave for St. Louis at 2:45 P. M. That was the best I could do: the train that would have landed me at home Sunday night, had just pulled out.

At last we were released, and started over to New York, by way of the tunnel under the Hudson river; the New York Central man had checked our baggage to its destination. . . . At home I am given a good many subscriptions to the weekly. I was reminded of getting back to work while riding in a car under the Hudson river: four men gave me subscriptions to the weekly. By-the-way, while at breakfast on the ship, a steward brought me a list of forty-three subscriptions to the weekly, and I have other addresses in every pocket of my clothes. The price of the weekly is so low that it is causing me a good deal of trouble.

Some day I am coming to New York to spend two or three weeks. It is the most wonderful place in the world.

.We got away at 2:45 P. M., and found the Hudson river covered from shore to shore with a great blanket of snow. But we were warm, and on the way home, and didn't mind it. There is one thing about the Americans: they always heat their houses and their railroad cars.

SUNDAY, February 20.

We have traveled rapidly all day through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Trainmen say 20 inches of snow fell last Tuesday and Wednesday. Our train is the Southwest Limited, and we make but few stops. It seems to me that every eight or ten minutes, we whiz through a country town. One of these towns was named Kansas; I believe it was in Illinois. I saw the name on the end of the depot. As we rushed through the town of Kansas, I saw this sign in front of a cigar store: "Stop and Smoke with Billy Henderson." What a genial soul Billy Henderson must be! How I should like to stop off at the town of Kansas, and hear Billy Henderson tell jokes! Probably he is famous for knowing good ones. Someone in the town of Kansas, Ill., had taken a

horse scraper, and removed the snow from most of the sidewalks: I noticed that, too, as we dashed through at high speed. Probably this good thing had been done by Billy Henderson, the fine fellow who runs the cigar store. . . . Somewhere along the way, I saw something new in signs: a herd of wooden cows advertising Horlick's Malted Milk. The cows were painted to look like life, and some were grazing, and some looking up at the passing train. (NOTE.—I say there was a herd of these cows; as a matter of fact, there were three.)

A man on this train is wearing a new-style coat: an ordinary frock coat, with pockets on the outside of the tails. I never saw anything of the kind before, but do not long for one.

I met another exceptionally polite man today, the train conductor. His name is C. E. Callahan. I know his name because he gave me a slip entitling me to a rebate of $2. The train is two hours late, and, when I reach St. Louis, I shall present my slip at the ticket office, and receive $2. C. E. Callahan was so polite in every way that it was a pleasure to meet him. Polite men always attract at-

tention; I wonder that more do not make a specialty of it.

You know how railroad companies begin numbering their freight cars from seven or eight thousand, in order to create the impression that they have a great many; no railroad company has a freight car numbered as low as one, or a hundred, or a thousand. But, on a siding to-day, I saw a car marked thus: "Southern, 181,128." I know as well as I know anything that the Southern company hasn't 181,128 freight cars.

Near St. Louis, where we arrived at 4:08 P. M., I saw a prairie-chicken fly up out of a cornfield; the first prairie-chicken I have seen in years, and I wanted to get a shotgun and go hunting.

After our arrival in St. Louis, I went over to A. A. Flanders' drug-store to get a plaster for my back, a cold having settled there, as a result of my discovering New York in yesterday's Arctic expedition. Mr. Flanders formerly lived in Atchison, and all Atchison people go in to see him. When I went in, Judge Walker was telling Mr. Flanders and E. G. Burgess about the great change in the weather.

"Why," he said, "when we were in Nassau, day before yesterday,—or was it Thursday?—we were sweltering in the heat. We actually suffered, the weather was so hot."

The facts are that we wore our overcoats all the time we were in Nassau. Judge Walker is a member of the official board of the Methodist Church, but anyone who will travel will lie. A fisherman or hunter is no more unreliable than a traveler. Judge Walker wanted to impress his hearers with the great difference in the weather in Nassau and in St. Louis, so, in spite of his connection with the Methodist Church, he told a whopper that would have disgraced one of the unredeemed. If Judge Walker's pastor desires to take notice of the offense, let him summon Mrs. Walker and her daughter to establish the sort of weather we had at Nassau.

You may have remarked that in these notes I have referred to Mr. Walker as "Judge." He is, at least, a good judge of women; I greatly admire his wife and daughter. I called him Judge on the ship, and the other passengers took it up. We were all ordinary plugs, but exploited each other. One day I heard a man named Babcock say: "Judge Walker is

the greatest lawyer in the West. I have often heard of him." Babcock was simply indulging in the big talk common on the ship.

The train for Atchison leaves at 11:30 P.M. We were permitted to occupy our sleeping-car berths at 9:30, and, at 9:40, Judge Walker was in bed, and snoring in a perfectly disgraceful way.

MONDAY, February 21.

I am spending this day at home, where I arrived at 10 o'clock this morning. I have an excuse for remaining at home: that stitch in my back. I am now anxious to get off the plaster Mr. Flanders sold me in St. Louis, but can't do it. If you know of a good way of removing an itching plaster from the small of a man's back, please address me at Atchison, Kan., care of THE GLOBE office, corner Fifth and Main streets.

I do not desire to be boastful, but I believe I have as good a bed as there is in the world. But I am so eccentric in the matter of sleep, that I make a prediction: when I get into that

good bed of mine to-night I will toss and roll until morning, although I slept so well while in a narrow and uncomfortable bed at sea.

THE END.

AUG 30 1944